Collier's

TEN CENTS

SEPTEMBER 4, 1943

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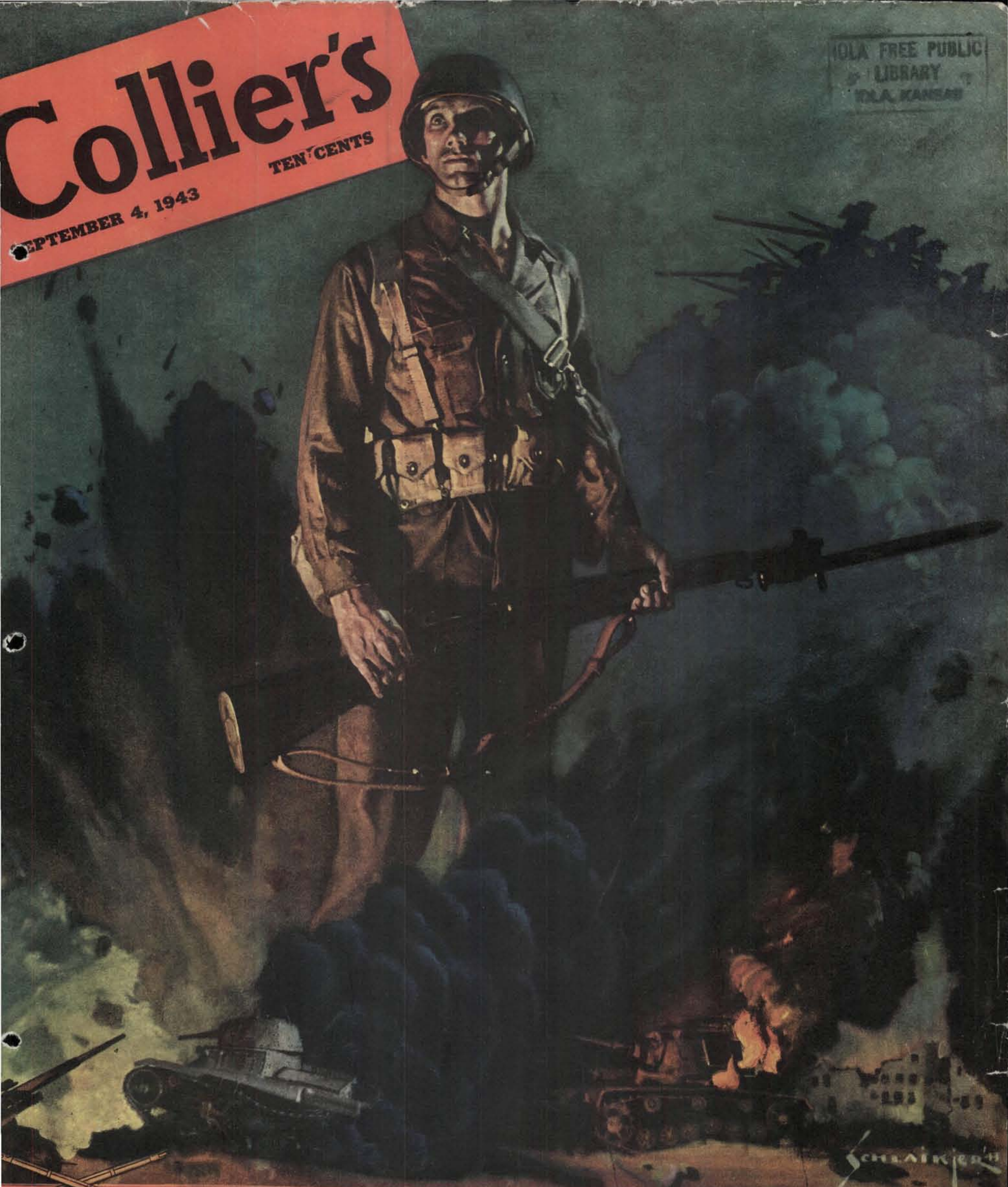


THREE SECONDS TO FIGHT

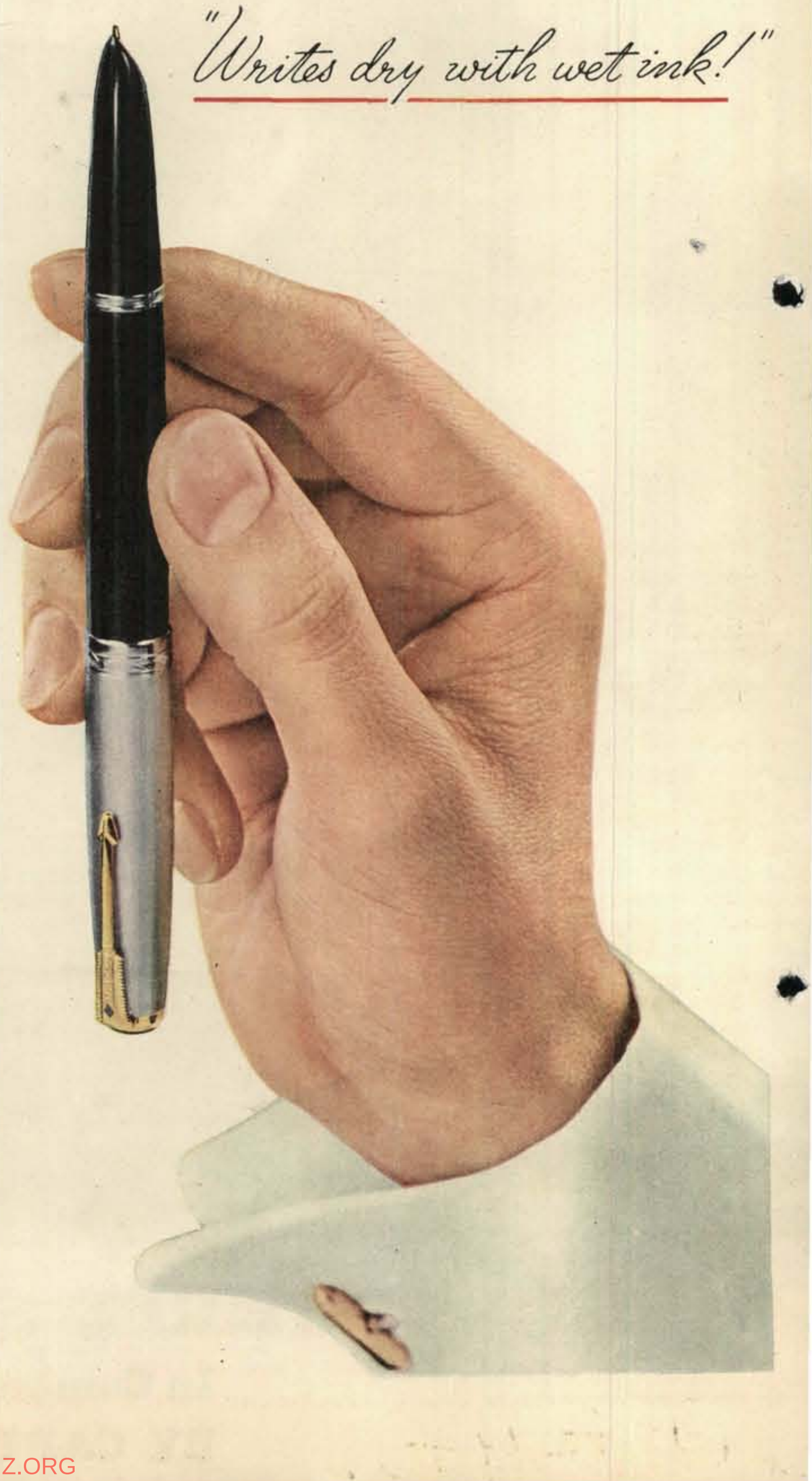
In Combat with a Yank Fighter Pilot

BY CAPTAIN NEWELL ROBERTS

WELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY—PUBLISHERS OF
—THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE—WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Sept 4-1943.

If your dealer says "Sorry"... remember, shell fuzes come first!



A LIMITED NUMBER of Parker "51" pens are still available. Cool . . . taut . . . business-like as an ack-ack shell—each reflects Parker's genius for outstanding craftsmanship.

Your natural desire is to obtain at once this perfect pen. But you may have to place a reservation at your dealer's.

That's because the production of precision equipment for war is now Parker's first order of the day. Our half-century of experience and our high skills are concentrated on making shell fuzes, primers, and gun mounts for the United Nations.

In addition, recent War Production Board rulings limit the making of *all* pens. So the Parker "51's" we *can* produce must be rationed to dealers. We hope each fills a vital *need.*

To speed wartime "paper work" . . . to serve a gallant soldier . . . to help write those letters from home which mean so much —these, we believe, are the present duties of the "51."

If you are fortunate enough to secure a Parker "51", you'll thrill to its spirited eagerness . . . to the velvety-smooth tip that starts on the split second. And then the magic! Only the "51" uses special Parker "51" ink. It dries as you write! Requires no blotter. Yet the Parker "51" can be used with any ink, if you so desire—but you won't "so desire."

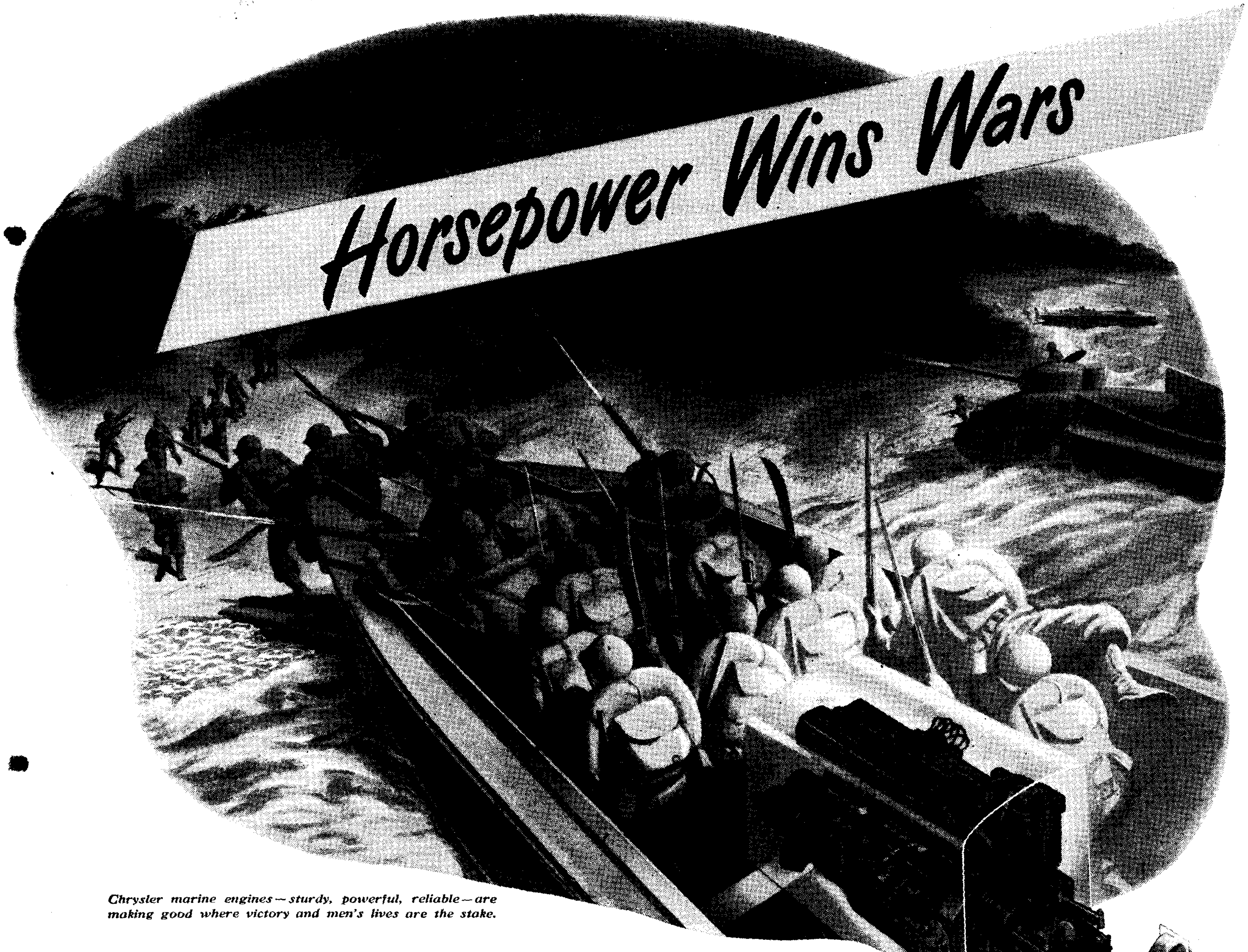
Colors: Black, Blue-Cedar, Dove Gray. $12.50, $15.00. Pencils, $5.00, $7.50. Famous Vacumatic pens, $8.75. Pencils, $4.00.

♦ *GUARANTEED BY LIFE CONTRACT! Parker's Blue Diamond on the pen is our contract unconditionally guaranteeing service for the owner's life, without cost other than 35¢ charge for postage, insurance, and handling, if pen is not intentionally damaged and is returned complete to:*

The Parker Pen Company, Janesville, Wisconsin, and Toronto, Canada

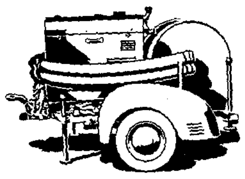
PARKER "51"

COPR 1943. THE PARKER PEN COMPANY



Chrysler marine engines—sturdy, powerful, reliable—are making good where victory and men's lives are the stake.

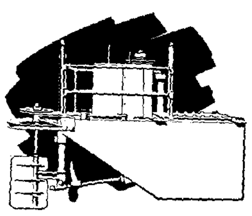
CHRYSLER FIRE PUMPER



RAPID movement of men, munitions, weapons and supplies is essential to victory in a mechanized war. This is a struggle of horsepower and manpower.

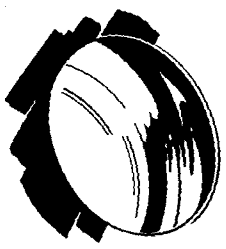
One of the biggest items in the Chrysler Division's great war production program is horsepower—engines, engines and more engines. Chrysler Marine engines in a large variety of war-time uses are enhancing the reputation that they made in civilian service. They are driving commando barges, landing barges, personnel boats, patrol boats, picket boats and many other types of small boats essential to the prosecution of the victorious campaigns of the United Nations. They are guarding our home shores; they are helping to get our fighting men to the far-flung fronts, from the Aleutians to the South Pacific, from the Amazon to the Arctic.

CHRYSLER MARINE TRACTOR



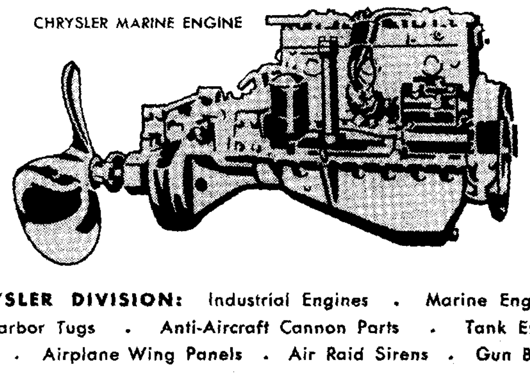
Regardless of the type of work demanded of them, Chrysler marine engines are proving their worth—the natural result of Chrysler's unequalled engineering genius in design and high precision in manufacture. They are taking all kinds of punishment on the seven seas. Their Superfinished bearing surfaces insure long life, smooth performance and the fuel economy that is such an important factor when operating in foreign waters, far from the sources of supply. In a war in which transportation efficiency is a larger and more important factor than ever before in history, they are making good even beyond the Government's exacting requirements.

CHRYSLER SEARCHLIGHT REFLECTOR

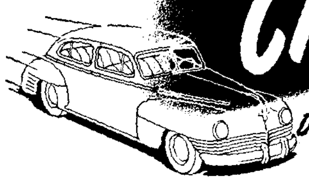


Not only with the marine type but with industrial, automobile and tank engines as well, the Chrysler Division is bringing its tremendous productive capacity to bear on the victory effort.

CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINE



[BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS]



CHRYSLER

DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION

WAR PRODUCTS OF CHRYSLER DIVISION: Industrial Engines . Marine Engines . Marine Tractors
Navy Pontoons . Harbor Tugs . Anti-Aircraft Cannon Parts . Tank Engine Assemblies
Tank Parts . Airplane Wing Panels . Air Raid Sirens . Gun Boxes
Fire Fighting Equipment . Searchlight Reflectors

THE NATIONWIDE CHRYSLER DEALER ORGANIZATION OFFERS OWNERS SERVICE FACILITIES TO MEET THEIR WAR-TIME TRANSPORTATION NEEDS

Picture
OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

LASSIE COME HOME

with

RODDY McDOWALL • DONALD CRISP
DAME MAY WHITTY • EDMUND GWENN
NIGEL BRUCE • ELSA LANCHESTER
LASSIE

PHOTOGRAPHED IN TECHNICOLOR

Screen Play by...............*Hugo Butler*
Based Upon the Novel by....*Eric Knight*
Directed by.........*Fred M. Wilcox*
Produced by..........*Samuel Marx*

CAPSULE REVIEW: Excuse yourself—you've got to see a picture about a dog. Well, darn it, it's not about a dog—it's about people. For if ever there was a story that revealed humanity in broad strokes it is "Lassie Come Home." This six-minute boiled reviewer actually used up a couple of linen handkerchiefs, tear-spotted a cravat and ran into the streets determined to be kind to everyone for ever and ever. We'll keep the promise until the next picture comes along, we suppose, but right now we're all mellow and warm because we have been honestly entertained by a great human story.

Our spies tell us it is the first feature directed by young Fred Wilcox and it's no trick to predict a bright future for this new and obvious talent. Based upon the wide-selling novel by the late casualty Eric Knight, who also wrote "This Above All," we have here in the screen play by Hugo Butler one of the classics of the celluloid archives. Its appeal is as broad as the population and there is no age that will not react to this beautifully-acted, technicolorful photoplay.

Samuel Marx, the producer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, wisely cast Roddy McDowall in the role of Joe and chose a traditional star for every main character, the most mentionable being Donald Crisp, Dame May Whitty, Edmund Gwenn, Nigel Bruce and Elsa Lanchester. The canine artist is represented by the most lovable, beautiful, entrancing, intelligent collie that ever trod a gravel walk. You will laugh and perhaps dot an eye with a tear at this splendid achievement.

FOOT-NOTE: Put *your* best foot forward and see the monkey gland picture "Best Foot Forward." If you're old, it makes you young. If you're young, it makes you a baby. It's the screen's gayest musical in years.

WALTER DAVENPORT	Politics	CLARENCE H. ROY	Articles
W. B. COURTNEY	European War Theater	AMY PORTER	Articles
QUENTIN REYNOLDS	Russia and Far East	GEORGE CREEL	Washington
KYLE CRICHTON	Articles	WILLIAM HILLMAN	Washington
HERBERT ASBURY	Articles	FRANK D. MORRIS	U. S. Navy in Pacific
DENVER LINDLEY	Fiction	FRANK GERVASI	Middle East War Theater
ALLEN MARPLE	Fiction	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	GRATTAN O'LEARY	Ottawa
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Articles	AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff
HENRY L. JACKSON	Wearables	U. L. CALVOSA	Photographs
WM O. CHESSMAN	Art	GEORGE DE ZAYAS	Hollywood
		IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

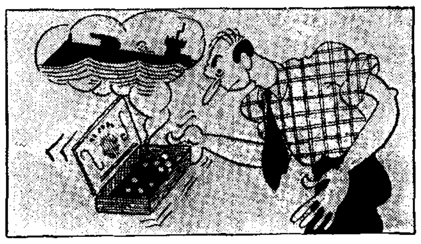
Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Publisher
CHARLES COLEBAUGH Editor
JEROME ELLISON Managing Editor

ANY WEEK

WITH the aid of a cigar box and a dozen moth balls Mr. Delphus Kindred of Carmel, California, can not only predict the future "with such accuracy that half the time I'm scared to try it" but comes up with names, dates and all the other details. For our benefit Mr. Kindred got out the box, gave it the proper shake and, after getting himself under control again, wrote us the dope: "On or before the eighteenth of November of this year a large submarine or U-boat will arrive in an American harbor. It will be either New London, New York, Baltimore or Miami. On the boat will be Adolf Hitler, Hermann Goering and Joseph Goebbels and the body of Benito Mussolini. They will have some trouble convincing authorities at the port of their identity but will be taken to police headquarters to await the F.B.I. When this happens do not fail to remind your readers that I predicted it."

WE'RE not taking any bets that Hitler and his zoot-suiters will or won't arrive on the lam. However, if we were Adolf we'd hang on, if possible, until the general election campaign of next summer and fall. Their disposal will then become a political issue, with the chances good that every candidate will be afraid of getting tough lest certain votes will be alienated. Mr. Kindred doesn't explain "the body of Mussolini." Why anyone should cart the body of Mussolini around is entirely beyond us. Once we spent a couple of hours on a California beach on which, too, was a dead whale. The whale had been dead for some days. We had forgotten all about that until we got Mr. Kindred's letter. However, we shan't be surprised. We've just been reading Hitler's Mein Kampf again. A little thing like a dead Mussolini shouldn't bother a guy who wrote stuff like that. We're about to write to Mr. Kindred asking him to get out the box and tell us who the next savior of the Germans will be—in, say, 1970.



MR. B. H. BURKE of Memphis, Tennessee, is not so much concerned with what we get to eat these days as the way we eat it. He has been making a study of "neck eaters." Says he: "Some of these neck eaters have two gears. If at a lunch counter with hat on, they simply dip the neck and snap at the fork about halfway in flight. If seated at table with hat off, as urged by most of our better etiquette authorities, they bend at the waist and swoop down on the fork before it has traveled more than an inch or so. Then a neck-snap finishes the job. Such guys may have only the price of a meal and others own every building in the block. There's no particular economic group. The most common type is the guy who is just having a cup of coffee. He grabs the handle with his right hand, places his left on the far side of the cup, plants both elbows on counter or table, lifts cup two inches and takes it in a lot of quick dives. He's a bird-necker. I am now about to make a survey of middle-aged and elderly lady eaters. They're the heavy feeders."

MRS. MARY E. McALLEY of Duluth, Minnesota, says we are "ignorant, irreverent and very likely psychopathic." She reaches this conclusion after reading three recent pieces in this magazine—about silly war songs, quickie marriages and, in this column, a letter from a mother questioning the "sanctity of motherhood." We are trying hard to show indignation, particularly about the irreverent part, not being any too sure of ourself about the rest. She says that "no war song is silly, that you have no right to interfere in marriage and that you are striking at the very fundamentals of our civilization when you publish anything minimizing the sacredness of motherhood." But several other readers have come to our rescue. Mr. John Siberlange of Helena, Montana, says that "I don't care how long it takes a guy to get married, it's too quick." Mrs. B. McCawl of Salem, Oregon, says that she heard a song called Give Your Rations to the United Nations and had to take to her bed for a week. And an Army officer writes: "All you have to do is to look over Army rejects to be convinced that motherhood has frequently been a great mistake."

(Continued on page 51)

Vol. 112. No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A., under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's. Copyright, 1943, The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; J. A. Welch, Vice President; T. L. Brantly, Vice President; A. H. Motley, Vice President; Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice President; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art. Price, $3.00 a year, two years $5.00, three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canada, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Changes of address should reach us five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

THIS WEE

SEPTEMBER 4, 19

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BARBARA DICKINSON
I Love My Draft Board. A letter from Sele Service wakes a girl up to her own heart Pag

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
A Lass and a Lack, by Octavus Roy Cohe Pag

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KATHLEEN NORRIS
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●

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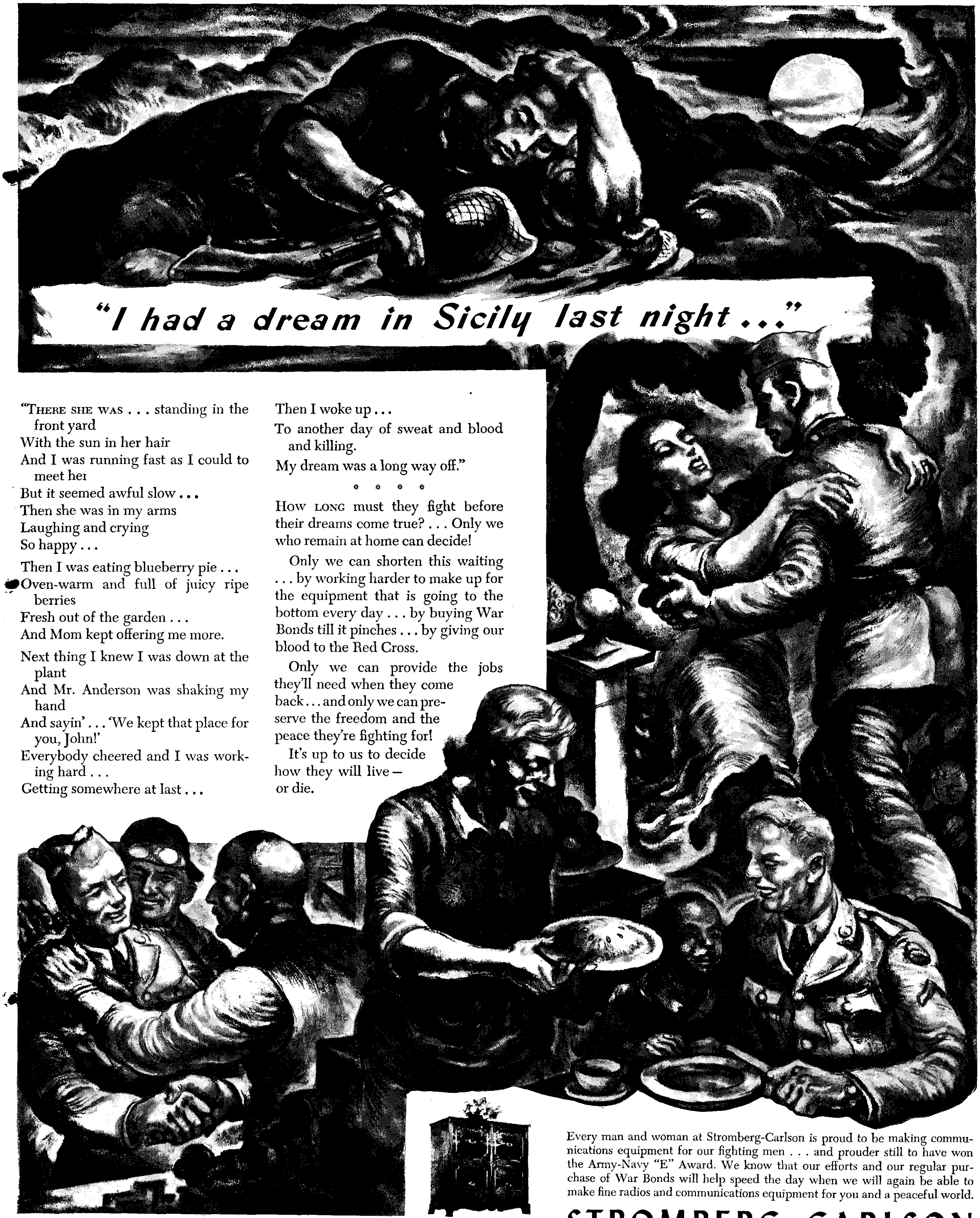

"I had a dream in Sicily last night..."

"There she was . . . standing in the front yard
With the sun in her hair
And I was running fast as I could to meet her
But it seemed awful slow . . .
Then she was in my arms
Laughing and crying
So happy . . .

Then I was eating blueberry pie . . .
Oven-warm and full of juicy ripe berries
Fresh out of the garden . . .
And Mom kept offering me more.

Next thing I knew I was down at the plant
And Mr. Anderson was shaking my hand
And sayin' . . . 'We kept that place for you, John!'
Everybody cheered and I was working hard . . .
Getting somewhere at last . . .

Then I woke up . . .
To another day of sweat and blood and killing.
My dream was a long way off."

* * * *

How long must they fight before their dreams come true? . . . Only we who remain at home can decide!

Only we can shorten this waiting . . . by working harder to make up for the equipment that is going to the bottom every day . . . by buying War Bonds till it pinches . . . by giving our blood to the Red Cross.

Only we can provide the jobs they'll need when they come back . . . and only we can preserve the freedom and the peace they're fighting for!

It's up to us to decide how they will live — or die.

Every man and woman at Stromberg-Carlson is proud to be making communications equipment for our fighting men . . . and prouder still to have won the Army-Navy "E" Award. We know that our efforts and our regular purchase of War Bonds will help speed the day when we will again be able to make fine radios and communications equipment for you and a peaceful world.

In radios, telephones, sound systems . . . there is nothing finer than a **STROMBERG-CARLSON**

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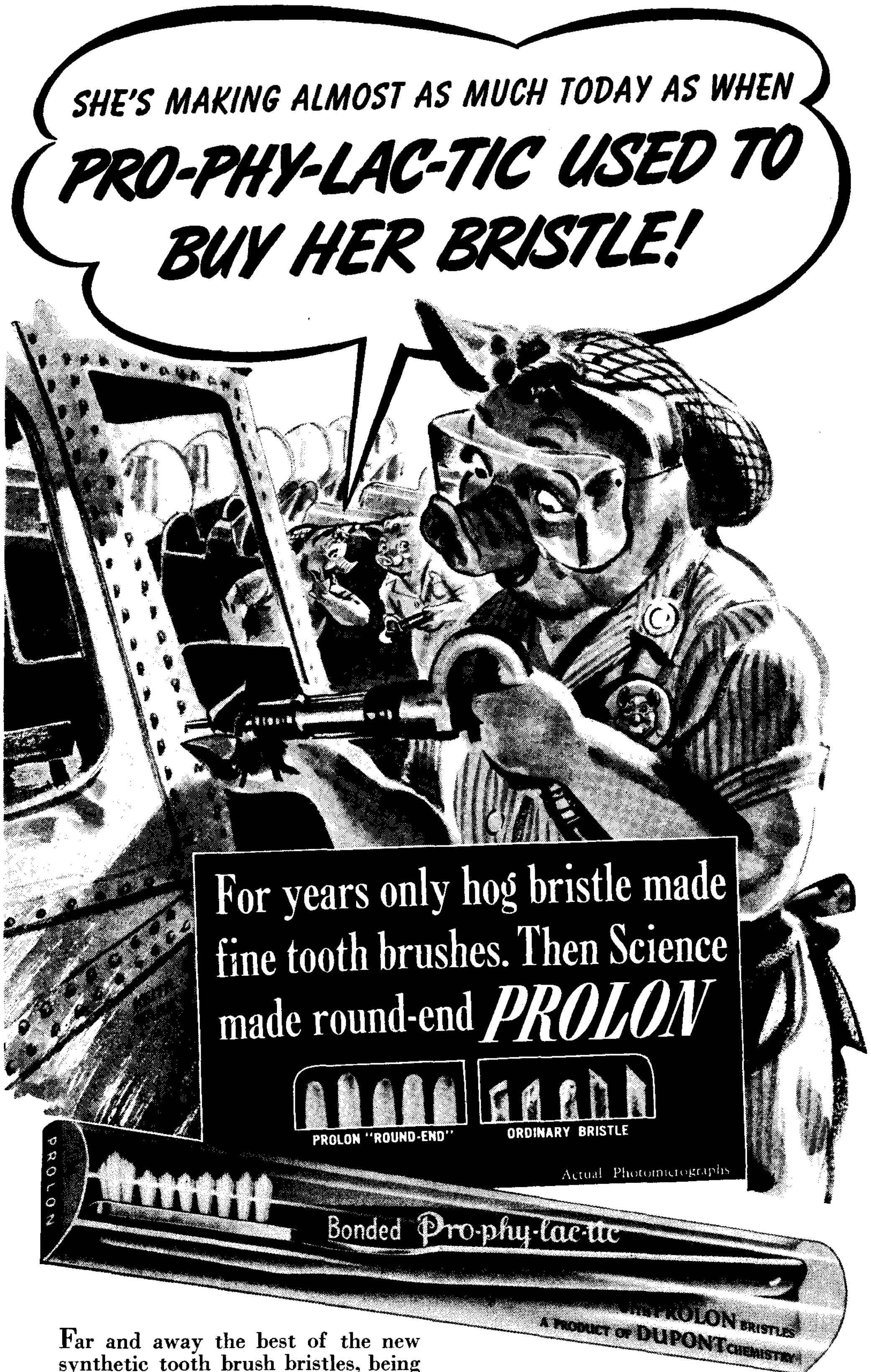

SHE'S MAKING ALMOST AS MUCH TODAY AS WHEN PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC USED TO BUY HER BRISTLE!
For years only hog bristle made fine tooth brushes. Then Science made round-end PROLON
PROLON "ROUND-END"
ORDINARY BRISTLE
Actual Photomicrographs
PROLON
Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic
PROLON BRISTLES A PRODUCT OF DUPONT CHEMISTRY

Far and away the best of the new synthetic tooth brush bristles, being marketed under various trade names, are those made by du Pont.

"Prolon" is *our* trade name for the very finest grade of this du Pont synthetic bristle.

PROLON—no finer bristle made

So, when you read or hear competitive tooth brush claims, ask yourself this: *How can the same du Pont bristle, in another brush under another name, last longer or clean better than under the name "Prolon" in a Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush?* You know the answer . . . it can't!

Only PROLON has "round ends"

Pro-phy-lac-tic's big *plus* is that Prolon is the only synthetic bristle that is rounded at the ends.

It's a fact! *Under a special patented process, exclusive with Pro-phy-lac-tic, we smooth and round the end of each and every Prolon bristle in the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.* See for yourself how much gentler these round ends are on tender gums!

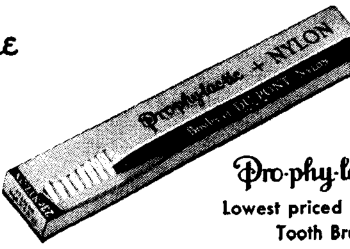
And with PROLON these other "extras"

In addition to Round-End Prolon, the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush gives you these three important "extras": **1.** The famous Pro-phy-lac-tic end tuft, for ease in reaching hard-to-get-at back teeth. **2.** Scientific grouping of bristles to permit thorough cleansing of brush after using. **3.** A *written* guarantee for six full months of use.

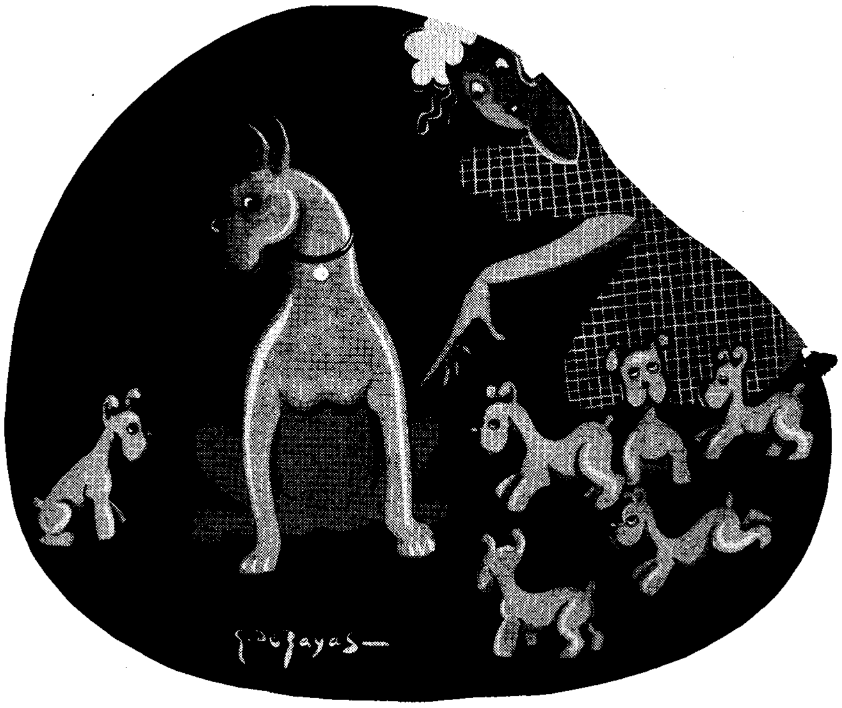
Next time, get the most for your money . . . get the Bonded Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH CO., Florence, Mass.

P. S. We also make this 23¢ brush . . . the best buy in the lower-price field.



Pro-phy-lac-tic + NYLON
Lowest priced Nationally Advertised
Tooth Brush in the Country



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

In the United States today, 40,000 commercial breeders of purebred dogs own 120,000 bitches, which annually produce 180,000 litters containing 900,000 live pedigreed puppies.—*By Betty Shaw, Warwick, N. Y.*

The Patrons of Husbandry, or National Grange, with 800,000 members, is one of our largest and most powerful farm organizations. For decades, it has fought or championed numerous local and national issues and laws and influenced many state legislatures and federal agencies. Yet, during the 75 years of its existence, the Grange has never endorsed or nominated a candidate for any political office.

At least $200,000,000 in tips is given each year to waiters and waitresses in American eating places.—*By W. E. Farbstein, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

The air transport services of the Army and Navy, which fly military cargoes to Allied fronts around the world, have been developed to the point where their planes start or finish a transatlantic crossing on an average of every 20 minutes.

Visual purple, the pigment used in night vision, is bleached so quickly by light that it is replaced constantly, even in the dark. After fifteen minutes in a pitch-black room, so much visual purple accumulates that the photo sensitivity of the eye is increased more than 2,000 times.—*By Meyer Lurie, Jersey City, N. J.*

Russia has millions of civilian sharpshooters today because, in recent years, she wisely urged and helped her people to take up rifle practice. Numerous ranges were set up and guns supplied; and men who did not undergo training were considered unpatriotic. In the year 1938 alone, more than 6,000,000 men, women and boys won marksmanship badges.

Commercial airlines have developed so rapidly in Latin America in the past two or three years that they now have a total of 107,000 route miles and 750 scheduled stops, compared with 45,000 route miles and 260 stops in the United States, which has about the same population but only 26 per cent as much land area.

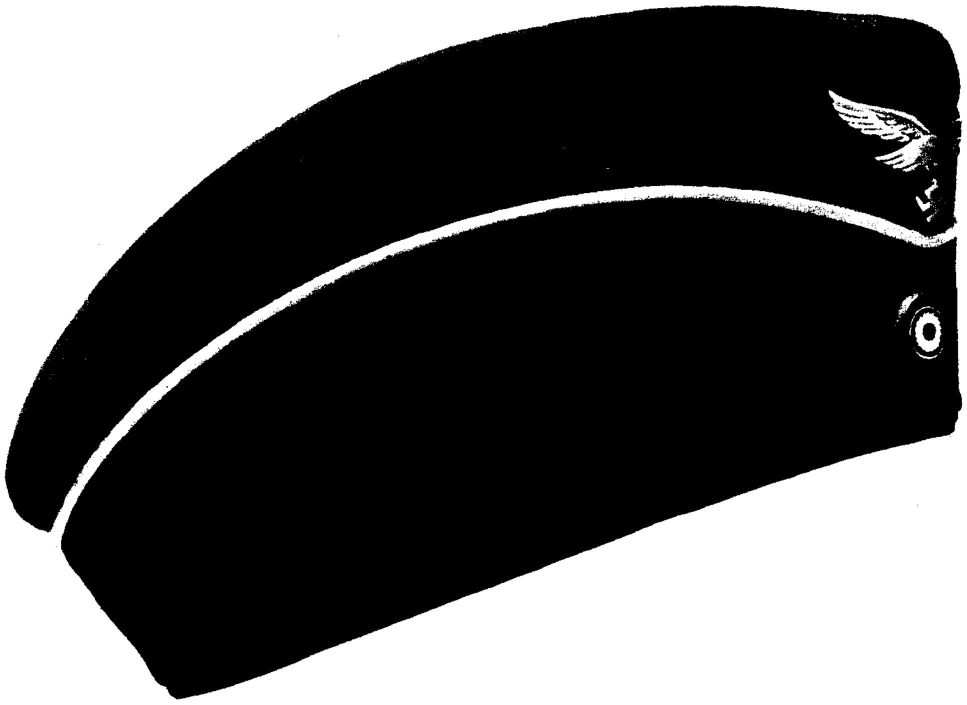
An electronic screen is now being used to repel game fish from the danger areas around the floodgates of irrigation ditches and hydroelectric plants, in which millions of fish are killed each year.—*By Joseph A. Pauze, Schenectady, N. Y.*

New York City's new Idlewild Airport, now under construction on the shore of Jamaica Bay in the Borough of Queens, will be five times as large as the present municipal airfield. It will have an area of four square miles and contain 13 miles of runways, 5 miles of taxiways and 2 miles of seaplane landing space.

For months, Switzerland has been sending materials needed in the war effort to the United States in exchange for food, all of these exports and imports being transported on vessels of Swiss registry through the port of Genoa. Axis countries have not been able to stop the practice because of Switzerland's threat to blow up her three tunnels, whose rail facilities are the life lines between Germany and Italy.

Some large packing houses use 29 different kinds of knives to slaughter and dress a hog for market. . . . For almost 200 years, the British navy has issued a drink of grog, two ounces of rum with four ounces of water, to its seamen every day at noon.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher



What goes on under a Nazi pilot's cap?

PUT YOURSELF IN HIS PLACE . . . in his cockpit climbing swiftly away from an Axis airfield into a pitch-black night . . . bomb racks loaded . . . heading for Yank-held territory.

How would your mind work (under a Nazi bonnet), if you knew Radar's sleepless, X-ray "eyes" were waiting up to greet you . . . on warships, airfields, and lookout posts of the United Nations' forces?

What would you be thinking . . . knowing that Radar was robbing you of "surprise", the attacker's one tactical advantage . . . detecting you as much as 130 miles from your target? *Always* watching you . . . in storm, clouds, and fog . . . five miles up or skimming the waves! . . . *marking you for ambush and destruction!*

When the flak whams accurately through the clouds to rip jagged wing holes; when you meet night fighters who need no flame from your exhausts for true aiming, wouldn't you momentarily doubt the infallibility of the "master race"?

Wouldn't you nurse a scowling respect for American ingenuity? For Radar was developed in the United States . . . pretty much the product of Navy and Army research laboratories who weren't as unprepared as you thought.

And shouldn't it occur to you that a fellow can't win when he's fighting against a nation with the inventiveness and resources to produce weapons like this?

Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Westinghouse was making Radar 18 months before Pearl Harbor. Since then, Westinghouse production of radio communications equipment, including Radar, has increased 41 times!

Westinghouse

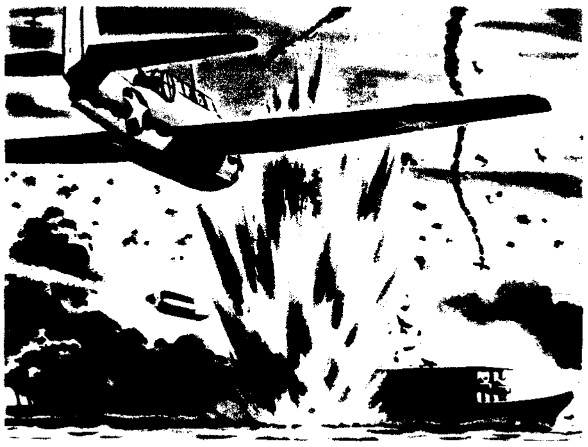
PLANTS IN 25 CITIES . . . OFFICES EVERYWHERE

Famous dates in the history of Radar

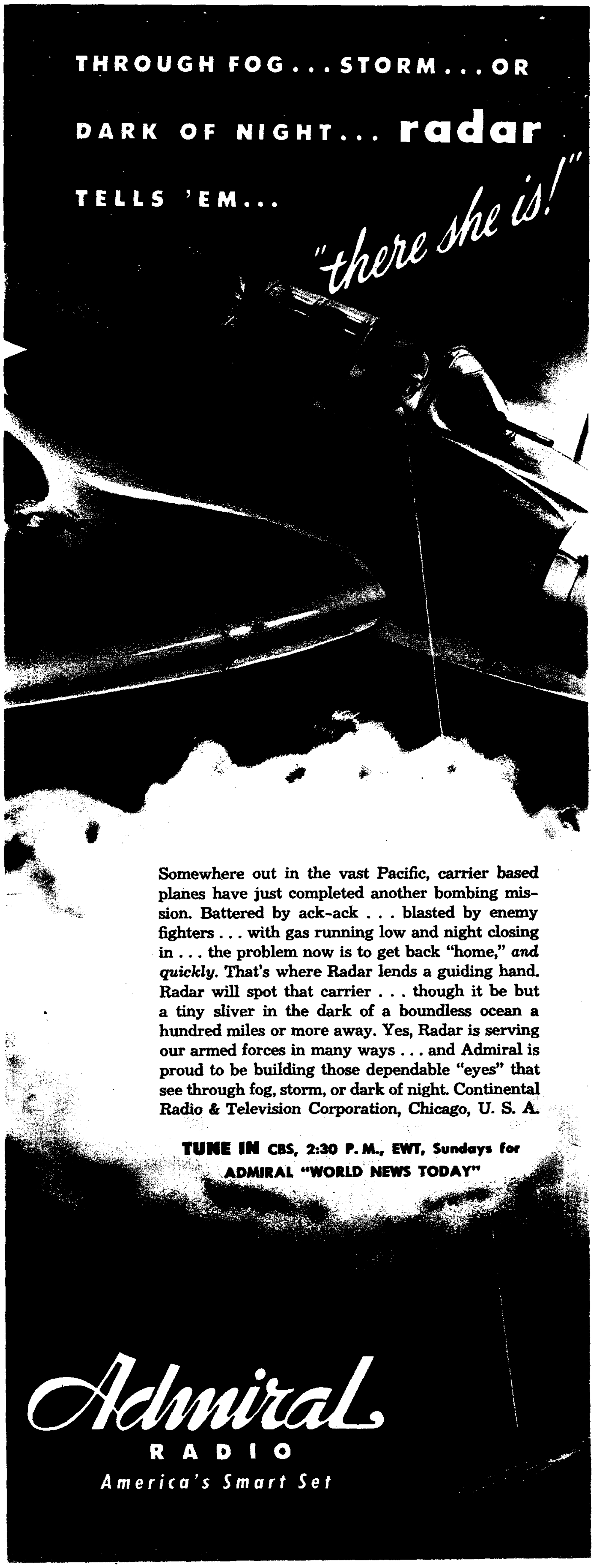
1922. **Naval Laboratory, Anacostia, D. C.** Dr. A. Hoyt Taylor and Leo C. Young observed reflection of radio signals from passing ships and envisioned a war use. This was the birth of Radar!

1937. **Bloomfield, N. J.** Westinghouse developed the key electronic tube for the U. S. Army's *first* Radar equipment used to detect aircraft. Radar focuses an invisible beam.

1941. **Pearl Harbor, T. H.** Approaching Jap bombers were detected by a Westinghouse-made Radar when 132 miles distant. Because a flight of American planes was expected, no warning was sounded.



1943. **On every front** Radar has revolutionized naval and air battle tactics . . . and multiplied a hundredfold the range of human vision. In days to come, Radar will guide air transports and ocean liners through fog and darkness.

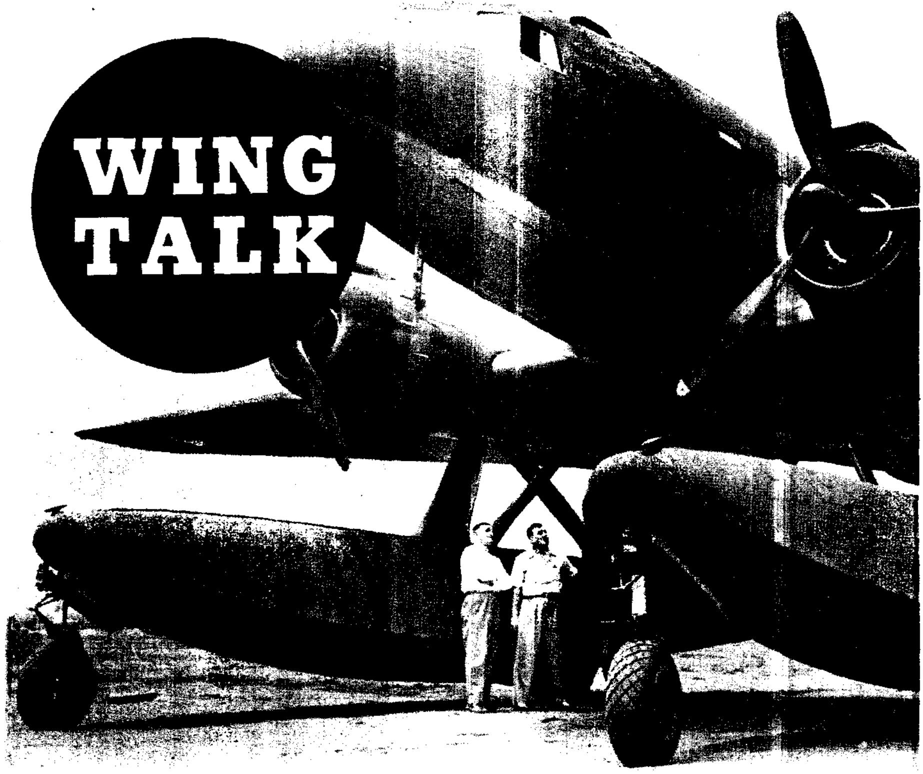

THROUGH FOG... STORM... OR DARK OF NIGHT... radar TELLS 'EM... "there she is!"

Somewhere out in the vast Pacific, carrier based planes have just completed another bombing mission. Battered by ack-ack . . . blasted by enemy fighters . . . with gas running low and night closing in . . . the problem now is to get back "home," *and quickly*. That's where Radar lends a guiding hand. Radar will spot that carrier . . . though it be but a tiny sliver in the dark of a boundless ocean a hundred miles or more away. Yes, Radar is serving our armed forces in many ways . . . and Admiral is proud to be building those dependable "eyes" that see through fog, storm, or dark of night. Continental Radio & Television Corporation, Chicago, U. S. A.

TUNE IN CBS, 2:30 P. M., EWT, Sundays for ADMIRAL "WORLD NEWS TODAY"

Admiral RADIO
America's Smart Set

WING TALK



Equipped with pontoons almost the size of a P-40 fuselage, the C-47 cargo ship is amphibious. Below: The monster in flight

ON MANY flights out over the vast Pacific our pilots and airmen in their large Douglas C-47 cargo ships, plying over General MacArthur's supply-by-air route, have spotted their comrades who, not quite so fortunate, have been forced down on some tiny mid-ocean island. Unfortunately, all the air crews could do was to radio back the position of the aviators, and rescue parties either in Navy ships or seaplanes would fly to the destination and pick up the survivors of some "crashed" plane. This, everyone reasoned, wasn't enough. Something should be done about making it possible to land right then and there and pick up the men who might be near death. Something *was* done.

At home, Army Air Forces engineers remembered the famous Ford Tri-motor, a heavy all-metal transport which was equipped with floats to land on Lake St. Clair near Detroit and pick up Ford Motor Company mailbags; they recalled the big Curtiss Condor 12-passenger biplane with pontoons which Admiral Byrd took with him on an Antarctic expedition to Little America and they set to work building a pair of floats with wheels to make the Douglas C-47 an amphibious monster. The result is a grotesque-looking (see picture) air giant which can alight on water or land. And that means one of the cargo ships thus equipped will be able to land in the water near stranded fliers on a coral reef or small island and then by lowering its wheels can taxi onto the beach, facilitating the loading of passengers and equipment.

The floats are accredited to be among the largest of their kind ever constructed, being more than 41 feet long, five feet wide and towering above an average man's head. They are near the size of the fuselage of a Curtiss P-40.

The only known larger floats for planes are those on the German Blohm & Voss 139, a four-engine seaplane. The German floats, however, are not amphibious as are the C-47's new streamlined "water wings."

Current tests with the floats have been made on Long Island Sound and at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio. According to the engineers working on the tests, the ship with floats may also be able to land in snow and ice, an invaluable feature for cargo carriers operating in the Arctic regions. Such landings on amphibious floats have been made, and anticipated successes may prove them of even greater value making possible take-offs and landings from almost any terrain.

LATEST addition to our big bombers is a new-type lightweight cooking stove which takes up little space in the bomber's interior and insures hot meals for our bomber crews. Made of steel and aluminum, the cooking unit is little bigger than the ordinary suitcase and it looks like a miniature steam table such as you see in the cafeteria. There are small soup and vegetable containers, a small hot plate and grill and special heating devices for making coffee or hot chocolate. The stove plugs into the bomber's electrical supply unit with an ordinary wall-socket plug system and food stays warm for hours after it is cooked.

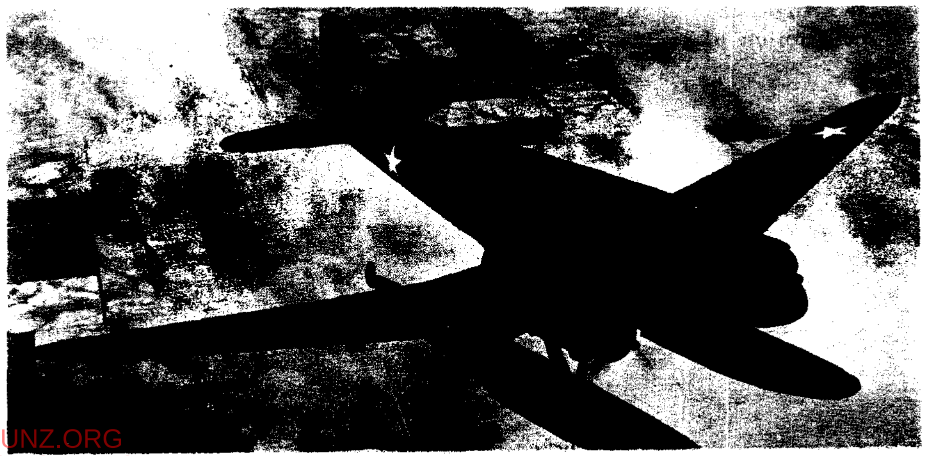
The principle behind putting the stoves in the ships is to give our airmen warm food, which experts believe relieves fatigue and keeps their bodies better fit to carry out their nerve-tension jobs. Previously, air crews carried supplies of sandwiches when they went out on long flights.

The stoves incorporate special wiring and other mechanisms which are adaptable to the high altitudes where it is no simple matter to get sufficient heat for cooking.

On one recent test, a crew of eight men stayed aloft nearly a full day and reported they "lived like kings." Their menu included cooked cereals and fried eggs for breakfast; steak, fried potatoes, salad, soup and rice pudding for dinner.

Yes, they took their ration books! ★★★

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES



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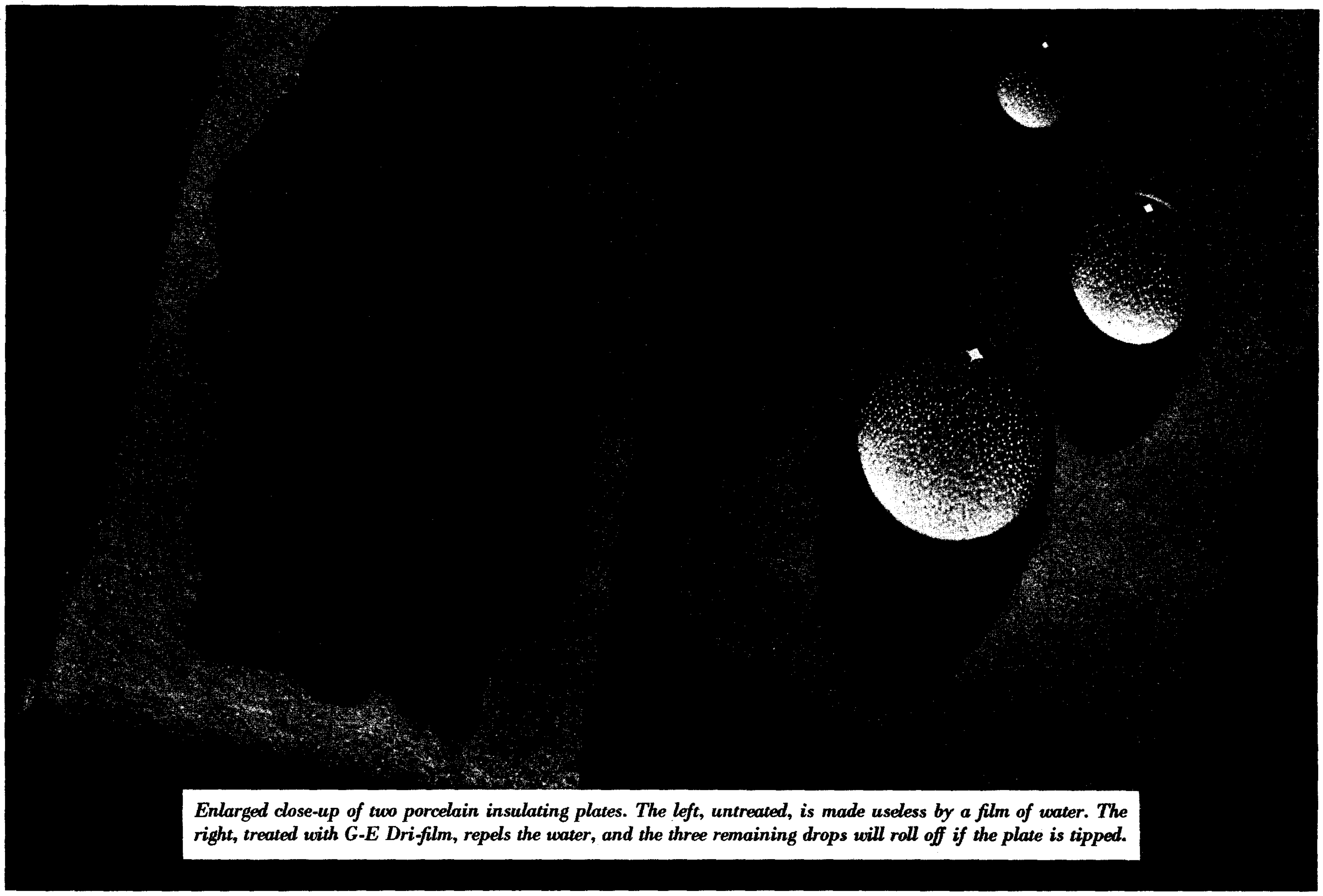
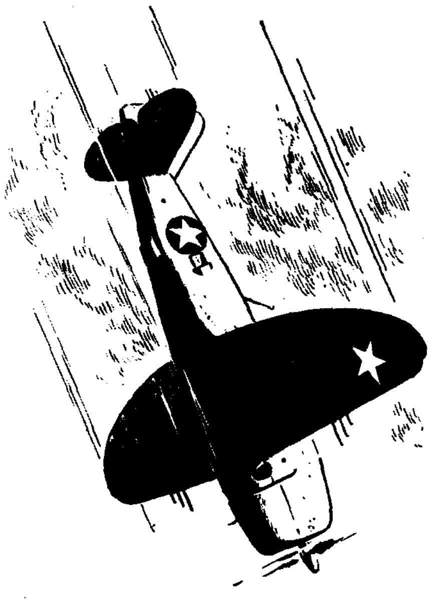


Enlarged close-up of two porcelain insulating plates. The left, untreated, is made useless by a film of water. The right, treated with G-E Dri-film, repels the water, and the three remaining drops will roll off if the plate is tipped.

How to cure a Flying Radio's LARYNGITIS



THERE USED TO BE a lot of trouble, every time an American pilot in a dogfight dropped a radio set 20,000 feet. Not crash trouble, for in the cases we're talking about the radio was in the plane and the pilot pulled out of the dive.

But sometimes the radio lost its voice. For the sudden plunge from cold to warmer air produced condensation of moisture—like the fog that collects on your glasses when you come indoors on a winter's day. A film of moisture formed on the radio's insulators; the film let the electricity leak away; the radio quit dead! And that was bad—since a modern fighting plane depends almost as much on its radio as it does on its wings.

But not so long ago General Electric scientists found a way around this difficulty. For if a porcelain insulator is exposed, for just a few seconds, to the vapor of a composition called G-E Dri-film—then the whole nature of the insulator's surface is changed. It looks just the same, but moisture doesn't gather any longer in a conducting film. Instead, it collects in isolated droplets that don't bother the radio a bit. The set keeps right on talking.

Today the voices of most military radios are being safeguarded by treating their insulators with G-E Dri-film. And the research that cures a radio's laryngitis is the same kind that has licked the problems of the turbo-supercharger, and has packed the driving power of a destroyer into turbines not much bigger than a couple of trunks. It's the kind of research we're counting on, tomorrow, to turn the discoveries of wartime into peacetime products we can all use. *General Electric Co., Schenectady, N. Y.*

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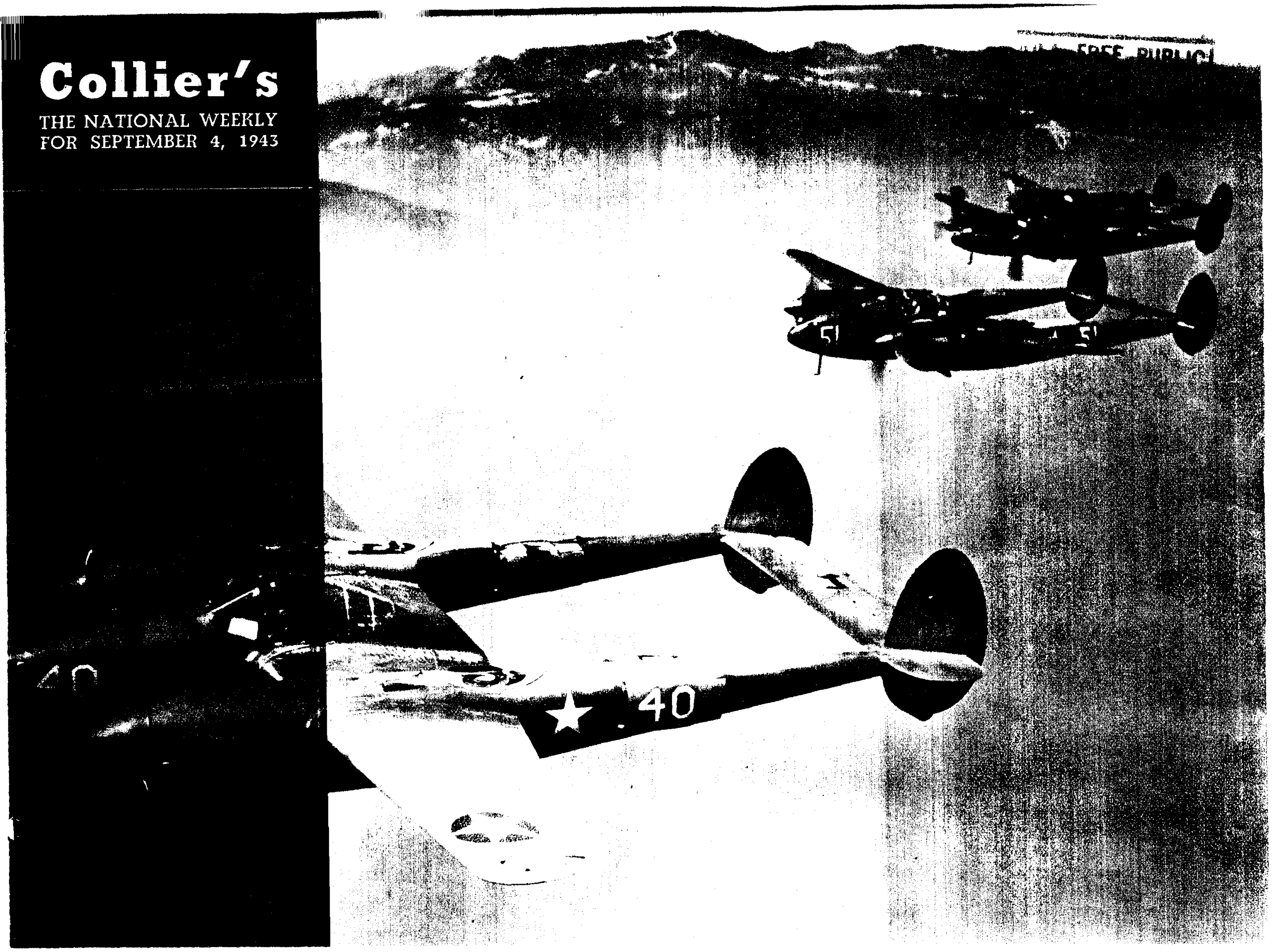


A formation of P-38s scouting for the enemy. "Air warfare is a percentage game. You fight in teams or you're dead"

ERIK MILLER

THREE SECONDS TO FIGHT

BY CAPTAIN NEWELL O. ROBERTS

94TH UNITED STATES PURSUIT SQUADRON

A new member of an old fighter group tells how our pilots worked their P-38s against all comers, from the ground to 35,000 feet into the Mediterranean sky. With three seconds to work, you have no time to correct mistakes

I LEARNED one thing from the first Jerry I shot down. In a fight with a Messerschmitt, three seconds is all the time you have to live or to die. The same goes for Jerry, too. People back home have the idea that fighter pilots zoom and dive and twist like a swarm of bees, spitting bullets right and left. It isn't like that at all. You take off in your twin-engine P-38 Lightning for a three-hour flight, patrolling, strafing, and escorting bombers. Altogether, you have about three minutes shooting in your guns, which pack the most concentrated firepower of any fighter plane. You hold your fire until you are a hundred yards from your enemy and let her go in three-second bursts. In three seconds you can squirt 300 shells. You get him, or he gets you.

My first Jerry was one of two Me.-110s cruising over Gabès at the southern end of Tunisia. I was the leader of my flight. We were patrolling that part of the Mediterranean to keep the U-boats under water. We also had orders to strafe German field concentrations around Gabès from thirty feet above the ground. We call that buzzing.

I saw two Jerries above us going the same direction as we were. We had the speed to overhaul them. There wasn't any time to maneuver. I gave my engine the blossom, pulled my nose up, got one Jerry in my sights, gave him a squirt and he burst into flames. The job took about as long as it takes to tell it. A buddy of mine got the other one.

Air warfare is a percentage game. You fight in teams or you're dead. They'll shoot you down any time you go into acrobatic maneuvers. It takes a few seconds to go into a roll or a spin and the other fellow gets you the first second.

There isn't any room for grudge fighting. Almost all the pilots we lost were fellows who let themselves be sucked out of formation. The Jerries used to send one of their planes out in front and down low as a decoy. If one of our men dived on the decoy a whole team of Me.'s invariably dived on him. If our whole team took the bait, the Me. team usually stayed out of it. We could outfly and outshoot them.

Carrying on for Rick

Our squadron was a Pursuit. We still used the Hat-in-the-Ring insignia that Eddie Rickenbacker and his men used in the same squadron in the first World War. Ours was one of the first fighter groups to reach Algeria. We took off from England, flew nine hours and fifteen minutes with a Martin B-26 as a mother ship to guide us. Sitting that long strapped to the seat of a P-38 is bad enough. But in this flight an even worse strain was not knowing whether we would have to shoot our way into the airfield at Oran where we were to land.

Fortunately, the field had surrendered to our troops, but that didn't make it much better because Junkers 88s had just bombed the field and we had to dodge the holes that pocked the runway. The colonel's ship hit one and smashed up as flat as a pancake. He crawled out unhurt.

Winging that far overseas set a record for fighter planes, but it was duck soup for us after flying the North Atlantic in midwinter. Ours was the first squadron of fighters to wing across the ocean. After Pearl Harbor we had been rushed out to San Diego and Long Beach to guard the Southern California coast. Everybody thought Tojo would be sending a carrier over to blast our aircraft factories. Our task was to head the Japs off at sea if they came. This was a break, because the P-38s were so new that nobody knew how to fly them. We had to work out an entirely new system of battle tactics.

Looking back, I would say this was the most dangerous flying I have done. Once in a formation so tight that our wing tips were only three feet apart, another pilot jammed his wing into my rudder. It was my first collision in the air, We got down all right—Roberts' luck. Another time I

Capt. Newell O. Roberts, fighter pilot and veteran of the Tunisian air war, with the P-38 Lightning which he fought against the best the Axis could put in the air

DOUG WHITE

saw two P-38s below me fold together, back to back, and plunge into the ocean. Once, in another fog, a pilot came up under me, knocking both my engines out. He bailed out, but I like to stick with a ship. I pancaked in a small field without a scratch—more Roberts' luck.

One day they gave us new P-38s equipped with belly tanks, and the rumor spread that we were going overseas. By that time we knew what the P-38s would do—or thought we did. Our squadron flew from Southern California to Maine, and day after day we practiced long flights through the soup over the Atlantic. Next we flew to a base in Labrador. It was lost in the overcast. Every day the Flying Fortress carrying the navigator who was to get us to Greenland flew out and looked over the situation. The best weatherman in the world couldn't predict what we would find out there.

After several false starts, we took off again, hovering around the Fortress. Our flight made a tiny runway in Greenland. There were mountains all around and icebergs in the water. Our flight got down all right. But another, which started the same day, heading for another Greenland runway, landed on the icecaps and stayed there a long time before being rescued. We pushed on to Reykjavik, Iceland.

The next flight still gives me dreams more terrible than any fight I have been in. We took off in thick, soupy weather for Scotland with a Fortress for each four Lightnings. As the soup became thicker and thicker, we jammed ourselves closer under the wings of the Fortress. We were flying so tight that our wing tips almost touched. We flew like that for five hours. It seemed like fifty.

Or It Might Have Been Norway

By the end of that time we had no idea whether we were over Scotland or Germany. Once we saw land through a hole in the clouds. It flashed by so fast that we still didn't know our whereabouts. Finally we made radio contact with a station in Northern Ireland and also with one in England and asked them to give us homings. They gave them, but we couldn't understand them.

When we cussed them out, they called back:

"Don't worry, old chappies, stay up there and we'll have you down in a jiffy!"

They sent up a Beaufighter and he got us into an airfield in the nick of time. I had enough gas for 30 minutes' flying.

They sent us to train with the hottest combat squadron in Britain, the 303d Polish Pursuit group. They were flying Spitfires. Those Polish kids taught us everything they had learned in combat over Europe. Then we went along on seven combat operations over France. On none of these were we jumped by the Jerries. By the time we reached Africa, we knew how to sweep the sky of Jerries and Eyties. The Poles were the best sky fighters I saw anywhere.

Our squadron's first base in Africa was a place called Youk-le-Barnes. It was supposed to be an airfield. Actually it was a pasture. When it rained, we had to land without using the front wheel of the tricycle landing. If we did, it would bury itself in the mud, and we'd flop on our backs.

For the first week we were our own ground crew. We flew all day, then worked six or eight hours at night cleaning and loading our guns and filling the gas tanks from five-gallon cans. You haven't any idea how many five-gallon cans it takes to fill a P-38. There were so many of them that later when the ground crews arrived, we filled them with earth and stacked them up to make walls to live in.

Up to that time we had only pup tents for shelter, rain or shine. For the first week in Africa, I lived on chocolate bars and emergency rations. Something had happened to our supplies. I landed in Africa weighing 175 pounds and left four months later weighing 135.

The idea, when our squadron was sent to Africa, was that the Lightnings were to do the high-altitude work. They were built to fly and fight at 30,000 feet and above. Our main task was to escort Flying Fortresses at high level on bombing forays over Italy, Sicily, Sardinia, Tunisia and Tripoli. At that time, nobody had any idea that the P-38s were good for any job from ten feet off the ground up to the ceiling.

When I say ten feet off the ground, I mean ten feet, too. That's how low we flew at Faid Pass. One morning our GHQ assigned our squadron to a special mission, cleaning out the Nazis' gun positions in the pass so that our troops could push through.

There were only four of us. We flew abreast. The canyon had steep walls on both sides and there was barely room for the four planes to fly with wing tips almost touching. My flight consisted of Mac McWhorter, Jack Ilfrey, Bill Lovell and myself. The order said we were to do the job between 7:20 and 7:25 A. M., not earlier, not later.

The Timing Was Perfect

We roared into the pass on the dot, climbing and diving as though we were on roller coasters. Every time we dived, we shot a burst into a gun position or a tank. Then we zoomed up to gain altitude for the next dive. At 7:25 our ground troops charged through. The Jerries were either dead or under cover. Later we cleaned out Kasserine Pass the same way. It's a tricky operation for a plane that travels 400 miles per hour and is supposed to fight at 30,000 feet in the big, roomy sky.

An advantage in buzzing in at treetop level is that you can let them have it and finish your mission before the flak gets started. We did that at Sfax where the Jerries were using the ball park for an airdrome. We roared right down the streets of the town. The P-38 wasn't designed for a bomber, but we carried a couple of bombs under the wings on strafing expeditions. As soon as we dropped the bombs, we zoomed up to be in position for fighting.

By the time this Sfax flak was up, we were nearing Gabès. At the edge of a woods I saw several Me.-109s take off. I couldn't tell how many there were for the dust, but I called to my flight:

"Let's take them on. I'll take the first one."

"I'll take the second," said Ilfrey.

Lovell and McWhorter picked theirs. One Me. turned head on into me. I had been flown into twice before, so I said to myself, "If you can take it, Jerry, I can." I gave him a squirt when we were 200 feet off the ground. As he blew to pieces, I made a quick turn to the left. Another Me. came into my sights. I was on his tail, so I gave him a burst and he dived straight into the ground.

The other fellows were getting in their bursts. There were a lot more Jerries than I expected. We had the advantage of position and speed.

I heard someone's voice yell, "Look out, there's one on your tail." I looked back in a hurry, but the Jerry wasn't on my tail, he was on Ilfrey's.

(Continued on page 34)

It Takes Two to Make a Hero

By Francis Iles

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Perhaps the British have no sense of humor—but you won't be so sure after reading this tale of murder, manly timidity and a Victoria Cross

THIS is the story that was told me by a complete stranger one wet morning at the Dodo Club.

I do not know what the qualifications are for membership of the Dodo, but I believe the club was founded as a kind of carry-over on a permanent basis of one of those ephemeral clublets which contribute so much to the charm of social life at the older universities. At any rate, most of the members were youngish—that is to say, on the undeveloped side of forty—their number was small, and, according to George Pidcock, each of them was a distinguished man in some modest way of his own; though what claim to distinction George himself could have put forward, beyond being a first cousin of mine, I could never imagine.

In any case, it was to lunch with George that I was there on that morning, and it was because the day was wet that I arrived more than an hour early. The hall porter at the Dodo knows me; and the morning room into which they show visitors is well provided with those more obscure periodicals (to be seen only in clubs) which have a peculiar fascination for me; therefore, I looked forward to quite a pleasant hour of relaxation before the exacting job of being entertained by George for lunch.

But I was out of luck—all of my favorite magazines were missing.

I must have vented my chagrin aloud, for the next moment I was horrified to see an inquiring head come into view round the wing of an armchair and fix on me the usual baleful eye of the Disturbed Member.

"Were you looking for anything?" asked the head.

"No," I said. "No, no. Oh, no. Not at all. Nothing. Oh, no. No."

He got up and I saw with incredulity that his eye was not baleful at all but concerned, with the concern of a host for a guest. "I'm really afraid you were looking for something. What was it?"

"Retrogressional Advancement," I said.

With a peculiarly attractive look of guilt he indicated the copy in his own hand. "I'm so sorry," he was beginning, when suddenly his expression changed and he looked quite startled. "Good Lord, are you really a Retrogressional Advancer? They positively do exist, then? 'Pon my word, I thought the whole thing must be a leg-pull. I say, I didn't mean that. Of course . . . most extraordinarily interesting . . . Quite see there may be something in it . . . H'm . . ."

I put him out of his agony.

And then, of course, he ordered sherry, and asked whom I was waiting for, ordered more sherry on hearing that it was George Pidcock, confessed to never having heard of George Pidcock, and finally ordered more sherry as a penance for never having heard of me either. In short, within a very short time we were getting ready to tell each other the stories of our lives: which for two complete strangers, and members of a normally reticent race, was remarkable enough.

It was, however, not until he learned that I was a writer that this excellent man began to show signs of human weakness. They were signs I knew too well. I had fled from them at cocktail parties, at week-end parties, in the homes even of elderly relatives. They are indications that the sign maker has a "plot" for a story: either "just a little thing, you probably won't think much of it, came to me in my bath this morning," or "and absolutely true, you'd hardly need to alter it; honestly, someone ought to write it up."

Usually, I say, the only thing to do is to flee (unless you happen to be particularly good at the glassy smile, the mandarin nod, and all the rest of it); but this time things were different. After all, this man had not read me the riot act, as he had been entitled to do; instead he had fed me with kindness and gladdened me with sherry. Besides, I liked his looks. So I did as never before since the days of my apprenticeship: I encouraged him.

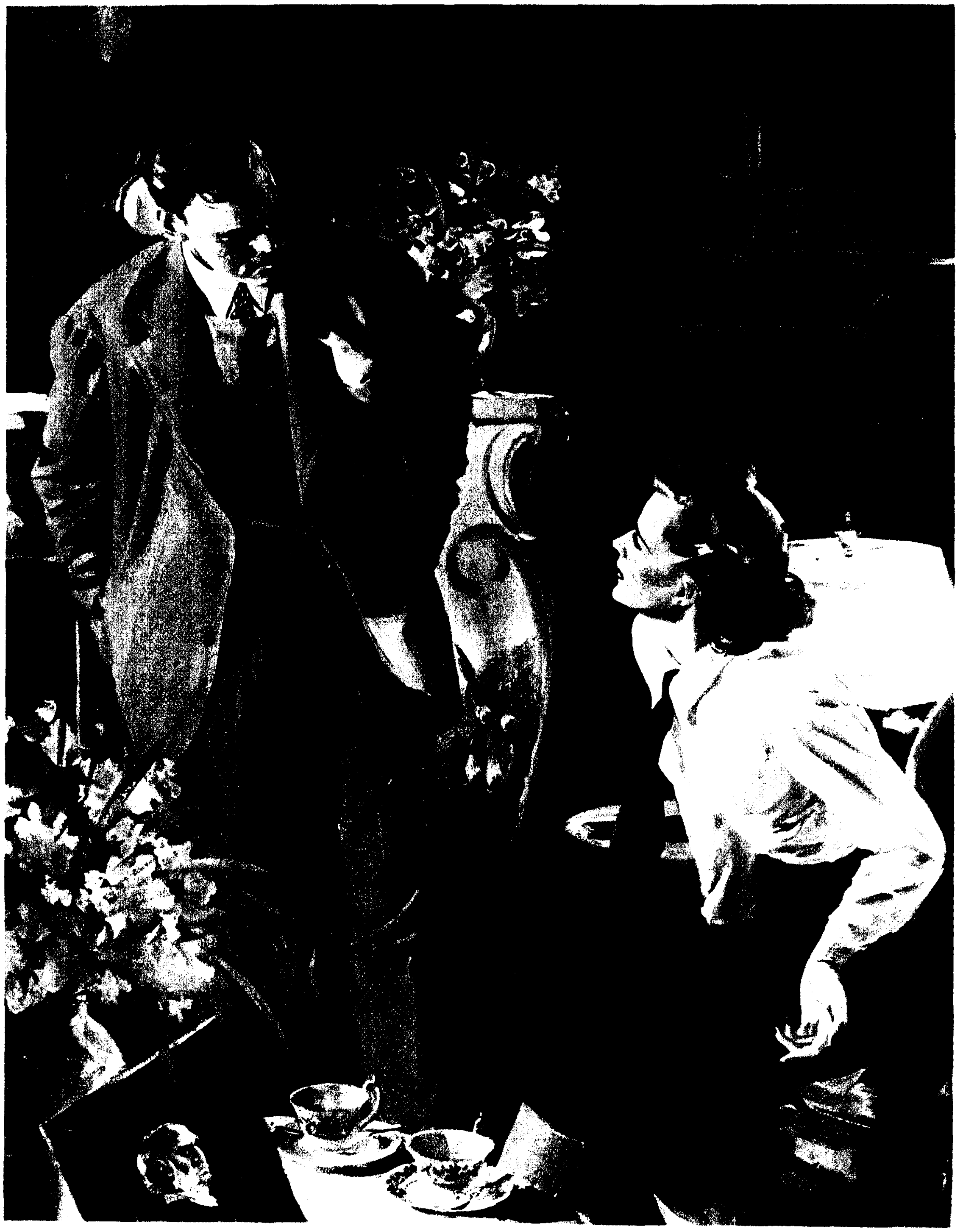
Curiously, it needed encouragement to bring his tale out of him. When it came to the point, he showed diffidence. I encouraged him further.

"No, no," he said. "It's not that. I was just wondering whether I haven't been a bit—what's the word?—precipitate. After all, it's rather . . . What's the word again? I'm afraid you'll think me only half-educated. I suppose *you* can hit on the right word every time."

I assured him I could not.

"Well, 'confidential,' then. No, not

(Continued on page 60)



Finally she told him she couldn't marry a coward. Either he'd go to the police, or their engagement would be at an end

Welles' Wonderland

By James F. Denton and Kyle Crichton

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

The Mercury Wonder Show, for servicemen and suckers, sets up shop with myriad memorable mystifications

MR. ORSON WELLES will saw you in half at a minute's notice. If treated respectfully, he will return you to yourself intact at a later date. At request, he will decapitate you. He will extract a rabbit from your hat and manufacture a hen for your edification without extra cost. If he doesn't have you around to saw in half, he will perform the operation on Rita Hayworth, who looks much better that way than most people do intact.

Welles has become Orson the Magnificent. Movies? Bah! Stage? A bore! He is now a magician under canvas, with his tent set up on Cahuenga Boulevard in the heart of Hollywood, and if you are in uniform, you can revel in these miracles not for fifty cents, the half of a dollar, or for two bits, the half of four bits, but for free. In plain clothes it costs you something short of a ransom, with peanuts a dollar a bag and seats up to $5.50 a pasteboard. His opening night cost the gentry in the "sucker" section $11 a throw and they came pleading for admittance.

"A sucker deserves an even break at a slightly higher level," is the Welles motto.

Welles calls his outfit the Mercury Wonder Show and intends to keep it going as long as the suckers come in. Since Hollywood is filled with practically nothing else but suckers, he has a deal on his hands. He estimates that his magical equipment has cost him $23,000, but he is not one to quibble about expense.

Orson is an artist of legerdemain now, and movie agents can flutter about his magical dovecote until they're blue, without getting a glance from him. He is busy "reproducing the occult secrets of antiquity" for his followers; he provides "original experiments in animal magnetism," and all nature freezes at his glance; he furnishes readings on the Magic Crystal but warns his audience that "because of the unbelievable strain on the practitioner of this incredible feat, the management must reserve the right to change this portion of the program without notice."

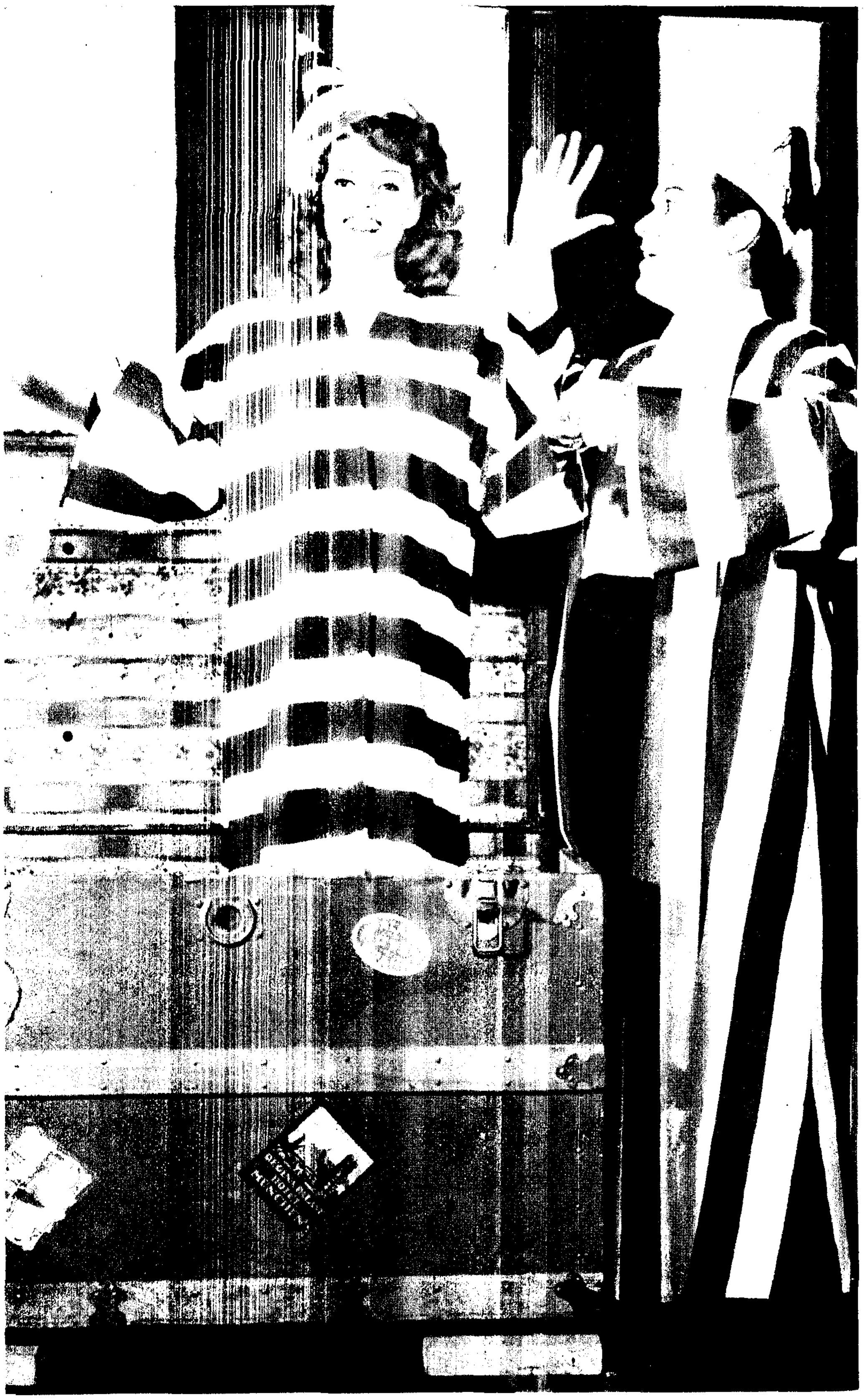
As his stooges, he offers such entertainers as Joseph Cotten, Agnes Moorehead and "fourteen assorted assistants." Miss Hayworth is the supreme sacrifice, a brave lady who allows herself to be dismembered at each performance in the daintiest way ever imagined.

Miss Hayworth and her confreres are literally paid in peanuts, and the impresario will brook no salary demands. Any money left over after expenses are paid goes to the Hollywood Assistance League, a charity organization. This is the sort of show the twenty-eight-year-old Welles has wanted ever since he discovered at the age of six that the world was worked with mirrors. There are carpers who insist that he has been doing nothing else since, either in his stage or screen career, but Welles is too busy manipulating the Witches' Farmyard to bother replying.

The Witches' Farmyard, an "incredible assortment of sortilege not to be duplicated in the history of thaumaturgy, presents: Bovine Obedience; At the Shooting Gallery (including Marksmanship Reward); Evaporation in the Mystic Dai[illegible]; The Dalai's Milk Pail (direct from Tibetan lamaseries); The Flight of the Hare; Fowl Elusive; *La Rapière du Diable;* A Voice from the Dead; Faster than Light; the world-famous Balsamo's Secret; and The Casket of Count Cagliostro.

Cursed with the ambition that has been the despair of himself and everybody around him, Welles has improved on the old magic-show formula and has streamlined it to the point where it combines the features of a three-ring circus and a phantasmagoria.

Miss Hayworth appears as the Girl With the X-Ray Eyes, a mild compliment



This is the climax of Orson's most incredible feat—putting Joe Cotten in a trunk and pulling out Rita Hayworth. It won't work without the Welles brand of magic

From the traditional red wagon, Orson the Magnificent and Joe Cotten sell tickets. To men in uniform, it's free, but civilians (or suckers) are nicked up to $5.50

5.50
SERVICEM

Here we see the necromancer plucking chickens out of the air. By the time the show is over he has materialized so many fowls that four attendants are required to carry them off. With this bit of magic Orson hopes eventually to end the meat shortage indeed. The Great Joseph Cotten, the redoubtable one, risks his life at every performance in a triumph of escapology. Hayworth and Cotten combine in something called the Million $ Mystery, which "makes you doubt your senses in a bewildering display." There is a Death Casket; there is the Human Sewing Machine ("must be seen to be believed"); there is Princess Nephrotite, ("the Queen of Egypt brought back from the dead. Her materialization, levitation, evanishment and lightning reappearances").

Mr. Welles has lately been performing as Rochester (not *the* Rochester) in the Twentieth Century-Fox production of Jane Eyre. The reports of this are such that Mr. Welles could make a pretty penny by submitting his jutting-jawed countenance to other cameras. He scoffs at such suggestions and threatens to make disappear the first producer who ventures forth with such nonsense.

"This will go under the head of philanthropy," says Mr. Welles, who prefers to be his own producer and turns a grim eye on all others.

Around his show, he is everything, a state which he has always known would eventually befall him. He sells the tickets, he sets the stage, he makes the jokes, he insults the customers, he beheads his associates. He gives psychic readings and reveals the Secrets of the Sphinx ("the ancient lore of the Dark Continent assembled for the first time under canvas").

A Soul Freed of Hollywood Shackles

He has forgotten the success of Citizen Kane and the harrowing and beautiful experience in Brazil where he took eighteen billion feet of film and came out (not at his request) without a picture. He broods no longer on the chains of Hollywood but instead puts his great mind to a feature known as Chained in Space.

The crowds have been large and at points rowdy. The suckers pay their bucks for soda pop, and the members of the Armed Forces sit happy and free, suffering no indignities of the wallet. The tent, which has a picturesque midway, replete with lurid and wondrous posters and a calliope which gets its notion of noise from Welles himself, seats 1,100 servicemen and 400 suckers.

The evening closes with Orson taking a modest back seat while Joe Cotten puts on Voodoo. This is a re-enactment of Mr. Cotten's "interesting experiences among the witch doctors in Darkest Africa."

The applause is tumultuous and the Great Orson (who affectionately refers to himself among his friends as the Great Ham) beams gratefully and trembles with gratitude. But as he is bowing, he is also thinking. In his mind he is turning over an idea that will revolutionize magic and pretty much everything else.

"I haven't quite got it," he reports, "but if I do get it, it'll be *big*."

He lowers his voice and looks around apprehensively. "It's a disappearance act," he says, "and when I perfect it, I'll just give one wave"—he makes a vicious swipe with his hand—"and there goes Hollywood." ★★★

Hortense the Goose is one of the most popular figures in the show. Talking things over with her is George Chirello, otherwise Shorty

Assisted by the beauteous Miss Hayworth, Orson the Magnificent reads the future in a crystal ball. With such help, how could he fail?

With superb nonchalance, Orson takes flowers, rabbits and other objects from his tall silk hat as cleverly as he extracts ham from a role, although not in such quantities

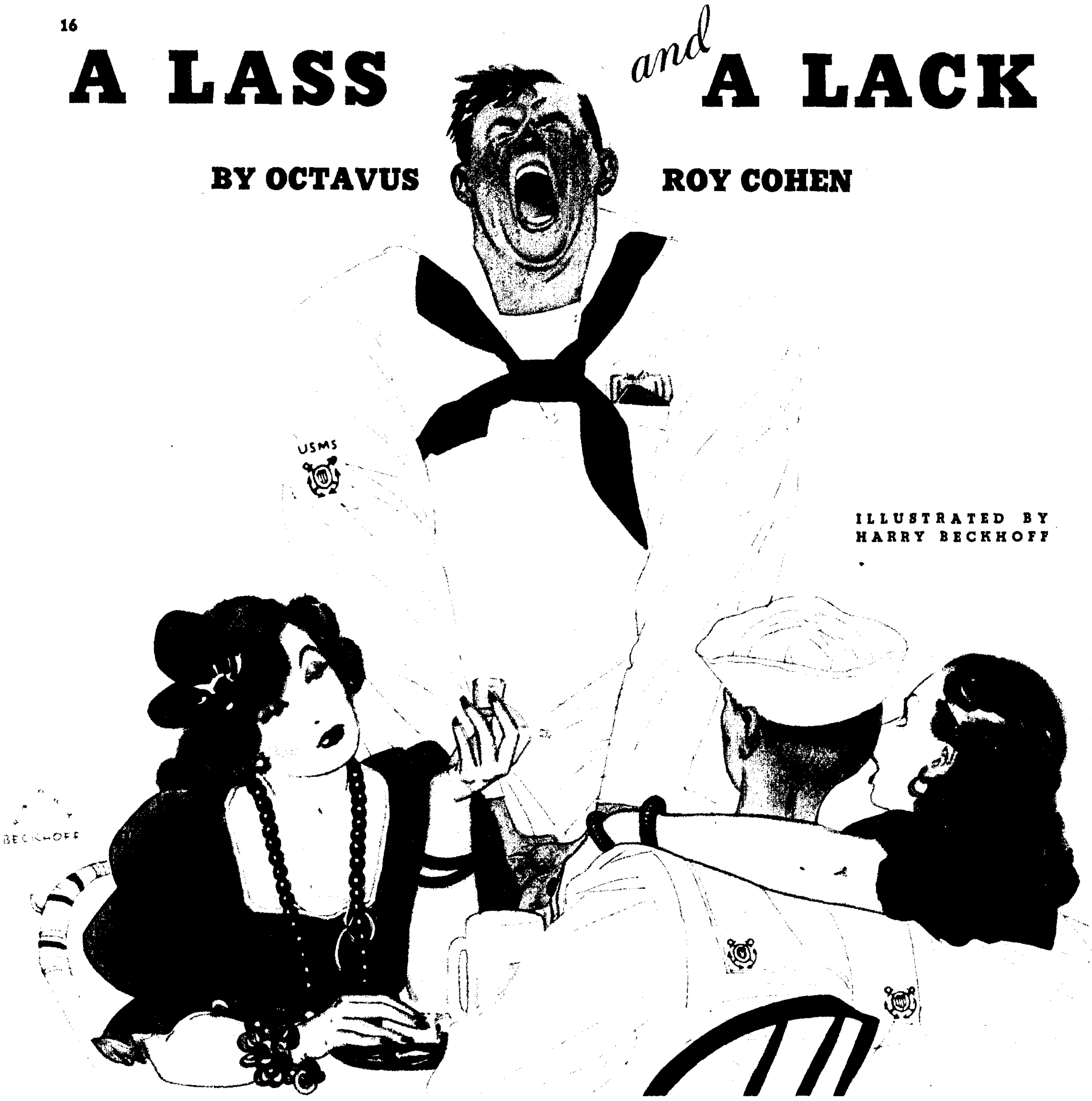
SAWED IN HAL

The Western gentleman sniping at the pretty girl with a bull whip is Death Valley Mack, who started in show business with Buffalo Bill

A LASS *and* A LACK

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Joe's howl was awe-inspiring. It cut through the haze of tobacco smoke. "I been robbed!" he roared

THE camouflaged and antiquated cargo ship Talladega of the United States Merchant Marine wheezed to its anchorage in the harbor of Cartagena, continent of South America, and announced its arrival with a great clattering of anchor chains. The big, burly sailor, whose name was Joe, heaved a vast sigh. He said, "Look! Them houses. Those beer gardens. Slews of señoritas. An' me broker'n a coot."

The group disintegrated abruptly, since Joe was inclined to become truculent when any request for a loan was refused. He was a big man, this Joe, with two heavy fists and a sensitive disposition. The blond lad who had been standing near by moved close to Joe and said timidly, "I got forty-two dollars."

Those words riveted Joe's attention as no other statement could. This blond kid—his name was Eddie—hadn't been accepted by his shipmates. He was slender and shy and diffident and sort of on the puny side: everything, in fact, that a good sailorman shouldn't be.

Joe said, "You ain't never been here, have you, kid?"

"No, Joe—I ain't."

"The beer ain't so good, but I know a gal named Carmencita . . ."

"Has she got a friend?"

"Feller, she's just plumb surrounded by friends. But you and me can have a good time." Joe held out one huge calloused hand. "You're green. Better leave me handle the money."

Eddie hesitated, but only briefly. He gave Joe the forty-two dollars and watched the big man place it tenderly in a leather wallet which was otherwise bereft of currency.

"Wait'll you meet Carmencita," said Joe. "Is that dame crazy about me!"

THE streets were narrow and tortuous, the odors vivid, the weather hot. Joe led the way to a side street and thence through a doorway. He waved his hand at a group of young Colombian damsels and said, "Hi, gals! Here's me!"

Save for a couple of shifty-eyed native gentlemen loafing near the bar, the place was empty except for these full-blown and broad-minded young ladies.

A four-piece orchestra commenced dispensing native rhythm. The young ladies started making motions indicative of their willingness to make the evening less lonely for the American caballeros. Joe grabbed a charmer who had passed the merely voluptuous stage several years since.

"Carmencita," he yelled. "How'sa babe?" Over his shoulder he said to Eddie, "Told you she'd be crazy to see me."

Had Eddie been less fascinated by the exotic atmosphere, he might have observed that the look in Carmencita's eyes was one of calculation rather than affection.

She dragged another girl to the table, introduced her as Rosita, and said something in Spanish. Immediately Rosita started giving Eddie the works, much to that young sailorman's delight.

From that point onward, the evening picked up. Eddie devoted himself to beer. Not so Joe. Backed by adequate finances, he consumed huge quantities of rum, danced ardently, and proceeded rapidly toward a condition of glorious inebriation.

Carmencita was sober. Furthermore, she was *thinking*. Whilst she absorbed tiny glasses of colored water and plied her Americano with rum, she caught the eye of a wizened little man at the bar, and five minutes later excused herself from the table and met him outside.

This particular gentleman, Pedro by name, led a furtive, but colorful life. For one thing, he held Carmencita's tropical affections tightly. For another, he toiled not—neither did he spin; but he was a very clever pickpocket. And to him Carmencita conveyed the information that the big man at her table was on the high road to intoxication and that he had, in his pocket, a fat wallet. "But be careful," she warned him. "Gonzalez does not like trouble with the police, and you must watch him closely." Gonzalez was the *unscrupulous owner of the joint*.

A half hour later Pedro sauntered across the dance floor. In very bad English he stated politely that he had met Joe somewhere before. Joe—who by this time was in a mellow and agreeable mood—remembered clearly so Pedro seated himself next to Joe and became excessively chummy.

The pace got madder and merrier, the music and the night hotter, Pedro more friendly, Joe foggier. Eventually Pedro said adios and drifted away.

Joe was feeling swell. He suggested going places. The check was brought, and Joe reached for his wallet.

His howl was awe-inspiring. It reverberated above the clamor of Colombian drums and cut through the haze of tobacco smoke. "I been robbed!" roared Joe. "Somebody cleaned me!"

"Your wallet . . . ?" started Eddie.

"It's gone!"

Gonzalez moved forward, his moonlike face lined with worry. Señor Gonzalez was not in particularly good odor with the police, and trouble with two seamen of the American Merchant Marine was the last thing in the world he desired. Eddie said, "It must have been that feller Pedro!"

Pedro leaped for the door, but Gonzalez beat him to it. There was a brief struggle and Señor Gonzalez came to the table dragging the protesting Pedro by the neck. With fingers none too gentle, he frisked Pedro and produced Joe's wallet.

Joe said "Thanks" and opened the wallet. Then he made a noise beside which his previous efforts were mere whispers. "Forty-two dollars!" he screamed. "I had forty-two dollars in that wallet. Where's the police?"

THINGS happened fast. Gonzalez walloped Pedro to make sure he'd stay a while, and then frisked him again. No money was forthcoming. But Gonzalez knew what had happened: Pedro had managed to hide it somewhere. This Pedro, he was no gentleman. Joe was still demanding the police and uttering threats which involved the entire Good Neighbor policy. Eddie watched the proceedings and hoped he didn't show how scared he was.

Gonzalez finally quieted Joe and gave Pedro an additional kick to prove his own belief in inter-American solidarity. He produced forty-two American dollars and forced them on Joe; and he refused to let the big sailor pay the check in return for a promise that the matter would not be reported to the authorities.

Joe and Eddie proceeded toward the water front. "You travel with me an' you git excitement," Joe boasted.

Eddie was more than a trifle worried. He said, "But that money—"

"Why worry? We got it back, didn't we? And Gonzalez'll get his from Pedro some way. Also, we didn't have to pay no check." With unsteady fingers, Joe handed the money to Eddie. "There y'are, kid. And don't say I ain't honest."

Eddie took the money. He counted off twenty-one dollars and handed them to Joe. "That's your half," he said.

"I ain't takin' no money offen you."

"It's fifty-fifty, Joe. We're splittin' the profit."

Joe started sobering up. "Whatcha mean: profit?"

"Well," explained Eddie diffidently, "I knew you was plannin' to get drunk, and there wasn't no tellin' what'd happen to my money. So when you was takin' a shower, before we went ashore, I took the forty-two dollars out of your wallet and put it in my own pocket."

Joe was blinking. "An' all the time the row was on, you knew I hadn't been robbed at all?"

"Well, yes. . . . But you wouldn't let me say nothing. And they *was* crooks, so they deserved what happened. Anyway, we still got our money and something *extra*. . . . And I hope *you* ain't mad."

"Mad!" Joe held out the hand of brotherhood. "Sailor," he said heartily, "you're just the kind of a guy this crew needs."

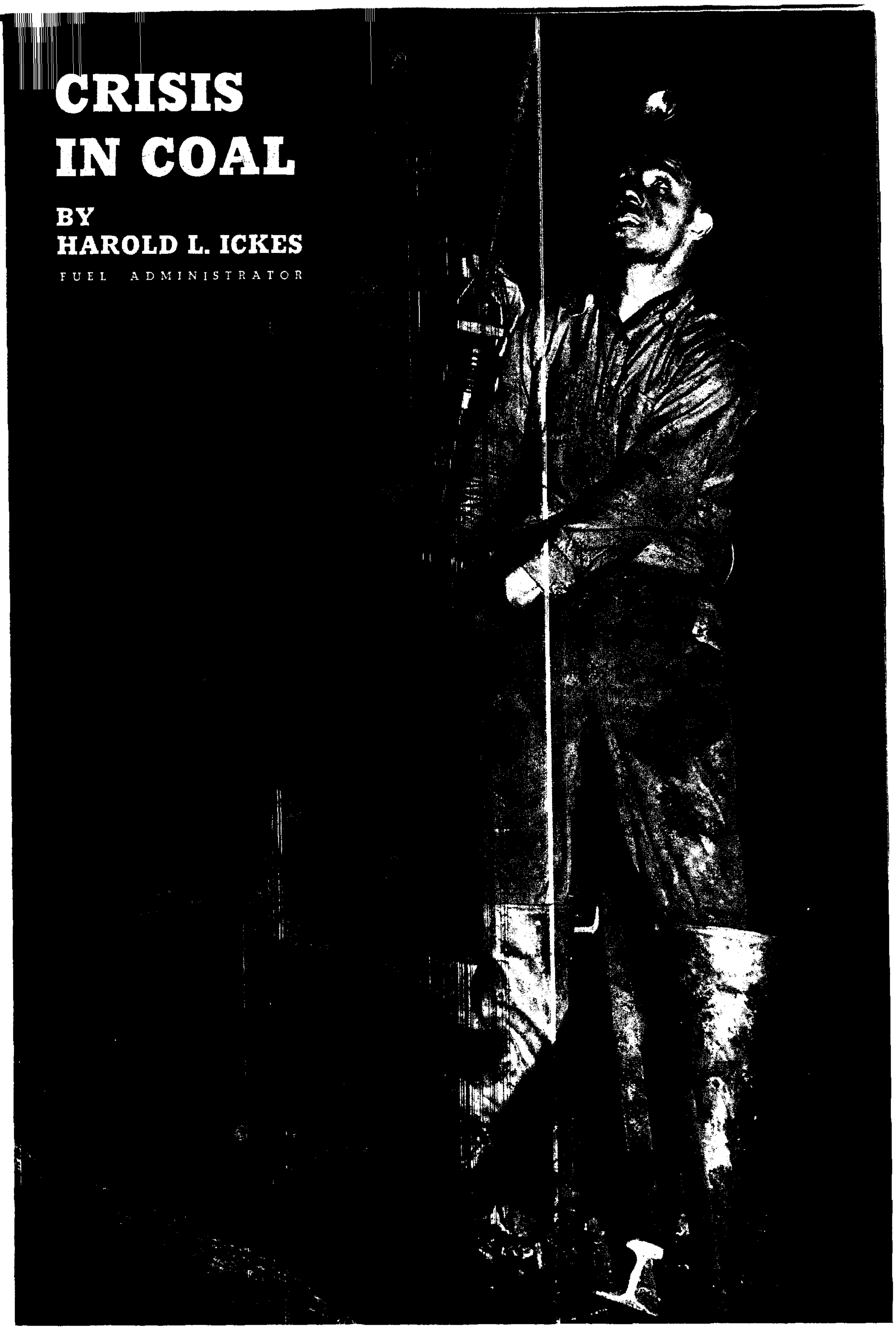
A Short Short Story Complete on This Page

CRISIS IN COAL

BY HAROLD L. ICKES

FUEL ADMINISTRATOR

The man who runs the mines for the government tells the inside story of our coal troubles. Unless something is done promptly, war industry will slow down and homes grow cold



DAVID ROBBINS

BEHIND the three recent walkouts of the coal miners lies a black—and stupid—chapter in the history of the home front, and if we permit a fourth walkout to occur between now and October (as this is written the situation is again in a state of flux and there is no telling what may happen) we will write another chapter that will be even blacker and even more stupid.

We have already lost at least 25 million tons of coal toward our minimum requirement of 665 million tons for the year, as a result of the three walkouts, and there is a strong probability that we may not be able to make it up. Certainly we cannot stand the strain upon our war economy of another walkout.

It is not possible at this time to write the complete story of the unhappy coal situation because the story isn't complete. But we have concluded an era, and up to that point we are in a position to discuss it with a certain amount of restraint because we are better off than we might have been in other circumstances. In other words, it could have been worse.

I have said—and I here repeat—that the miners have just grievances. I am not going to appraise them or even discuss them. Nor am I going to present the operators' side of the argument. As in all disputes, there is something to be said on both sides. But if the public wants to arrive at a fair judgment—and in the long run it always does—it needs to know all of the facts, the first of which is that a wage increase of $1 a day in the northern Appalachian field and $1.40 a day in the southern Appalachian field, now being paid under government operation, went into effect April 1, 1941, and was written for two years.

That was before we were in the war, although the international gangsters were ranging throughout Europe, and the murderous Japs had been shedding blood ruthlessly and cruelly in China. It is probably true that few people in this country had the slightest notion then that the United States would soon become involved in war.

One of the Greatest War Industries

After Pearl Harbor, the miners might have been technically correct if they had taken the position that, since the contract had not been made in contemplation of war and, therefore, in contemplation of a sharply rising cost of living, it was not in legal effect. In other words, as I see it in retrospect, the miners might have claimed justification for forcing an even higher wage agreement after Pearl Harbor. The coal industry overnight became a war industry—one of the greatest. Others were paying wages greatly in excess of what the miners were getting and for work that was less arduous and far less hazardous.

But the miners did not raise the question of higher wages, although their spokesman, as the contract neared its expiration date of March 31st last, asserted their right to higher wages—roughly an increase of $2 a day—and the miners' determination to secure an advance.

Following the "Little Steel formula" came—again by chance, so far as the miners were concerned—the "Hold the line" edict of President Roosevelt, which was, in effect, a freezing order. The miners were already negotiating with the operators but, in the circumstances, they could not hope for an upward adjustment of their wages even though wages in many other industries, especially in the heavy war industries, had gone up markedly before the President's "Hold the line" order was issued.

These facts should be kept clearly in mind.

Every two years the country becomes acutely aware that its biennial coal crisis is upon it. Seated in a room as filled with smoke as if the meeting were to deliver a Republican Presidential candidate, John L. Lewis, surrounded by his mining chieftains, has solemnly bargained with some of the operators (or at least *representatives* of the operators) about the terms of the next biennial contract with respect to hours and wages. Customarily, these parleys dragged along for weeks, with repeated threatened crises following the rumored blow-up of the negotiations until the last minute when, with the people worked up to an advanced state of jitters, it would be dramatically announced that terms had been agreed upon and that the miners could continue on the job.

Apprehending this year that we might be confronted by a real crisis and knowing that the cessation of work for a single day would have an adverse effect upon the production of coal, I (as Hard Fuels Administrator) asked the miners and operators to get down to their customary conference on February 12th instead of on March 1st. When this failed, I proposed that February 22d would not be an inappropriate date to light up their black cigars and reluctant pipes. The operators were willing, but John L. Lewis brusquely slapped the idea down. The two sides did not even begin their conference—into which I have reason to believe the majority of the operators entered without the slightest intention to reach an agreement—until sometime in March.

Time is usually on the side of dilatory tactics, but it may be argued with much force that those who went into the conference to stall overplayed their hand. It is my purpose to outline for the reader what happened between the calling to order of that "collective bargaining" gathering in New York and the final announcement by Lewis that while the miners owed the operators nothing, they would work for the government until October 31st and would subject themselves to any necessary "hardship" in order to get out coal with which to win the war.

The most sensational episode in connection with this whole coal situation was the decision of the House of Representatives that it would not renew the Guffey Coal Act, which would expire by its own terms on August 23d. This act and the demoralizing effect that will probably result from Congress' failure to re-enact it is not widely understood.

At the end of the first World War, the coal industry found itself in a bad way. A brisk demand had pushed prices higher and higher, but with the peace of Versailles, the bottom dropped out of the market. Coal had been overproduced and there was still too much of it. Even the high-cost mines had deluded themselves into the belief that the bonanza days had come to stay. Soon, mine after mine was going on short time and, in order to sell any coal at all, was forced to do so below the cost of production.

This had its inevitable effect upon the working conditions of the miners. The natural result was a reduction in the price of coal until only the low-cost mines were able to stay out of the red.

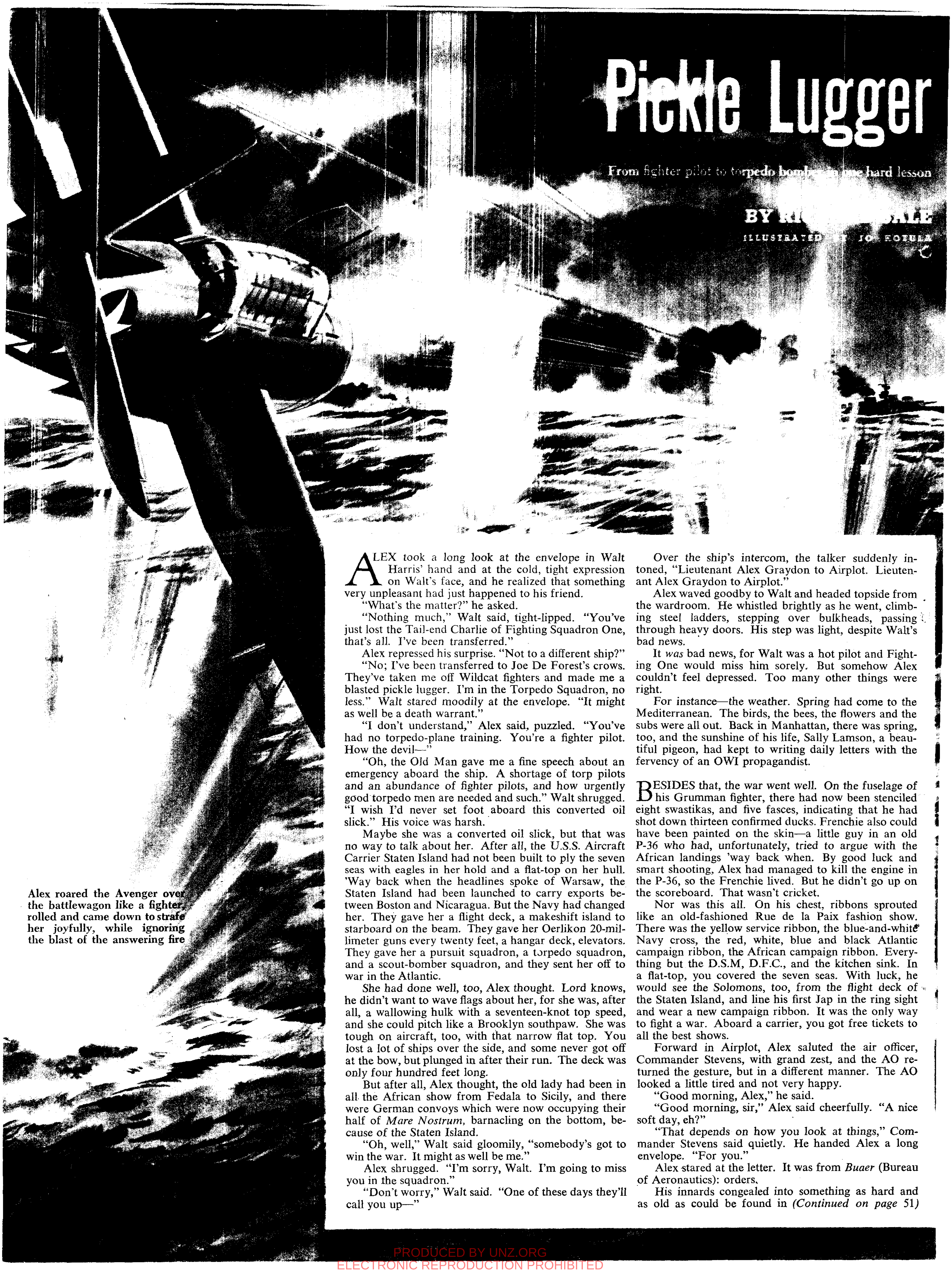
After much study and education, Congress finally passed a law setting up the *(Continued on page 56)*

Pickle Lugger

From fighter pilot to torpedo bomber in one hard lesson

BY RI[illegible]ALE

ILLUSTRATED [illegible] JO KOTULA



Alex roared the Avenger over the battlewagon like a fighter, rolled and came down to strafe her joyfully, while ignoring the blast of the answering fire

ALEX took a long look at the envelope in Walt Harris' hand and at the cold, tight expression on Walt's face, and he realized that something very unpleasant had just happened to his friend.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"Nothing much," Walt said, tight-lipped. "You've just lost the Tail-end Charlie of Fighting Squadron One, that's all. I've been transferred."

Alex repressed his surprise. "Not to a different ship?"

"No; I've been transferred to Joe De Forest's crows. They've taken me off Wildcat fighters and made me a blasted pickle lugger. I'm in the Torpedo Squadron, no less." Walt stared moodily at the envelope. "It might as well be a death warrant."

"I don't understand," Alex said, puzzled. "You've had no torpedo-plane training. You're a fighter pilot. How the devil—"

"Oh, the Old Man gave me a fine speech about an emergency aboard the ship. A shortage of torp pilots and an abundance of fighter pilots, and how urgently good torpedo men are needed and such." Walt shrugged. "I wish I'd never set foot aboard this converted oil slick." His voice was harsh.

Maybe she was a converted oil slick, but that was no way to talk about her. After all, the U.S.S. Aircraft Carrier Staten Island had not been built to ply the seven seas with eagles in her hold and a flat-top on her hull. 'Way back when the headlines spoke of Warsaw, the Staten Island had been launched to carry exports between Boston and Nicaragua. But the Navy had changed her. They gave her a flight deck, a makeshift island to starboard on the beam. They gave her Oerlikon 20-millimeter guns every twenty feet, a hangar deck, elevators. They gave her a pursuit squadron, a torpedo squadron, and a scout-bomber squadron, and they sent her off to war in the Atlantic.

She had done well, too, Alex thought. Lord knows, he didn't want to wave flags about her, for she was, after all, a wallowing hulk with a seventeen-knot top speed, and she could pitch like a Brooklyn southpaw. She was tough on aircraft, too, with that narrow flat top. You lost a lot of ships over the side, and some never got off at the bow, but plunged in after their run. The deck was only four hundred feet long.

But after all, Alex thought, the old lady had been in all the African show from Fedala to Sicily, and there were German convoys which were now occupying their half of *Mare Nostrum*, barnacling on the bottom, because of the Staten Island.

"Oh, well," Walt said gloomily, "somebody's got to win the war. It might as well be me."

Alex shrugged. "I'm sorry, Walt. I'm going to miss you in the squadron."

"Don't worry," Walt said. "One of these days they'll call you up—"

Over the ship's intercom, the talker suddenly intoned, "Lieutenant Alex Graydon to Airplot. Lieutenant Alex Graydon to Airplot."

Alex waved goodby to Walt and headed topside from the wardroom. He whistled brightly as he went, climbing steel ladders, stepping over bulkheads, passing through heavy doors. His step was light, despite Walt's bad news.

It *was* bad news, for Walt was a hot pilot and Fighting One would miss him sorely. But somehow Alex couldn't feel depressed. Too many other things were right.

For instance—the weather. Spring had come to the Mediterranean. The birds, the bees, the flowers and the subs were all out. Back in Manhattan, there was spring, too, and the sunshine of his life, Sally Lamson, a beautiful pigeon, had kept to writing daily letters with the fervency of an OWI propagandist.

BESIDES that, the war went well. On the fuselage of his Grumman fighter, there had now been stenciled eight swastikas, and five fasces, indicating that he had shot down thirteen confirmed ducks. Frenchie also could have been painted on the skin—a little guy in an old P-36 who had, unfortunately, tried to argue with the African landings 'way back when. By good luck and smart shooting, Alex had managed to kill the engine in the P-36, so the Frenchie lived. But he didn't go up on the scoreboard. That wasn't cricket.

Nor was this all. On his chest, ribbons sprouted like an old-fashioned Rue de la Paix fashion show. There was the yellow service ribbon, the blue-and-white Navy cross, the red, white, blue and black Atlantic campaign ribbon, the African campaign ribbon. Everything but the D.S.M, D.F.C., and the kitchen sink. In a flat-top, you covered the seven seas. With luck, he would see the Solomons, too, from the flight deck of the Staten Island, and line his first Jap in the ring sight and wear a new campaign ribbon. It was the only way to fight a war. Aboard a carrier, you got free tickets to all the best shows.

Forward in Airplot, Alex saluted the air officer, Commander Stevens, with grand zest, and the AO returned the gesture, but in a different manner. The AO looked a little tired and not very happy.

"Good morning, Alex," he said.

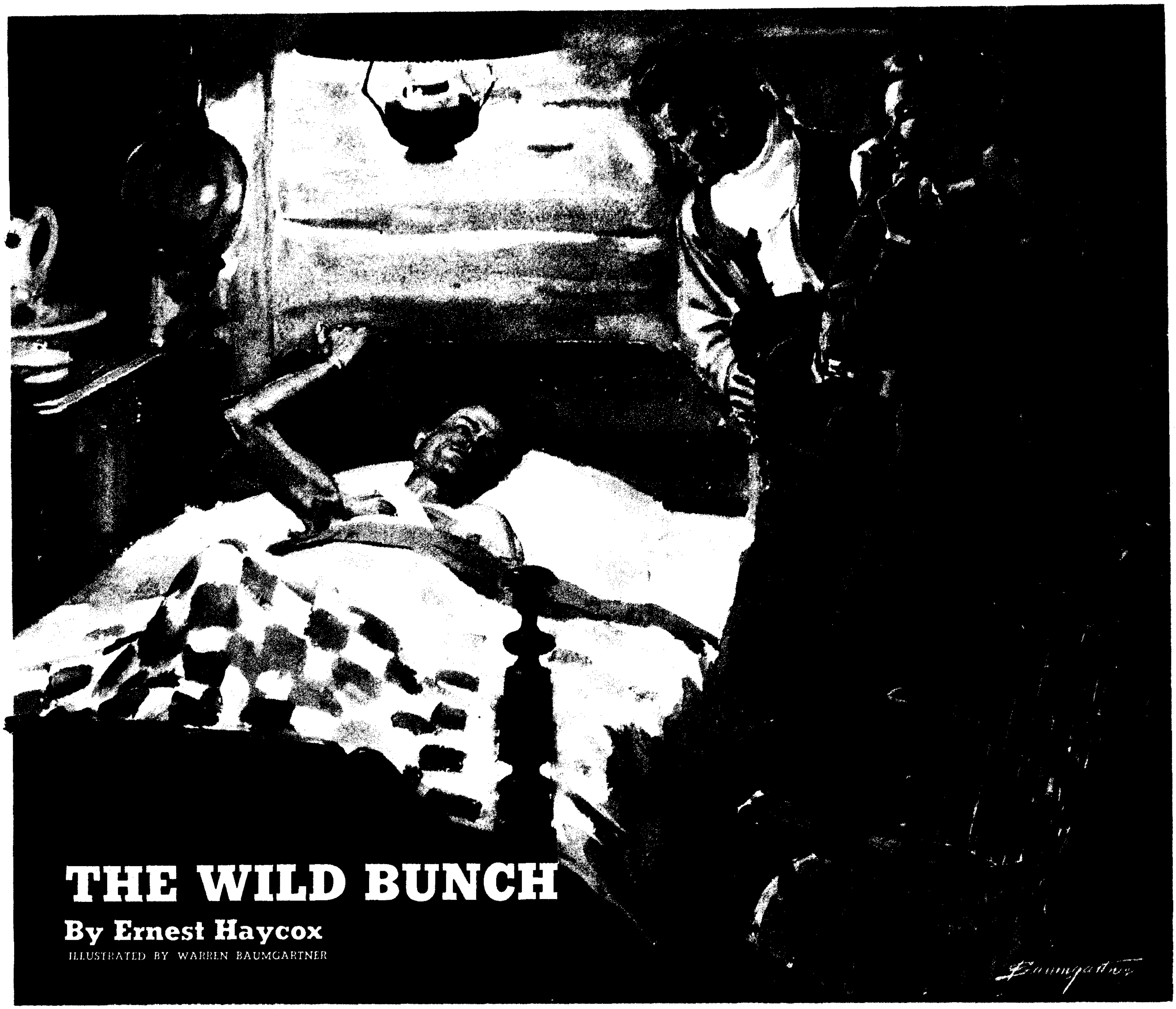
"Good morning, sir," Alex said cheerfully. "A nice soft day, eh?"

"That depends on how you look at things," Commander Stevens said quietly. He handed Alex a long envelope. "For you."

Alex stared at the letter. It was from *Buaer* (Bureau of Aeronautics): orders.

His innards congealed into something as hard and as old as could be found in

(Continued on page 51)



Niles Brand was lying on the bed. "Nice weather, pilgrim," he said, and tried to grin away the hurt of his injury. "Who did it?" asked Goodnight

THE WILD BUNCH

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

The Story Thus Far:

THEO McSWEEN, a worthless drifter, runs away with a girl in the Oregon high desert country, takes her to Nevada, where she dies—after she has been badly treated, deserted. The victim's brother—Frank Goodnight—hears the ugly story. He sets out, on horseback, to find McSween and kill him.

As he approaches a rough town—Sherman City—he stops at a ranch house. His arrival is just in time to prevent a man named Royal—"Boston Bill" Royal—from shooting the owner of the ranch: Harry Ide. . . . When he reaches Sherman City, he takes a room in a hotel—the property (as he presently learns) of an attractive girl, an orphan named Rosalia Lind. Then he goes out to look for a friend, Niles Brand, who has been trying to get a line on McSween.

The two men finally meet; and, because they do not want anyone to know they are working together, they have a secret talk. Niles says that the cattlemen of the area are lined up in two hostile crowds: the desert people and the hill people. He says that Boston Bill Royal is a "hill man" and a crook, as are all the members of the hill gang. He says that McSween is living not far away.

A few minutes after the interview, members of the two groups clash in the town. Goodnight and Rosalia witness the fight (in which McSween is a participant); and Goodnight saves the girl from possible injury by an excited rider—to whom he administers a beating.

Rosalia is beautiful. She attracts Goodnight strongly—so strongly that, in the course of a talk with her, he yields to an impulse and kisses her. Then (blissfully ignorant that Boston Bill regards the girl as his property) he mounts his horse and rides into the hill country.

That night, as he is seated by his campfire, a young woman rides up in the darkness and speaks to him. She does not tell him who she is, but she is obviously someone of importance. They talk, guardedly, for a time. Then the new arrival suggests that Goodnight accompany her to "Sun," a near-by ranch. As they converse, they hear the sound of running horses. The girl is excited. "Saddle up quick and kick out the fire," she says nervously.

II

GOODNIGHT made up his blanket roll in quick turns, threw on the saddle and lashed his roll. He gave the fire a sidewise kick with his boot, sending the sticks into the near-by water. He said, "Still, they'll smell smoke and stop," and rode beside her.

At the top of the grade she turned into timber, leaving the road behind. Presently she halted. "If we go ahead of them they'll catch our dust and know we're around."

"That's all right, isn't it?"

"If you stay in the hills," she said, "you'll learn nothing's all right." There was, he recognized, a swing of regret and dislike in her voice but he thought little of it at the moment, being more interested in the sound of the horsemen coming along. They had not stopped at his camp, which made him murmur, "A careless lot. If they can't smell smoke—"

She reached out through the darkness and touched him; her hand squeezed down, commanding his silence. A group of riders ran by on the road and a little gust of talk fell behind from them, and they faded on. The girl waited a moment before riding forward to the road. Goodnight came beside her; both horses traveled at a walk. "That was Boston Bill," she said. "He'll be at the house when we get there. When they question you, just say that you saw me on the road and asked for a night's shelter."

"This Boston Bill is full of questions."

"It will be my father who asks the questions," she said. "My father—Hugh Overman." Then she remembered Goodnight's remark and commented on it: "How would you know about Boston Bill?"

"I met him out on the desert."

"He was out there in daylight?" Her voice came at him with a lift of interest. "Where was he?"

"At a ranch."

"Near Sherman City?"

"That's right."

"Ide's ranch," she murmured, and said nothing more, apparently turning over the information in her mind. Lights sparkled ahead and Goodnight saw shapes cut over those lights, moving around a yard. A plank bridge boomed the warning of their approach and in another minute they were at the front of a log house built low and long across the yard.

He saw first the huge square shape of a man in the doorway, the same black-bearded one who had led the hill crowd into Sherman City on the previous night. With him was Boston Bill, seeming small beside the older one's great shape. There were other men, Boston Bill's men apparently, waiting by their horses along the yard. Goodnight passed among them as he walked forward with the girl to the huge one at the door.

The girl said, "I picked this man up on the road, Dad. He wanted a sleep and a meal."

(Continued on page 67)

In Tokyo, American relief was dispensed under crossed American and Japanese flags after the great 1923 earthquake

THE GREAT AMERICAN SUCCOR

BY WALTER DAVENPORT

Twenty years ago, when Japan was flattened by a catastrophic earthquake, we sent millions in medicines and foods. Nichi-Nichi called attention to the "Great American Succor." Japs never were much good at spelling

ALL this happened twenty years ago, on September 1, 1923, and while it is doubtless a waste of time to remind Japan, it won't hurt to remind ourselves. Anyway, all sorts of Japs, from the Tenno or Son of Heaven himself to the least important pander in the Honjo ward of Tokyo wept their *honorable intentions* of never, never forgetting.

It was on that date, starting at 11:57 on a rainy Saturday morning, that the best of all the many Jap earthquakes destroyed Tokyo and its principal seaport Yokohama. The first mighty shock lasted, unfortunately, for a mere fifty seconds.

During the following five days, seven hundred additional temblors (alas, of merely split-second duration) rattled down the Kwanto Plain. Fire that couldn't be quenched while anything inflammable was within reach, and a gale which occasionally rose to a forty-mile speed added to a destruction which at the time was regarded by the United States of America as a calamity.

After that, until September 12, three hundred assorted shivers trickled up and down eighty miles of Japan's main island to continue the shattering and incinerating of the towns of Kamakura, Odawara, Kozuke, Hakone and Miyanoshita in addition to Tokyo and Yokohama. As a catastrophe, it started fine.

More than 250,000 Japs met death in sundry painful forms. As frequently happens, the wrong individuals escaped in regrettable numbers. More than 111,000 Japs were injured but lived to be blind, to go legless or armless, and to suffer less permanent memory nudgers. In Tokyo and Yokohama alone, nearly 600,000 homes and other buildings were destroyed.

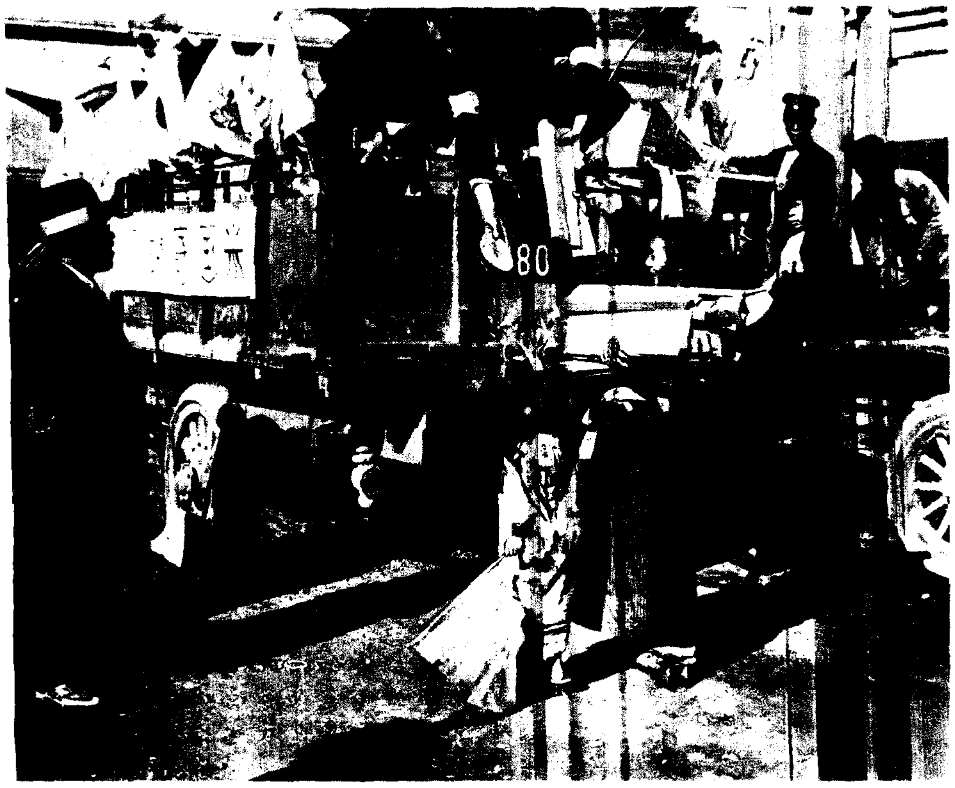
A Brief Respite from Murder

So shaken was Japan that for almost a week she ceased to murder Koreans in village lots. At the time, the Jap army, under the command of Toyama's Black Dragon muggers, was assimilating Korea in the interests of what Japan calls peace. Peace and a preference for self-government were crimes of which the Koreans were *offensively guilty*.

Of course, the Japs were not so sorry for themselves during this clearly inadequate earthquake that they neglected the Koreans altogether. On September fifth, the new prime minister, Count Yamamoto, one of the mobster Toyama's stooges and the uncle of the late Admiral Count Yamamoto (who later planned and directed the attack on Pearl Harbor) decided that the Koreans must have been responsible for the disaster, or at least that they weren't sufficiently sorry.

This left the Jap police no alternative but to round up 3,075 of these peace-guilty people of both sexes and all ages, tie them together in parcels of ten, and liquidate them with machine guns. This, of course, made excellent target practice. Premier Yamamoto was getting a little old—too old anyway to let an earthquake change his mind. Since his nephew, Isoroku Yamamoto, had been a child, he had urged *him to hate Americans* who (he taught the patriotic little monster) had no greater ambition than to molest the Son

All the great cities of Japan required—and received—enormous amounts of food, clothing and medicines. These pictures are from Red Cross files



of Heaven—a Joe named Taisho, father of the current Hirohito. Isoroku Yamamoto grew up to become commander in chief of the combined Imperial fleets and, having been naval attaché in the Jap legation in Washington in 1925 and desirous of returning to America, he announced after Pearl Harbor that he would do so incidental to dictating the Jap peace terms in the White House. He won't.

The earthquake was less than an hour old when the chief of police of Yokohama, a Black Dragon trigger man named Morioka, rushed into the Funabashi wireless station and notified the world—in particular the United States, a country which was notorious for its swift insistence upon being the first and most openhanded to respond to cries for help. Happily his words have been preserved in a large book, The Great Earthquake of 1923 in Japan, compiled and issued by the Bureau of Social Affairs of the Japanese Home Office.

"Today at noon," chattered Morioka, "a great earthquake and conflagration . . . We have neither water nor food. For God's sake, send relief at once."

Before the day was done, Count Yamamoto, in his capacity of premier, squawked officially to the United States State Department. The Japanese Red Cross, of which the honorary president was Field Marshal Prince Kanin, notified the American Red Cross that it had the honor of requesting material assistance in large quantity as quickly as possible. Prince Kanin might have signed the request himself, had he not been off in Korea somewhere, slaughtering that difficult people who criminally preferred independence.

In the name of the Tenno (or emperor), the Japanese government issued a call upon the world, and the United States in particular, to hurry up lest countless Japanese infants and women should starve, a fate regarded by the Japs as fit only for Chinese and Koreans.

Goldfish for the Emperor

Emperor Taisho himself had escaped damage, the Imperial Palace being located on the highest bit of ground in Tokyo in order that no subject might look down upon the Son of Heaven. Moreover, at the first shock, he was squirreled off into a specially constructed earthquake shelter where he remained for a fortnight, although they did remember in the excitement to give him several tanks of goldfish that he might not want for suitable exercise for his well-watered brain.

To make it clearer to the world that Japan was in desperate need of swift assistance, the Jap government broadcast its decision not to levy import duties on relief supplies. This is emphasized in the book, The Great Earthquake of 1923 in Japan, the Home Office saying therein that thus "generous and humane foreign peoples would know that Japan was eager to co-operate in their splendid work of relief."

Cyrus E. Woods, our ambassador in Tokyo, corroborated the Jap government's estimate of the damage and Mr. Masanao Hanihara, Japan's ambassador in Washington sobbed freely as he handed official dispatches to Mr. Charles Evans Hughes, Secretary of State. By this time, the people of the United States were hanging out Japanese flags and telling one another it was a sin and a shame that the Japs didn't get off their nervous islands and move over onto the Asiatic mainland where they wouldn't be getting quaked all the time.

As Mr. Hughes' official condolences were read to the Tenno, "with the emotions which are compatible with dignity and understanding and accepted with the proper graciousness," Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, issued a manifesto. (Unless otherwise specified, all quotes herein are from The Great Earthquake of 1923 in Japan.) Mr. Coolidge said:

"An overwhelming disaster has overtaken the people of the friendly nation of Japan . . . I appeal urgently to the American people, whose sympathies have always been so comprehensive, to contribute . . ."

A Deluge of Sympathy

Naturally, the American Red Cross took charge and into its hands flowed $11,631,302.63 although it had asked for only $5,000,000. Besides this, several million dollars' worth of clothing, building materials, medical supplies and so forth were donated by the American populace.

The Red Cross, with customary efficiency, allotted to the various states and cities the sums expected of them. With hardly any exceptions, these quotas were subscribed in a day, and the cities and states, declaring that such minor sums were far beneath their dignity, kept right on subscribing. Thus it became possible for the American Red Cross not only to mend the wounded, feed the starving, house the roofless, clothe the naked and otherwise succor the forlorn, but to turn over to Japan three and a half million dollars in cash. With this money, the Japs built a few hospitals over the doors of which they inscribed such legends as "Memorial Fraternity," "Grateful to Great America," and "Friendship Everlasting."

Little children in American public schools dropped pennies and sometimes nickels into boxes marked "Help Japan." Presently they had pennied up $5,000 and, not at all satisfied, they organized groups each of which would adopt, clothe, feed and otherwise preserve Japanese babies in order that they might, eighteen years later, repay their debt on Bataan, at Pearl Harbor, and in the execution yards of internment camps.

From then on, we began to get really sorry for the Japs. The American Federation of Labor assessed its membership twenty-five cents a head. The convicts in Sing Sing, the Michigan State Penitentiary and the Big House at Joliet, Illinois, subscribed $457.36, $8.08 and $9.17 respectively. In five days, Tin Pan Alley ground out nineteen ballads extolling the courage, the fortitude and even the sweetness of the Japs in all known keys. One sixth of the royalties were dedicated to the Japs.

Japanese sukiyaki restaurants came into favor, and in Clark Street, Chicago, a mob wrecked a Chinese restaurant because the proprietor said that it didn't pay to keep Japanese alive. Rotary, Kiwanis and Lions clubs held special luncheons, listened solemnly to Jap propagandists, passed the hat and gathered in $10,000. Chambers of commerce passed resolutions. Lame, blind and halt veterans of the A.E.F. in American government hospitals donated $367.28 out of their compensation checks, and twenty-four theaters on Broadway raised $230,000 at extra matinee and benefit performances.

The thing came near to getting out of hand—and would have, had not the American Red Cross been an organization of hard-bitten efficiency. The Salvation Army sent $70,000 worth of clothing, and the Japanese kimono became the motif of women's fashions. Whooped up by its American enthusiasts who subscribed $3,500 in cash, the League of Nations sent 700,000 books, most of them text and reference books to restock demolished Jap libraries and schools. However, the vast majority of them were English language books, so no great harm was done.

Andrew Mellon, as Secretary of the Treasury, notified Japan that its government might float a loan of from $200,000,000 to $500,000,000 on easy terms in this country, and the Philippine government sent a million pesos. Incidentally, at the first scream of Chief of Police Morioka, Douglas MacArthur ordered that the United States Army transports Merritt and Meigs, then in Manila Bay, be loaded with food and medical supplies and then steam full speed to Yokohama.

The Japs vowed never to forget—and apparently they didn't. On the Jap troop barges, landing the Tenno's grateful soldiers on Bataan Peninsula during the week of March 1, 1942, were life belts and other equipment stamped U.S.S. Merritt.

There was some eyebrow-lifting on the editorial pages of American newspapers when the country heard of the somewhat cynical comment of a Chinese scholar. A wetly pro-Jap dinner attended by many of our important statesmen was held in Washington. At that dinner, a brass-hat Jap extolled the generosity, the humanity, the quick compassion of America. Likewise he extolled the Japs a bit, saying that they'd carry on because, after all, Japs were essentially dragon-hearted.

The Chinese scholar merely said, next day, that in his land there was an old and familiar saying: "Before he can hope to become a dragon, a shrimp must pass a most rigid examination."

These are some of the things that happened before America got around to drying her eyes, the worst being over in Japan:

Scientific societies in the United States offered to rebuild the Japanese government's Central Meteorological Observatory in Tokyo, and there was a great deal of talk about the "duty of American educational foundations to rebuild Jap schools and colleges."

Babe Ruth poled two home runs in a benefit game between the Yankees and the Chicago White Sox, and thousands of American churches held special earthquake services, raising nearly a million dollars to buy milk for Japanese children, a couple of hundred of whom grew up to be men strong enough to raid an American mission in China and murder the occupants—three women and four men, Americans.

Protection for the Winner

Jim Londos had to have police protection after throwing a Jap wrestler named Joe Yamoto out of the ring in Madison Square Garden.

Toy and novelty dealers reaped fortunes selling cheap Jap gimcracks. The Japs, knowing, as usual, precisely what was going on in America, lost no time in selling us twelve shiploads of the stuff, the ships arriving before the embers which had been Tokyo and Yokohama stopped glowing.

In these Maru ships and in bottoms of our own, we reciprocated (of course paying the grateful Japs the usual transportation rates) by sending 800 tons of rice, 1,850 tons of flour, 14,500 cases of milk, 43,500 cases and 300 barrels of fish, 65 tons of hardtack, 6 tons of drugs, five portable hospitals (which later came in very handy for the Japs during the first years of the China Incident), also 11,000,000 feet of lumber, 728 tons of galvanized iron, 100,000 pairs of shoes and sandals, 1,540,000 pieces of clothing in addition to the Salvation Army's contribution, 30,000 safety razors and 1,500 kimonos.

In the excitement a Jap house servant in St. Louis pleaded guilty to stealing jewelry valued at $44,000 but won acquittal on the plea that grieving over the fate of Yokohama, his home town, was responsible for his departure from a hitherto exemplary life.

Count Yamamoto, the Black Dragon torpedo who had just become premier, was busy fortifying the Jap mandate islands in the Pacific, although this was expressly forbidden at Versailles, and he was seeing to it that his suffering country should not take the 1922 Naval Limitation Treaty with the United States and Great Britain too seriously. Yet he found time to write a few slippery lines to Mr. Hughes, our Secretary of State: "This precious gift of American sympathy could not but serve the peace of the world in drawing still closer the bond of friendship and trust between our two countries."

Ambassador Hanihara added a few words in a speech which almost started the furor all over again: "Of course, Japan will be grateful. Never—for we have long memories in our country—never shall we forget your sympathy in this hour of our national distress. . . ."

Eternal Gratitude of Japan

At the same moment, the Jap government presented to the American ambassador in Tokyo a vast volume containing 500,000 Jap signatures "from the highest of princes of the blood down to the lowliest commoner." There was a nice dedicatory paragraph containing the assurance that it was "utterly inconceivable that a situation could arise which could swerve for a moment from America the love, the human fellowship, the eternal gratitude of the people of Japan." Jap musicians were sent to America to chant their gratitude and incidentally to report to their Foreign Office what was going on here.

The Tenno or emperor finally emerged from his dugout, goldfish and all, and announced that he had given his blasted subjects ten million yen straight out of the national treasury and 500 yen of his own. And as a sign that disaster had brought him very close to his people, it was decided that twenty-two selected commoners should be permitted to look him squarely in the face, at a distance of 200 yards, as he reviewed the army. But this precedent-shattering event did not come off. The Tenno came down with the measles.

The Jap newspaper Nichi-Nichi published an editorial captioned American Succor. A few words of it will do: "From America, the succor (sic) is the quickest and the largest. God forbid that there should be another war; but if it comes and America is attacked, Japan shall array her might against that criminal. . . . He who attacks America shall die. . . . We are convinced that no country in the world is equal to the Great Republic in all spheres of activity. . . . Japan will never forget this great American succor. . . ."

What we forgot to send Japan at that time was a memory course. She needed one—needed it badly. She's getting it now. Along toward the end of the course, she will be required to memorize that Nichi-Nichi editorial, particularly the last three sentences which, as specified in the new rules, will be recited publicly:

". . . He who attacks America shall die. . . . We are convinced . . ."

The End

DECORATION BY C. B. FALLS

The Fireborn are at Home in Fire

Luck is a star.
Money is a plaything.
Time is a storyteller.
The sky goes high, big.
The sky goes wide and blue.
And the fireborn—they go far—
being at home in fire.

Can you compose yourself
The same as a bright bandanna,
A bandanna folded blue and cool,
Whatever the high howling,
The accents of blam blam?
Can I, can John Smith, John Doe,
Whatever the Horst Wessel hiss,
Whatever books be burnt and crisp,
Whatever hangmen bring their hemp,
Whatever horsemen sweep the sunsets,
Whatever hidden hovering candle
Sways as a wafer of light?

Can you compose yourself
The same as a bright bandanna,
A bandanna folded blue and cool?
Can I, too, drop deep down
In a pool of cool remembers,
In a float of fine smoke blue,
In a keeping of one pale moon,
Weaving our wrath in a pattern
Woven of wrath gone down,
Crossing our scarlet zigzags
With pools of cool blue,
With floats of smoke blue?

Can you, can I, compose ourselves
In wraps of personal cool blue,
In sheets of personal smoke blue?
Bach did it, Johann Sebastian.
So did the one and only John Milton.
And the old slave Epictetus
And the other slave Spartacus
And Brother Francis of Assisi.
So did General George Washington
On a horse, in a saddle,
On a boat, in heavy snow,
In a loose cape overcoat
And snow on his shoulders.
So did John Adams, Jackson, Jefferson.
So did Lincoln on a cavalry horse
At the Chancellorsville review
With platoons right, platoons left,
In a wind nearly blowing the words away
Asking the next man on a horse:
"What's going to become of all these boys when the war is over?"

The shape of your shadow
Comes from you—and you only?
Your personal fixed decisions
Out of you—and your mouth only?
Your No, your Yes, your own?

Bronze old-timers belong here.
Yes, they might be saying:
Shade the flame
Back to final points
Of all sun and fog
In the moving frame
Of your personal eyes.
Then stand to the points.
Let hunger and hell come.
Or ashes and shame poured
On your personal head.
Let death shake its bones.
The teaching goes back far:
Compose yourself.

Luck is a star.
Money is a plaything.
Time is a storyteller.
And the sky goes blue with mornings.
And the sky goes bronze with sunsets.
And the fireborn—they go far—
being at home in fire.

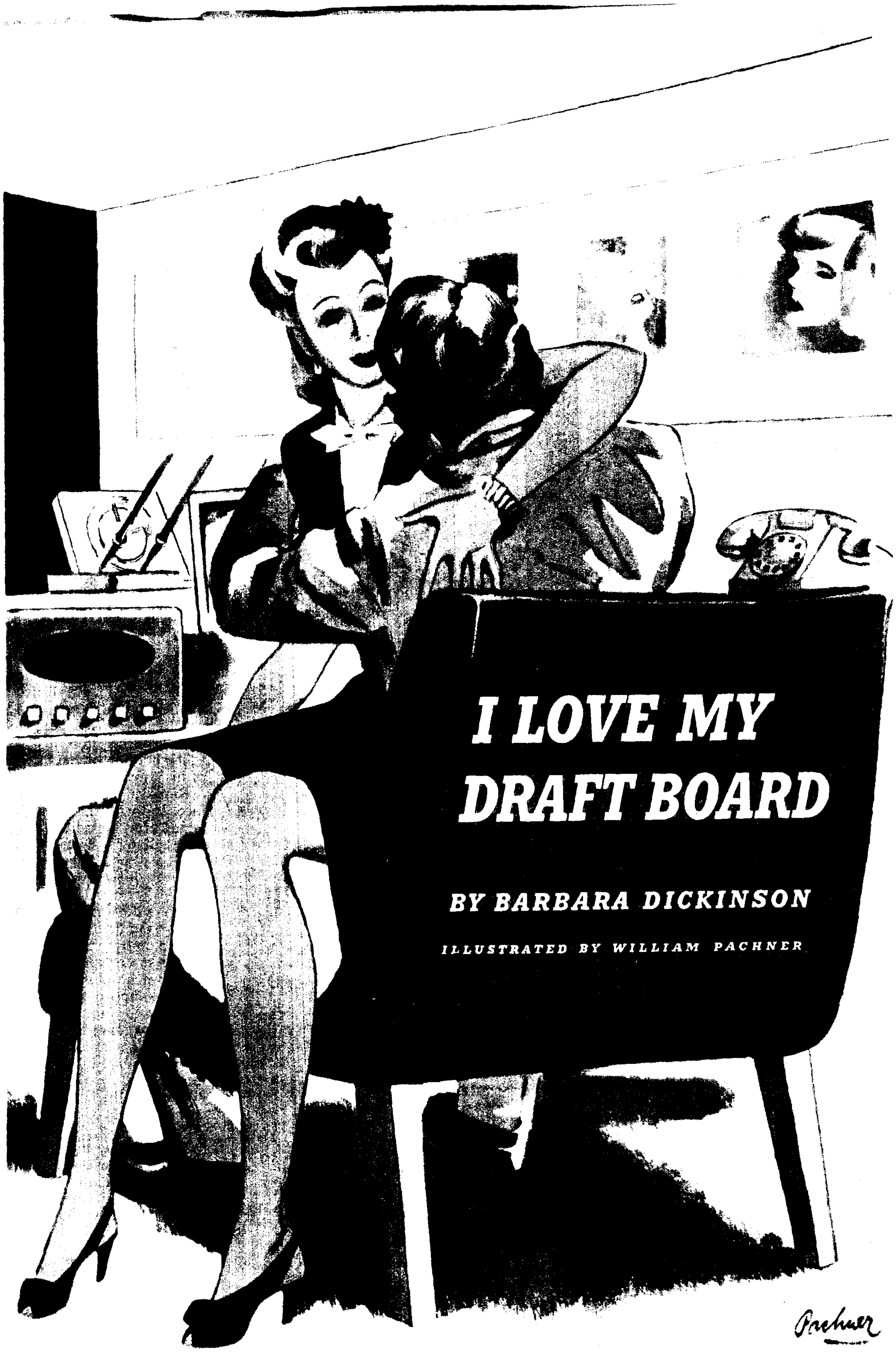
Carl Sandburg

Can a girl build one man up without tearing another man down? Out in Hollywood Doris found the answer—with help from Selective Service

I LOVE MY DRAFT BOARD

BY BARBARA DICKINSON

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER



Miles held her away from him and looked anxiously into her face. Her eyes were downcast, but not from modesty; she was looking for his handkerchief

THE office of Baldwin, of Parrish & Baldwin, Talent Agents, was very, very still. It was the stillness of vast problems, momentous decisions, earth-shaking conferences—and it was no lie. Parrish sat in a large chair behind a larger desk in an attitude compounded equally of pain and courage. Baldwin sat on his lap.

Stated simply, the junior partner was crying down the senior partner's neck. This had been going on for quite some time. Miles Parrish had the look of a man whose muscles are beginning to cramp, but his left hand maintained a gentle, comforting beat on her shoulder. Occasionally this beat would pause, as if requesting news from the home front, and at such moments the intricate coil that was Miss Doris Baldwin would tremble with greater violence and dampen his collar even more prodigiously than before. But gradually these flurries became less and less frequent and finally they ceased altogether. So, too, did the rhythmic movement of Miles' hand. It lay lightly on her shoulder and then slowly it began to tighten. The action was reflected on his face; there was tautness there, then a brief conflict and then decision.

It may not be admirable, it may be entirely too human, but a man can only stand just *so much.*

Miss Baldwin was removed from beneath his right ear, raised to a slightly loftier position and soundly kissed. Instantly Miles recognized the process as regrettable.

It was a nice moment, a beautiful moment. It could be prolonged, but not indefinitely. And when it ended the end would be conclusive. It was a question without an answer, a leap without a look. He was all pursed up and nowhere to go.

He held her away from him and looked anxiously into her face. Her eyes were downcast, but not from modesty; she was looking for his handkerchief. She found it, blew her nose delicately and returned it to his pocket. She put both of her arms around his neck, came slowly closer and quite calmly presented him with a soft, warm mouth.

THIS is all very well, Miles thought wildly, this is all very well indeed—but does she know what she's doing?

Then she left him completely. She stood up, walked a few feet away and began literally to pull herself together. Eventually she said, "Well-l-l—?"

Miles' breath was returning, but inadequately. "Well?" he repeated shakily, anxiously.

"Perhaps I should tell you what this is all about."

"If you would. Please."

"I'm ruined," she said. "That's all. I'm practically, to all intents and purposes, ruined."

He couldn't see it—himself. He tried, but he honestly couldn't. But perhaps she knew best.

"I've lost everything. *Everything,*" she insisted. "I've lost Laurence Johns."

All of Miles' thin length was jerked to its feet, where it wove uncertainly, where it clutched at things for support.

"Do you mean to tell me—are you honestly—talking about *business?*"

She faced him then, looking rather surprised, looking cool and crisp and lovely.

"We *are* in business, aren't we? At least, for the time being."

"But—what about *me?* What about—?"

"You're the senior partner," she said, not enviously, just rather sadly. "You've got actresses and writers and directors. I'm supposed to cope with the actors, and what's my future? Character men and sub-Andy Hardys."

Miles sank back into the chair. It was becoming clearer, but not very. She *hadn't* known what she was doing, not really. It had just been an emotional moment, a moment grateful and automatically tender. Meaninglessly sweet.

Now if he said to her the things he had to say she would be just as receptive, just as sweet. But afterward she probably wouldn't remember.

"Larry Johns," she was mourning, "guarding our coasts. Larry Johns—our Academy Award Winner. Our ten-bester. The best our stable afforded. I couldn't help weeping a little, Miles—I just couldn't."

How could a girl *do* such things, and not even know it? How could she wreak such havoc—

"In the last few months," her voice continued woefully, "five of our leading men have gone into the service. The top five, need I add? And now—Larry Johns. Our biggest star. The best actor we had to give for our country."

He nodded. He wondered dimly if he had strength sufficient to get him out of here. He was in pretty bad shape. His legs were cramped, his neck was chafed and his heart was just freshly broken.

The interoffice phone rang and Doris leaned around him to answer it. It seemed that a Mr. Newton was waiting, had been waiting, in fact, for an hour. "Tell him," she requested sourly, "to straighten his toupee and come on in."

Miles got, somehow or other, to his feet. He got himself pointed toward the door that connected their two offices. Behind him he heard her voice, soft and grateful. "Thank you, darling, for letting me get you all wet."

"Any time," he said. He was a glutton. He said, "Dinner?"

"Sorry. I'm fresh out of stomach."

"Who ain't, pray?" Miles removed his emptiness.

The Mr. Newton entered. Doris regarded him with a steady and experienced gaze, well trained in the art of masking the surprised pleasure she now felt. Mr. Newton regarded her as steadily.

She saw a young man of that rare right size for pictures, not too tall and not too amply fleshed, with a quietly handsome face and, amazingly, all of his hair. He saw a young woman who, obviously and alarmingly, combined glamor with efficiency. *(Continued on page 44)*

RIDING FOR A FALL

BY JAMES THOMAS FLEXNER

One person falls a quarter-mile and lives; another slips in the bathtub and dies. Why? Science probes this puzzler and tells us all about falling

A MAN and his wife were flying over the snow fields of Alaska at fifteen hundred feet. They were talking cheerfully, but suddenly a remark of the husband's received no reply. Turning from the controls, he saw the door of the plane swinging open; his wife was gone.

In a flood of horror, he realized that she had fallen, without parachute or protection of any sort, more than a quarter of a mile. That was certainly the end. Yet, with the stubbornness of the human mind that will hope against all logic, he circled back, landed on an ice field and began a despairing search for the woman he loved.

During two hours he stumbled on through the heavy drifts, his eyes half blinded by the flaring whiteness, and then he happened on a deep hole in the even surface of the snow. Peering down, he saw at the bottom, fifteen feet below, the body of his wife.

Rapid digging brought her to the surface, and when at last he held the woman in his arms unbelievable joy flooded his veins: though unconscious, she was warm and breathing. He staggered to a near-by Eskimo village, where he borrowed a dog sled.

The wife was treated first by a native doctor and then by an orthopedic surgeon rushed up from Seattle; it was two months before she was strong enough to be carried to a hospital in Canada. But in the end she limped from the hospital doors, able to return to active living.

This woman had fallen more than a quarter of a mile and had survived; yet strong men are killed daily by slips on the sidewalk or a parlor rug that involve falls no greater than their own heights. The capriciousness of chance could seem to go no further.

We all know that Lady Luck seems to preside over every accident. A crowded limousine rips into a telegraph pole; three of the occupants are killed, one spends six months in the hospital, and the fifth walks out of the wreckage unscathed. Yet all were subject to the same catastrophe. Under the pressure of war, science, which has never been willing to give Lady Luck much credit for anything, is seriously investigating the reasons for such variations of destiny.

Aviators, parachutists, motorcycle cavalry, tank troops, dashing young men in jeeps—all these are being continually subjected by accidents to violent, death-dealing impacts.

In order to find out why some people survive and some die in a fall or crack-up, it was necessary to determine exactly what happened to each individual during the split second of impact. How to do this seemed at first an insolvable problem. In an accident everything happens instantaneously: no one has time to telephone a research worker when Grandmother is tumbling down the cellar stairs, or a plane plummets from the sky. And even if a doctor were there, he would concentrate on effect and treatment, not cause.

A solution was finally offered by a study of suicides who leaped from high buildings. It is possible to tell with precision from what altitude they started; to chart the line of their fall; and, most important of all, to determine the exact point at which they landed, what they hit, and what was their position at the crucial moment of impact. One despairing young man, who willed his body to science before he leaped, gave a much greater boon to science by rising unscathed from the ground ten stories below. He assisted Hugh de Haven in his valuable investigations on nonfatal leaps.

The young man had jumped from a ten-story window, hitting the ground ninety feet below with a velocity of about fifty-two miles an hour. If an object falling at this speed is stopped instantaneously by striking an unyielding surface, at the moment of impact the normal pull of gravity is increased three hundred times; in other words, the body of the young man would have weighed forty-five tons. Certainly no human frame could withstand such a force as this.

Weight: Only Twelve Tons

But, as de Haven discovered, it did not have to. The young man had landed stretched out flat in loose, sandy soil; when he rose, he left in the ground an impress of his body five or six inches deep. Instead of being stopped in one twentieth of an inch let us say, his fall had been slowed down through a space of six inches. This tiny deceleration, lasting much less than a second, cut down the force of the impact so mightily, that he did not weigh forty-five tons; he only weighed twelve. And the force had been spread out evenly over his entire surface, since he landed flat.

From this young man's miraculous escape, de Haven drew two conclusions: first, that the smallest cushioning at the moment of impact can make a tremendous difference; and second, that the body can stand much greater stresses than science had formerly believed possible.

Hugh de Haven is a research associate in the Department of Physiology at Cornwell University Medical College in New York City. He's a mild, quiet-spoken man and he knows as much as anyone about what will happen when Aunt Filomena falls over the oil mop at the head of the cellar stairs. More than Aunt Filomena, at any rate.

He flew with the Royal Flying Corps, the R.A.F. of the last war. He and a bomb crew were coming in on a wing and a prayer when their ship crashed from 1,500 feet. De Haven was badly hurt. So were others. One or two escaped without injury. That interested this shy scientist. He went back to the plane. After studying the wreck, he came to the conclusion the reason he was injured was because there were ten lethal instruments jutting in front of his position in the plane.

De Haven decided to eliminate, or circumvent, as many of those as he could. He began to study falls and their effects on the human frame. He hasn't stopped yet.

He became interested in the safe landings of frustrated suicides. He reports that a forty-two-year-old woman, having finally summoned up the courage to jump

(Continued on page 33)

GENESEE
HOTEL
FREE
GARAGE
COFFEE SHOP
GENESEE
HOTEL

PRESS ASSOCIATION, INC.

This suicide succeeded: her 80-foot plunge was fatal. Another dropped 10 stories, got up and walked away. One woman fell 1,500 feet and survived

The old supply wagon is a gun fighter now

ANOTHER REASON FOR GOODYEAR LEADERSHIP

A LITTLE while back, the harmless-looking U. S. Army supply truck was one of the favorite targets of low-flying enemy planes. But not any more.

Many of these trucks today are equipped to fight back. They have high-caliber machine guns mounted on the roof of their cabs—lethal weapons that are ready to spit fire in all directions.

To arm these trucks, it was first necessary to design and produce a carriage track on which the gun could revolve—instantly, unfailingly. Goodyear's long experience in working with metals, in producing in peacetime the most complete line of steel rims manufactured for truck tires, was valuable in developing a suitable design in co-operation with the Army.

With the experience, equipment and precision workmanship of its large rim plant, Goodyear is turning out large quantities of these machine gun carriage tracks . . . helping to make tough fighters out of one-time defenseless supply trucks.

Always a pioneer in the manufacture of tires and other rubber products, Goodyear also has wide experience in working with metals, chemicals, fabrics and many other materials vital to America in war and in peace.

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Chicks
20 GRAN
AI
& CO.

ONE WING AND A PLAYER

By William A. Jones and Harman W. Nichols

A kid in a coal-mining town usually leads a hard, two-fisted existence. Pete Gray was no exception. So, when he lost his right arm, he told his father he guessed coal mining would be too tough a goal, and that maybe he'd better be a league ballplayer. Ironically, Pete was correct

THE late Ban Johnson, president of the American League, was harassed by salesmen. "Some day," he'd snap, "that door will open, and a guy will lead an elephant in here to sell me!" He didn't live to see the elephant clump in. Nor did he live to see something even more astonishing—a one-armed ballplayer of big-league caliber.

He's Pete Gray, sensational center fielder of the Memphis Chicks and the talk of the Southern Association—who is Mr. Box Office himself.

Around the middle of June, Gray was batting .333, to lead the Chicks in hitting, an average that was well up among the best in this Class A-1 league, and he was fielding 1.000 to top the loop. He hadn't made an error in two years, accepting nearly a hundred chances. And while these percentages are healthy enough to stand on their own legs, they don't present an accurate picture of Gray's real ability, for scarcely a game goes by that he doesn't contribute feats of a breath-taking nature. He takes all sorts of chances in the field, and, being an exhibitionist, he goes after balls that two-armed players seldom try for. And Gray makes the catch.

Last year, in a short season of 42 games as a member of the Three Rivers club in the Canadian-American League, he clouted .381 to lead that circuit in hitting. He was at bat 160 times, made 61 hits and scored 31 runs.

But an unusual if not astonishing fact is that he has fanned only three times, a low strike-out record that cannot be matched by any major-league player this year or last. Opposing pitchers showed their respect for his clouting ability by walking him 14 times. His team manager, tutor and biggest booster, Mickey O'Neil, a former major-league catcher, used seven enlightening if slightly exaggerated words to sum it all up: "They just couldn't get the guy out."

Pete (real name Wyshner) Gray is a lean, lantern-jawed lad, 170 pounds, 6 feet 1 inch tall, who bats and throws left-handed—and is unmarried. *He was born right-handed.*

He is a temperamental player who likes to have things his own way, a trait that nonetheless has been directly responsible for his success to date.

Toronto, in the scramble for Pete after his remarkable record in the Canadian-American League, beat the Chicks to him. He reported to the Leafs for spring training. One night, a bunch of them were lounging in the hotel lobby. The conversation turned to Mr. Burleigh Grimes, their manager. Perhaps Pete hadn't been able to find a pool partner for the evening. That always irks him, for pool is his extra-special dish and, he says, his only vice. Pete joined in the panning bee. He delivered an eloquent treatise on the subject of Mr. Grimes as a manager being one swell pitcher. The blast shook the sturdy pillars in the lobby.

This would have been nothing worth talking about, since the bombing of managers is an ancient if not wholly ethical pastime among ballplayers, except that, this time, Mr. Grimes was within ear-shot, disguised as a potted palm. That is, he had stopped behind one. Actually, he had not been intentionally eavesdropping; he had just happened along as Pete took the floor. Pete had bellowed it before the almost paralyzed Mr. Grimes could move.

The next day Pete found himself ripped from his Toronto moorings—but fast! Southern Association sports writers believe that Gray would have made the grade with the Maple Leafs if it had not been for that impromptu oratory; and big-league scouts are aware of this. Furthermore, the Chicks literally pounced on him when they heard the news.

This matter of a ballplayer being temperamental has scores of precedents in the major leagues; it has always been a characteristic of diamond stars who sparkle. Of recent vintage is the Browns' Bobo Newsom, waived out of the National League by Brooklyn for insubordination.

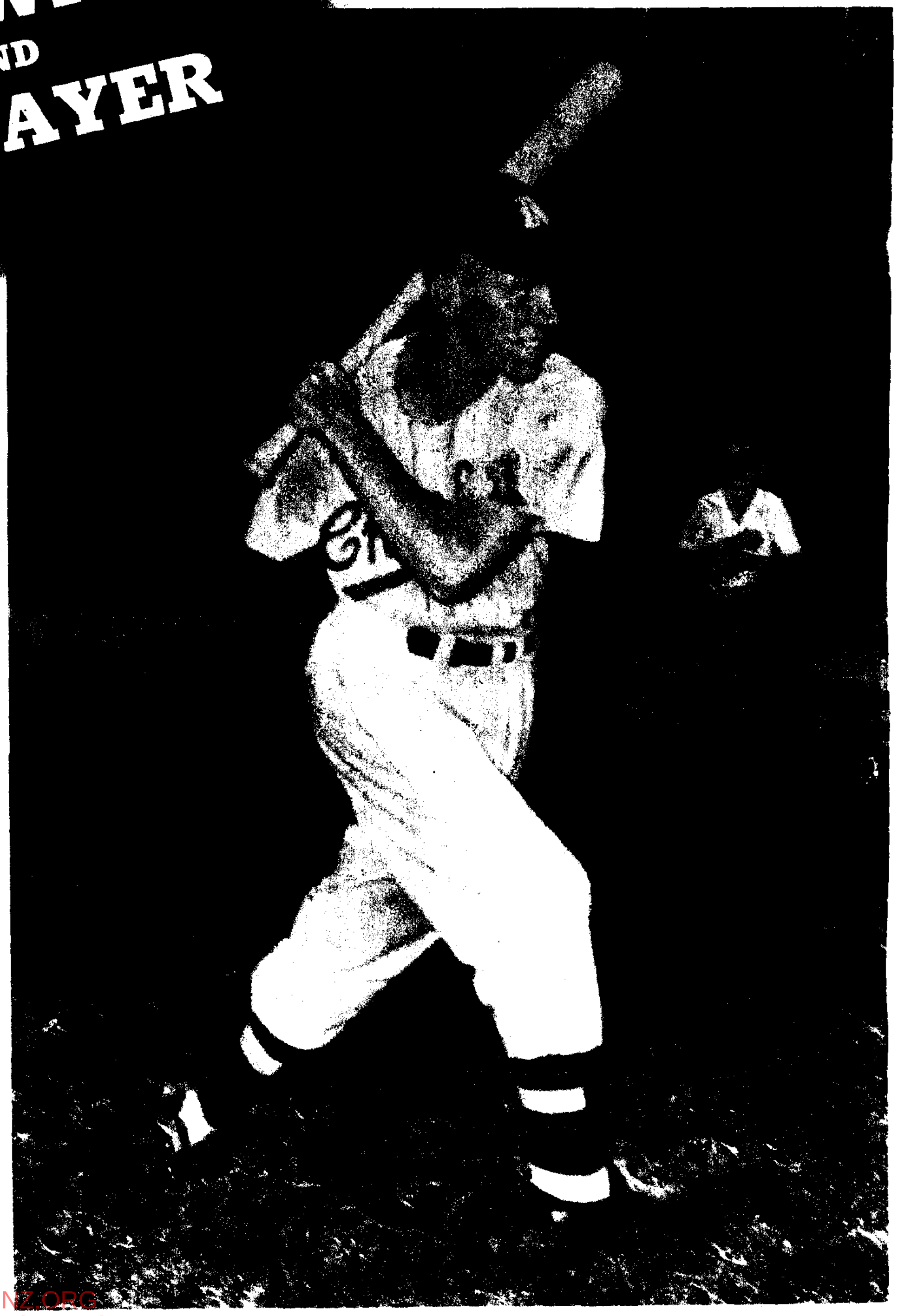
Wherever the Memphis Chicks travel—to Nashville, Chattanooga, Atlanta, New Orleans, Knoxville, Little Rock or Birmingham—the turnstiles click a merry tune. Everything stops. Everybody wants to see Pete Gray. He is, in proportion to the relative size of the cities played in, the box-office magnet to the Southern Association that Babe Ruth was to the American League.

Sports writers in these towns more often than not inform the populace that Gray has done it again. They call him the "One-Armed Wonder" and "Wonder Boy." They pay off regardless of the number of wings a man possesses.

A typical performance for Gray was in a game against the Nashville Vols in June when he got three of the Chicks' ten hits off right-handed Glenn Gardner. In the fourth inning, he outraced a bunt. In the sixth, he belted a line single to left. And in the ninth, with the bases filled and the

(Continued on page 43)

Pete Gray hasn't made a fielding error in 2 years. He catches the pill, sweeps his padless glove under the stump of his right arm, and burns the ball to the plate—all in one motion. At bat, he's a place hitter, averages better than .300



DOWN TO THE SEA IN BOXCARS

EVERY DAY enough freight cars to carry the daily food of half the people of the country roll into the seaports, loaded with war materials and other freight for export.

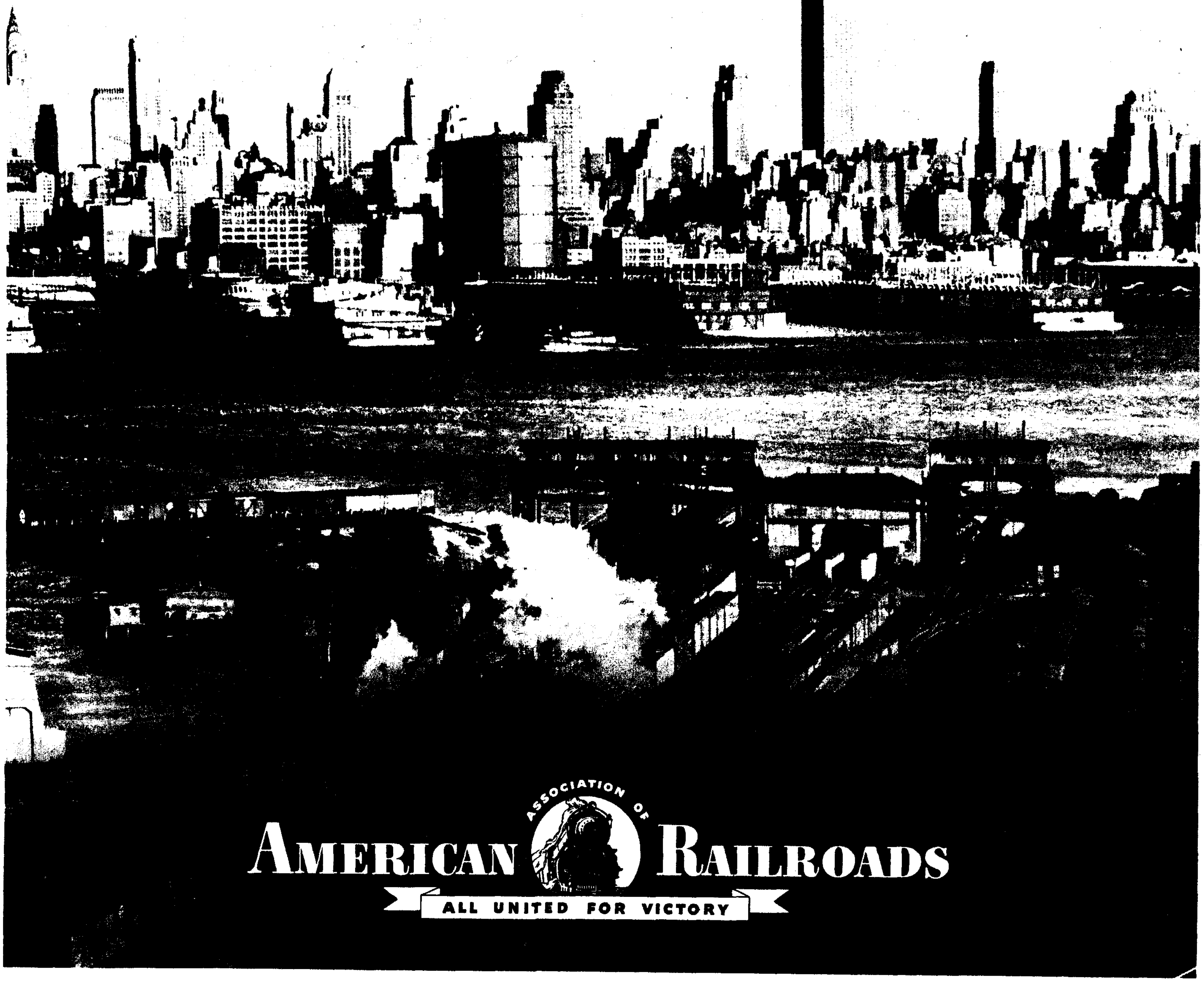
To do this part of the war job has, at times, meant rushing special trains of critical materials clear across the continent to catch convoys. It involves maintaining near each of the nation's ports of embarkation a sufficient "bank" of cars loaded with war freight to insure that no convoy shall be delayed, no ship shall fail to be loaded promptly.

And this is but one small, though most important, part of the day's work of the railroads. The total job means starting another freight train every four seconds — starting a special troop movement somewhere in the United States about every six minutes, day and night.

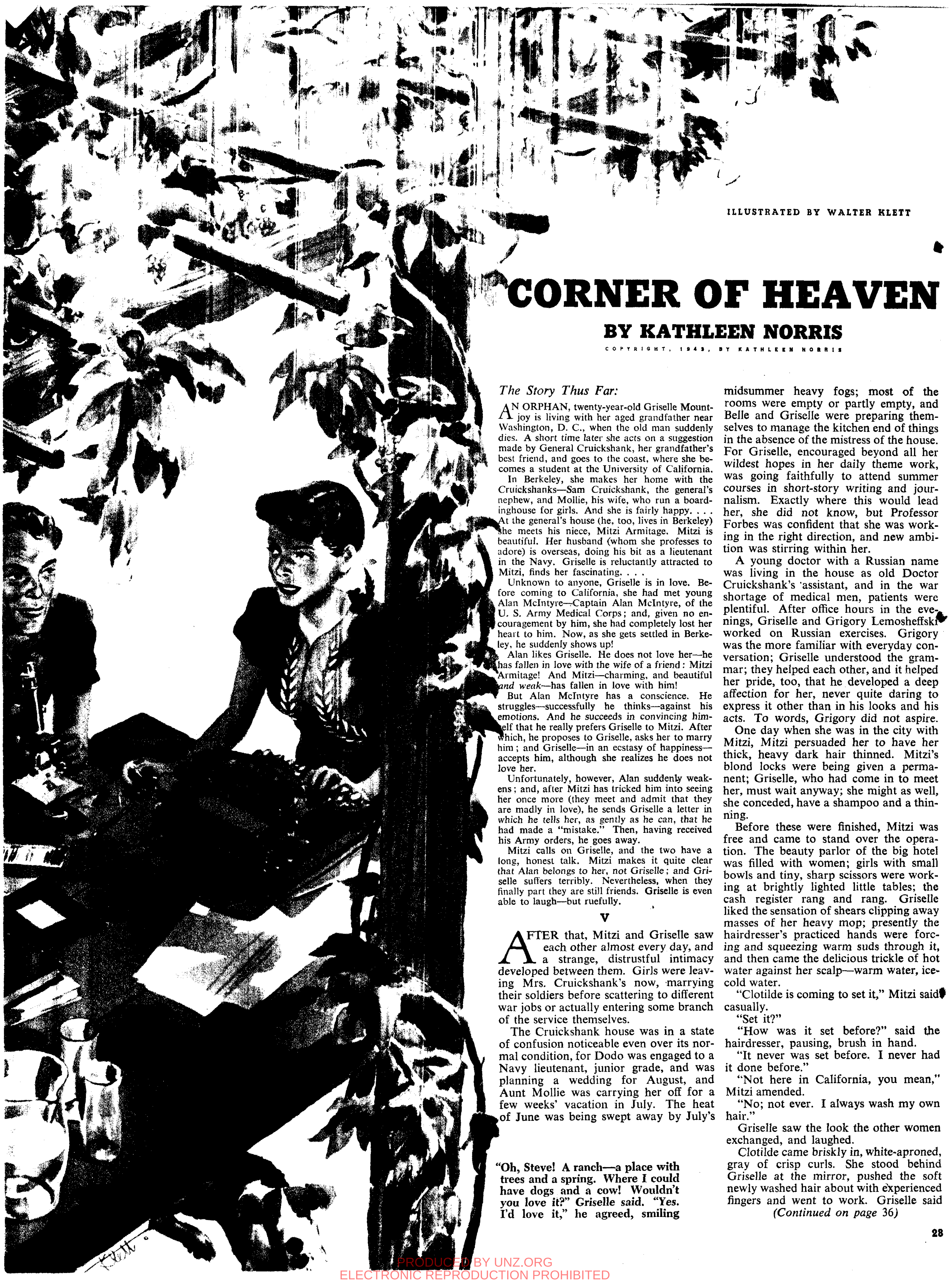
Those are some of the reasons why coaches and Pullman cars are scarce for ordinary travel, why trains are sometimes crowded, why travel is not always up to the high standard which you expect and the railroads try to maintain.

Other war needs have prevented railroads from obtaining the additional cars and engines they need, but they are using to the limit what they have and what they can get to meet the nation's demands for transportation.

Like other resourceful, self-reliant, American enterprises, the railroads are subordinating everything else to victory — to maintaining the freedom that has made America strong.



ASSOCIATION OF
AMERICAN RAILROADS
ALL UNITED FOR VICTORY



“Oh, Steve! A ranch—a place with trees and a spring. Where I could have dogs and a cow! Wouldn't you love it?” Griselle said. “Yes. I'd love it,” he agreed, smiling

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT

CORNER OF HEAVEN

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

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The Story Thus Far:

AN ORPHAN, twenty-year-old Griselle Mountjoy is living with her aged grandfather near Washington, D. C., when the old man suddenly dies. A short time later she acts on a suggestion made by General Cruickshank, her grandfather's best friend, and goes to the coast, where she becomes a student at the University of California.

In Berkeley, she makes her home with the Cruickshanks—Sam Cruickshank, the general's nephew, and Mollie, his wife, who run a boardinghouse for girls. And she is fairly happy. . . . At the general's house (he, too, lives in Berkeley) she meets his niece, Mitzi Armitage. Mitzi is beautiful. Her husband (whom she professes to adore) is overseas, doing his bit as a lieutenant in the Navy. Griselle is reluctantly attracted to Mitzi, finds her fascinating. . . .

Unknown to anyone, Griselle is in love. Before coming to California, she had met young Alan McIntyre—Captain Alan McIntyre, of the U. S. Army Medical Corps; and, given no encouragement by him, she had completely lost her heart to him. Now, as she gets settled in Berkeley, he suddenly shows up!

Alan likes Griselle. He does not love her—he has fallen in love with the wife of a friend: Mitzi Armitage! And Mitzi—charming, and beautiful *and weak*—has fallen in love with him!

But Alan McIntyre has a conscience. He struggles—successfully he thinks—against his emotions. And he succeeds in convincing himself that he really prefers Griselle to Mitzi. After which, he proposes to Griselle, asks her to marry him; and Griselle—in an ecstasy of happiness—accepts him, although she realizes he does not love her.

Unfortunately, however, Alan suddenly weakens; and, after Mitzi has tricked him into seeing her once more (they meet and admit that they are madly in love), he sends Griselle a letter in which he tells her, as gently as he can, that he had made a “mistake.” Then, having received his Army orders, he goes away.

Mitzi calls on Griselle, and the two have a long, honest talk. Mitzi makes it quite clear that Alan belongs to her, not Griselle; and Griselle suffers terribly. Nevertheless, when they finally part they are still friends. Griselle is even able to laugh—but ruefully.

V

AFTER that, Mitzi and Griselle saw each other almost every day, and a strange, distrustful intimacy developed between them. Girls were leaving Mrs. Cruickshank's now, marrying their soldiers before scattering to different war jobs or actually entering some branch of the service themselves.

The Cruickshank house was in a state of confusion noticeable even over its normal condition, for Dodo was engaged to a Navy lieutenant, junior grade, and was planning a wedding for August, and Aunt Mollie was carrying her off for a few weeks' vacation in July. The heat of June was being swept away by July's midsummer heavy fogs; most of the rooms were empty or partly empty, and Belle and Griselle were preparing themselves to manage the kitchen end of things in the absence of the mistress of the house. For Griselle, encouraged beyond all her wildest hopes in her daily theme work, was going faithfully to attend summer courses in short-story writing and journalism. Exactly where this would lead her, she did not know, but Professor Forbes was confident that she was working in the right direction, and new ambition was stirring within her.

A young doctor with a Russian name was living in the house as old Doctor Cruickshank's assistant, and in the war shortage of medical men, patients were plentiful. After office hours in the evenings, Griselle and Grigory Lemosheffski worked on Russian exercises. Grigory was the more familiar with everyday conversation; Griselle understood the grammar; they helped each other, and it helped her pride, too, that he developed a deep affection for her, never quite daring to express it other than in his looks and his acts. To words, Grigory did not aspire.

One day when she was in the city with Mitzi, Mitzi persuaded her to have her thick, heavy dark hair thinned. Mitzi's blond locks were being given a permanent; Griselle, who had come in to meet her, must wait anyway; she might as well, she conceded, have a shampoo and a thinning.

Before these were finished, Mitzi was free and came to stand over the operation. The beauty parlor of the big hotel was filled with women; girls with small bowls and tiny, sharp scissors were working at brightly lighted little tables; the cash register rang and rang. Griselle liked the sensation of shears clipping away masses of her heavy mop; presently the hairdresser's practiced hands were forcing and squeezing warm suds through it, and then came the delicious trickle of hot water against her scalp—warm water, ice-cold water.

“Clotilde is coming to set it,” Mitzi said casually.

“Set it?”

“How was it set before?” said the hairdresser, pausing, brush in hand.

“It never was set before. I never had it done before.”

“Not here in California, you mean,” Mitzi amended.

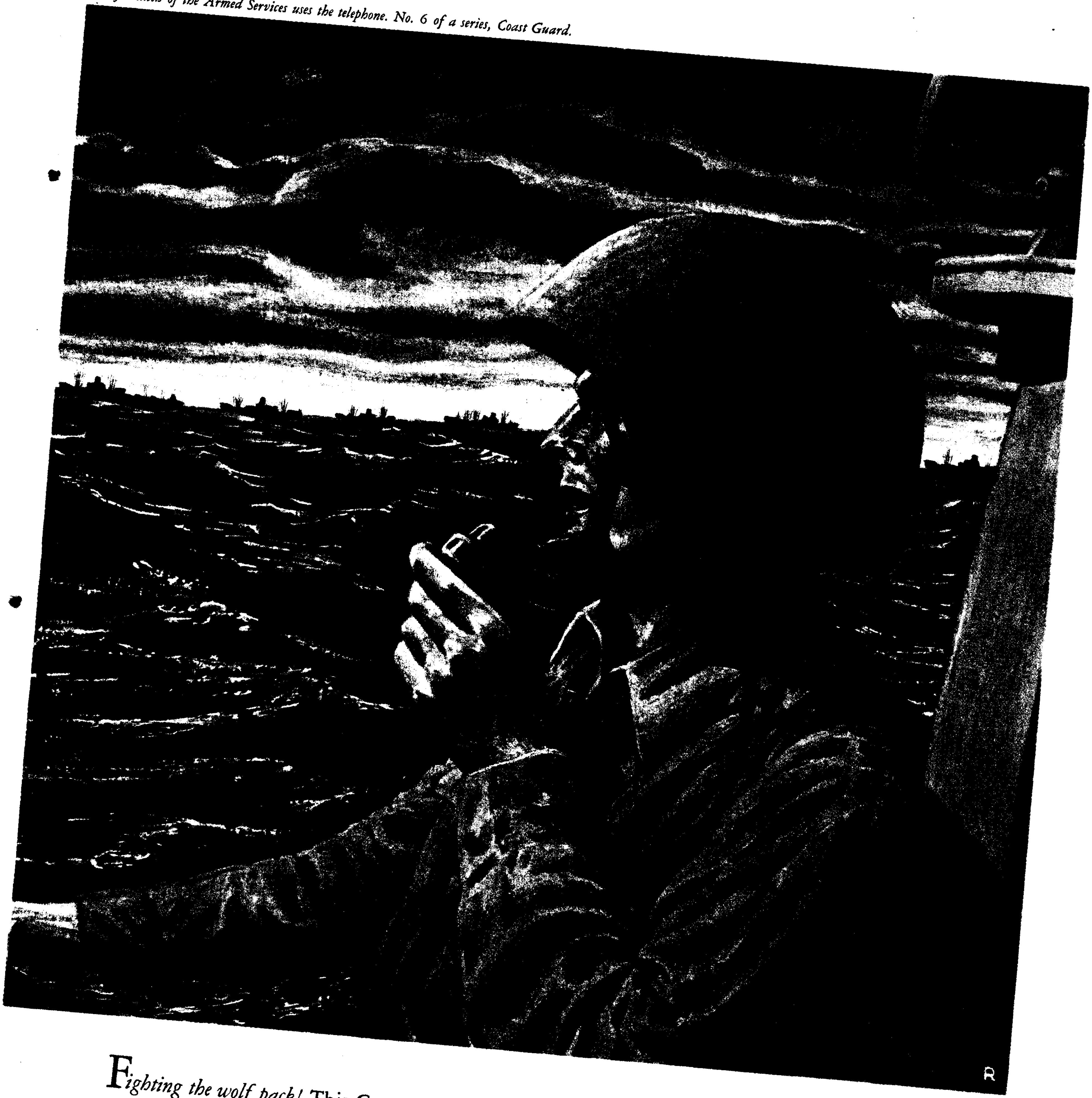
“No; not ever. I always wash my own hair.”

Griselle saw the look the other women exchanged, and laughed.

Clotilde came briskly in, white-aproned, gray of crisp curls. She stood behind Griselle at the mirror, pushed the soft newly washed hair about with experienced fingers and went to work. Griselle said

(Continued on page 36)

Every branch of the Armed Services uses the telephone. No. 6 of a series, Coast Guard.



Fighting the wolf pack! This Coast Guardsman stands watch over the convoy…telephones warnings that keep it in protected formation. So, likewise, free men everywhere are watching . . . working . . . fighting . . . so that freedom may not perish from the earth.

Western Electric

IN PEACE...SOURCE OF SUPPLY FOR THE BELL SYSTEM.
IN WAR...ARSENAL OF COMMUNICATIONS EQUIPMENT.

Flu is throu

BY JOHN MORELAND

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

Paul Krueger, principally m. Lower: One of the which have been developed for in the form of a fine mist

Navy microbe hunters conquer a mass killer

IN 1918, only 25 years ago, influenza raged through the modern world, killing some 21 million people and disabling one out of four American soldiers. Today, thanks largely to the United States Navy, we need no longer fear an influenza epidemic. A new weapon discovered by Navy research men in the war against epidemic diseases takes the form of a serum which can be inhaled directly into the lungs in the form of a very fine mist. The mist remains in the lung tissues from three to four days and, while present, neutralizes any influenza virus breathed in by the patient and thus protects him against the disease.

Animal experiments have proved this protection to be 90 per cent effective for immunization. Even after the disease has been contracted, experiments indicate, the new agent will cure 50 per cent of cases.

Commander Albert Paul Krueger, (MC) USNR, head of Naval Laboratory Research Unit No. 1, stationed at the University of California in Berkeley, is the man chiefly responsible for the discovery.

The story of this triumph rivals such classics of medical research as the work of Koch and Pasteur. It begins as far back as 1933, when Commander Krueger was professor of bacteriology and lecturer in medicine at the University of California. In the same year, English researchers were able, after many disappointments, to isolate the virus which is responsible for influenza.

In 1942, Rear Admiral Ross T. McIntire, Surgeon General of the Navy, assigned Krueger and his research unit the task of studying methods for the prevention and treatment of influenza.

The problem was exceedingly complex. First, there was the difficulty of differentiating between the true influenzal infection and the infections of other respiratory diseases which resemble it.

Further, the problem which faced Commander Krueger and his research workers had definite limiting factors.

Immunizing Process Must Be Speedy

"If an immunizing procedure is to be of value to the service," explains Commander Krueger, "it must be applicable under the very specialized conditions existing within naval commands and it must immunize within a short time. An agent which required four or five weeks would be ruled out, for a serious wave of influenza may well be over in that time."

As in most scientific advances, the researchers owed much to those who had preceded them.

The work of the English scientists in 1933 was of immense value to the Navy researchers, since it made possible the isolation of the influenza virus. They were also helped by the work of the Russian scientists carried on during a recent influenza epidemic in Moscow. The Russians had their patients inhale fine droplets of an antiserum, which protected them against exposure to influenza, and was used in treating patients already infected. With these encouraging though incomplete reports, and records of similar experiments with animals in the United States as a starter, Commander Krueger and his associates began a trial of a new procedure.

The first step was to produce the virus which is responsible for the infection. To effect this, hundreds of fertile eggs were inoculated with the virus. The eggs were then incubated at body temperature for several days. Following this, the fluid surrounding the chick embryo was drawn off. It was a clear, harmless-looking solution but it contained enough influenza virus in one teaspoonful to kill 400,000,000 mice.

In the next step, the virus was injected into the veins of laboratory horses, which produced an antibody in the blood stream. Here another extremely complex problem arose—that of isolating the antibody from the other components of the horses' blood. Delicate chemical methods were applied to separate the active neutralizing component from the other ingredients of the blood.

In the course of the experiment, it had been discovered that the influenza virus could not be transmitted by hand to mouth. It is transferred through virus-containing droplets emitted in coughing or sneezing or even vigorous talking. These droplets become deposited in the nose, throat and lungs. The Navy men now had the actual influenza virus, they had the serum which would counteract it, and they knew the means by which the infection was transmitted. The next step was to find how to apply the new serum directly to the lungs. This was managed by means of an atomizer which sprayed an atmosphere of serum mist into the chamber where the test animals were placed. But you can't see inside a mouse's lung. How to be sure the serum was reaching all parts of it? Here, radioactive tracer elements were utilized—atoms which have been tagged so that they can be detected, no matter where they are, by their radioactivity.

(Continued on page 73)

NORTH AMERICAN SETS THE PACE
. . . *in the Aleutians*

(One of a series describing North American planes in action on the battlefronts of the world)

P-51 MUSTANG
B-25 MITCHELL
AT 6 TEXAN
NORTH AMERICAN
Sets the Pace!
ARMY E NAVY

MITCHELL BOMBERS SINK ALEUTIAN JAPS

ATTU and Kiska were a costly speculation for the Japs, thanks in large measure to North American B-25 Mitchell bombers and other hard-hitting Army and Navy planes.

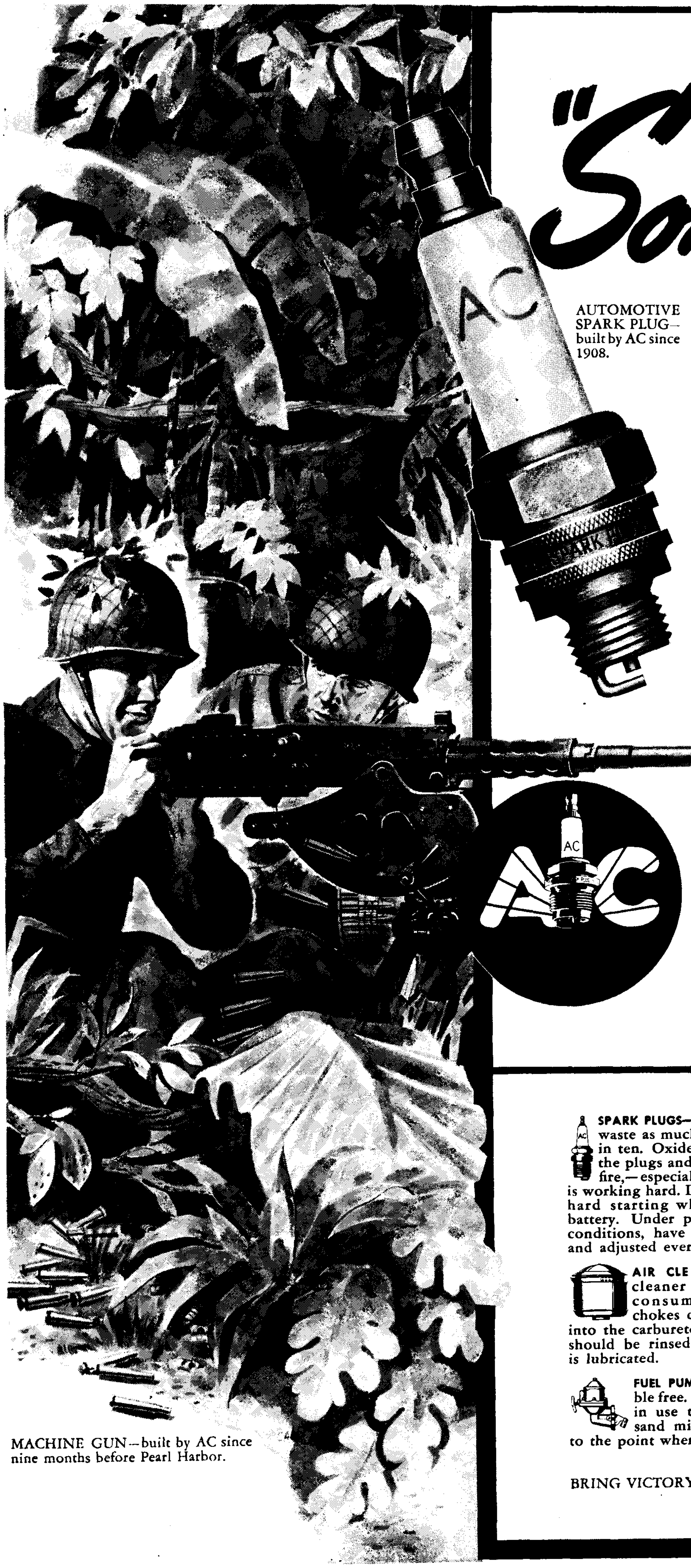
On this front—as in Africa, China, the South Pacific and over Europe—"North American Sets the Pace"—with damaging blows at enemy ships, planes, land installations. In desert heat or Aleutian fog, the Mitchell has proved its versatility and striking power with each passing day of global air war.

We're proud of this record, but prouder still that we're building better, more deadly Mitchell bombers in greater numbers every day. It's our way of helping to win this war—sooner.

NORTH AMERICAN AVIATION, INC.
INGLEWOOD, CALIFORNIA
DALLAS · KANSAS CITY
Member, Aircraft War Production Council, Inc.

Army-Navy "E" Flag awarded to California and Texas Divisions

"Sons'a Guns"



AUTOMOTIVE SPARK PLUG—built by AC since 1908.

MACHINE GUN—built by AC since nine months before Pearl Harbor.

NINETY pounds of *fire-power,*—that's the .50 caliber Browning machine gun that AC builds by the thousands, night and day.

Manufacturing these guns demands the highest order of precision workmanship. Nearly every one of the 3,500 production operations on each gun requires split-hair accuracy.

Yet, the Army knows that good manufacturing is not enough to keep those guns in trim. They must also be regularly serviced. So, they are cleaned, oiled, and adjusted in strict accordance with rigid Army requirements.

A Special Message for You

AC has been producing another kind of *fire-power* since 1908. It's the precision-built AC Spark Plug.

The chances are good that you drive with AC's. But, whether you do or not, your spark plugs need to be cleaned and adjusted,—to make them last longer, save gasoline, and improve starting ease.

Your automotive service man can do this for you. He can also give Conservation Service, outlined in the panel below, on the eight other AC products in wide use on millions of vehicles.

To help bring Victory quicker, make regular use of this Conservation Service. And when replacement is necessary, select AC—for complete satisfaction.

Awarded to the men and women of AC on September 2, 1942, for outstanding achievement in producing for Victory.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION
GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

SPARK PLUGS—Dirty or worn plugs waste as much gas as one coupon in ten. Oxide coating collects on the plugs and causes them to misfire,—especially when the engine is working hard. Dirty plugs also cause hard starting which weakens your battery. Under present slow driving conditions, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every few months.

AIR CLEANERS—A dirty air cleaner increases gasoline consumption because it chokes down the flow of air into the carburetor. Your air cleaner should be rinsed whenever your car is lubricated.

FUEL PUMPS—Practically trouble free. But, if yours has been in use thirty or forty thousand miles, it may be worn to the point where a check-up is due.

DRIVING INSTRUMENTS — Speedometer, gasoline gauge, oil pressure gauge, ammeter, and temperature gauge seldom need service. But, if they give trouble, have them cared for *at once.*

OIL FILTERS—Slow driving accelerates formation of soot and carbon in engine oil. If not constantly filtered from the oil, this dirt will clog piston rings, cause increased consumption of oil and gas. So, replace your oil filter element whenever your dealer's AC Oil Test Pad shows that your oil is dirty.

BRING VICTORY QUICKER—BUY U. S. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND BONDS

Riding for a Fall

Continued from page 24

from a window forty-five feet high, landed spread out, rose on her left elbow, and remarked bitterly to the janitor who rushed toward her, "Six stories and not hurt!" She had struck soft ground—this time a garden plot.

But yielding earth is not the only cushion that saved the lives of plummeting people. Two whom de Haven studied landed on the roofs of automobiles, caving in the sheet steel just enough—a matter of a few inches—to escape death.

Others went through the roofs of low buildings, one girl landing headfirst, her skull shattering three-quarter-inch pine boards. She escaped with a lacerated scalp and a fractured vertebra. Skylights, ventilators, and awnings—flimsy structures that tended to crumble—all saved a case or two.

Most remarkable perhaps was a thirty-six-year-old woman who jumped from the eighth floor and fell seventy-two feet, landing at the rate of forty-five miles an hour in a jackknife position over a wood and wire fence. Her chest and abdomen struck the narrow edge of one-inch boards, but as the boards crumbled easily, she was able to walk unassisted to a near-by clinic and ask for first aid. Examination revealed no material injury.

We may now understand how the wife who dropped more than a quarter of a mile in Alaska managed to survive. Although she fell a phenomenal distance, her fall received a phenomenal cushioning when she sank fifteen feet down in the snow.

The basic principle herein involved has, of course, long been recognized; it is the principle of the net which fireman spread out for people who jump from flaming buildings. But de Haven has shown that death can be frustrated by a cushioning so tiny that it would seem to be completely insignificant. A dent in the steel roof of an automobile, a little mark left in the ground, these are the symbols of a lifesaving force.

New Light on Concussion

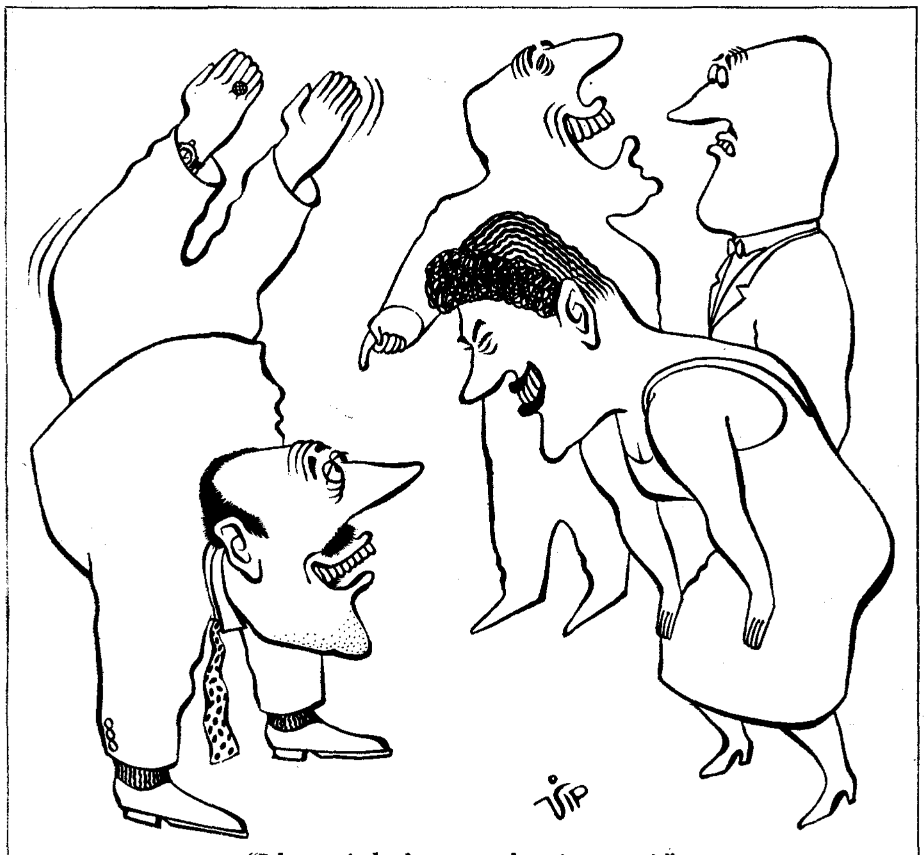
Where you fall is not the only consideration; how you fall is also of importance. We know that a high percentage of accident deaths are due to a blow on the head which causes concussion of the brain. The researches of two scientists at Oxford University, Drs. D. Denny-Brown and W. Ritchie Russell, have given us new light on the causes of concussion.

Having anesthetized small animals in such a manner that they would feel no pain, the scientists struck their heads with pendulums under carefully controlled conditions. Soon they made an amazing finding. If the head is pressed against a solid object when it is struck, you would expect the result to be much more serious than if the head is swinging free, its motion taking up part of the impact. But not so.

Concussion is caused by damage to the soft tissue inside the skull. When the head is held rigid, the bone protects like armor plate, and even if it is fractured, serious damage does not necessarily result. But if the head is allowed to swing, the skull itself takes over the force of the blow. Receiving the impact first, it starts to move while the brain within it is still stationary; the soft tissue is driven against the near side of the bone. And should the moving head be stopped suddenly by striking against a hard object, the skull again stops first, the sudden deceleration smashing the brain tissue violently against the far side. Thus is caused the deadly concussion which is the worst single hazard of accidents.

It now becomes clear why a slip in the bathroom or on the street may kill, while a fall from a high building does not necessarily do so. Should a man who drops fifty or a hundred feet land on an object which slows down the impact ever so slightly, he will not be subjected to forces so great as those met by a man who, after a fall of five or six feet, strikes an object completely unyielding. And if it is the head which strikes bathtub or sidewalk, the sudden stopping of its movement may easily jam the brain against the skull to cause concussion. This also gives us the scientific secret of the boxing glove. The inch or so of padding keeps a blow to the head from starting the skull into motion so rapidly that the brain tissues are injured.

The findings of de Haven and his English colleagues can be used by every one of us to save our own lives should we ever become involved in accidents in automobiles, busses, trains, airplanes or any other speeding vehicle. When a fast machine strikes a solid object, the split second of slowing down which cheats death is usually supplied by the crumbling of the machine itself.



COLLIER'S "I know it looks easy—but just try it" VIRGIL PARTCH

Daredevils Employ Trick

The research of the scientists has confirmed the wisdom of a trick long pragmatically employed by daredevils who deliberately smash up automobiles moving at high speeds.

Just before the impact, the stunt man jumps into the back seat, and lies hard against the rear of the front seat, with his hand or arm between the side of his head and the solid structure. The crumpling of the seat slows down the speed with which his body is brought to a standstill, while his head is shaken up as little as possible.

Anyone who finds himself involved in a crack-up should imitate this procedure. He should press his torso against some solid object forward that will not receive the first shock of the crash, and be especially careful to squeeze his head tightly against the object so that a quick swing will not cause concussion.

Since fatalities in crashes are not directly due to the impact of the vehicle itself but rather to a second impact, that of the passenger against the structure of his machine, many injuries can be avoided by redesigning the insides of airplanes and automobiles to reduce the number of objects that can be struck, and to give the passenger something to flatten himself against. This is already being done in the design of airplanes. And when new automobiles are built after the war, such safety provisions will undoubtedly be included.

How to Make a Short Fall

From de Haven's findings on nonfatal suicide leaps, we may draw some hints on how to take tremendous falls. The first rule, of course, is to avoid them altogether if it is possible to do so, since even under the best conditions, a drop from a sixth-story window is extremely dangerous. But if jump you must, remember that any object which will give, even only a few inches, is a potential lifesaver. If there is an awning somewhere beneath you, you are very lucky, for awnings can be almost as effective as a net. It is better to land on an automobile than on paving or sidewalk; metal ventilators may crumple beneath you; the roof of an old shed may give way; and the soft earth of a spaded garden plot may save you. Furthermore, you should try to land as flat as possible. Do not put your arms and legs out in front of you to ward off the blow, since at the great speed you will be traveling, the long bones will be likely to be driven into your body like swords.

The technique for meeting long falls differs from the best procedure, should you find it necessary to drop not from the sixth but the second story of a building.

The paratrooper who bails out a half-mile up in the sky is, from the point of view of his landing, dropping a distance of six or eight feet. Due to the action of his enlarged umbrella, he strikes the ground with a velocity no greater than if he had taken a free fall of a little more than his height. To bring him to the ground without the slightest injury is one of the primary concerns of the Paratroop Command. If you sprain your ankle when you trip over the baby's toy, it is not serious; you hobble around for a week or so until your ankle gets well. But if a soldier sprains his ankle when he drops behind the enemy's line, it means death or capture, since he cannot fight efficiently.

The question of how to land with the velocity of a short fall has thus received major attention from the armies of the world. And it has been answered so successfully by the American forces that less than two injuries are suffered per thousand parachute jumps. And the soldier must handle not only a downward shock, but also a forward, backward, or sideward velocity.

If you wish, like the hero of a Western story, to spring with impunity from the door of a rapidly moving train, you had better be an expert tumbler, as the paratroopers have to be. Men have instinctively tried to keep their feet when they feel themselves falling. Paratroopers have to eradicate this deeply ingrained habit. Should the force of their fall pull them off the vertical, they do not fight this tendency, but go jubilantly with it, landing in an acrobat's tumble. Their model is the circus performer who, when he dives head foremost through a flaming hoop, lands first on his hands, then goes into a somersault, and finally, after this long maneuver, regains his feet.

Legs Are Shock Absorbers

Fortunately for the average citizen, straight drops do not require this technique; you need merely imitate a much less complicated part of the paratrooper's regimen. Like the soldiers, you must learn to use your legs efficiently as shock absorbers. Try to make a two-point landing, both your feet hitting the ground at the same instant. If your toes or heels land first, either may be fractured. The correct points of contact are the balls of your feet.

The human tendency to get better protection from the ground by holding the legs rigid must be fought at all costs; land with your knees slightly flexed and plan to go down on your haunches with the force of the shock. If your knees are stiff, you may tear the ligatures of your legs or dislocate your hips; if your knees are bent too greatly, you lose the shock-absorbing effect and are in danger of spraining hip, knee, or ankle. Should you be forced to land hands first, bend your elbows slightly, just as for a foot-first landing you bend your knees. If you fail to get your hands or feet beneath you, if you are not expert enough to go into a paratrooper's tumble, you still have one protection left, provided you have the will power to apply it. Relax! Imagine, if possible, that you are going to land on a feather bed, and let all your muscles go limp to receive its delightful softness.

According to an old proverb, Providence takes care of children and drunkards; certain it is they are much less likely to get hurt when they fall. The reason is that, in contrast to coldly sober adults, they relax naturally. Tense muscles tear, and the bones behind them are likely to fracture; loose muscles give in to the force of the blow. It may seem like advising the inhabitants of a fiery furnace to keep cool, but the fact remains that avoiding muscular tenseness is a most important secret in falls of every kind, be they of five or five hundred feet.

THE END

Three Seconds to Fight

Continued from page 12

By that time Jack was saying, "Somebody please come and do something."

It's funny how you say things in a pinch like that. I dived down to get the Jerry on Jack's tail. When I got him in my sights and pressed the trigger for a burst, nothing happened. In the excitement, I had used all my ammunition. It was the most helpless feeling I've ever known.

A three-second burst was all that stood between Jack and death. Faster than I can say it, the thought flashed: The only thing to do is ram this guy. As I swerved, the Jerry veered left into the sights of Bill Lovell, who had come up beside me. Bill's squirt brought him down.

One of Ilfrey's engines was out, so we headed for home. Lovell and I hovered above his limping plane. The Jerries broke it off, too. We had lost Mac's plane in the skirmish.

In about three minutes of fighting, the four of us had shot down nine Me.-109s with the loss of one man. That afternoon Mac limped in, with his engine sputtering. He had been chased into the desert where he came down out of gas. Scouting around he found some auto gas, tanked up, got his engines going and pulled in to the airfield.

A Hard Blow for the Heinies

One morning when Rommel's army was still in Tripoli, I was assigned to reconnaissance over the city. After finishing, I came down to 5,000 feet over Casa Bonita. It was a peaceful place and there wasn't a plane in the air. No one was shooting at me from the ground either. I wondered why, and kept peering down past the engines.

In a flash I saw something that nearly made me jump out of my seat. Directly below was a strip stacked with planes, wing tip to wing tip, so skillfully camouflaged that it was only luck that I had spotted them. The Desert Fox was saving them for a surprise party, I guess.

"Robbie, you had better hightail the hell out of here," I told myself. I did, too. Back at our bomber base, they warmed up and loaded a squadron of B-26s. I had been led across the ocean and down to Africa by B-26s but this time I led them. We swept into Casa Bonita and unloaded the eggs so fast that only three of Jerry's fighters had time to take off. Later our Intelligence reported that 128 Axis planes had been destroyed, sitting like ducks, in their tracks.

When we got word that the Germans' field headquarters were in Kiabli, a crossroads in a farming area in Tunisia, I was assigned to lead a flight to strafe them. We buzzed over the treetops, but I couldn't see a German. I couldn't see a thing that looked like a GHQ either and figured that our Intelligence had slipped up.

One of our Flying Fortresses had been forced to land near by and was lying among some trees. The next day it was skip-bombed by P-38s. A lot of Jerries came running out, but we never found out whether that was their General Headquarters.

After Rommel evacuated Tripoli, our squadron strafed his communications. The strategy is to swoop in figure eights over the lines of trucks or railroad trains or bridges and let them have it—bombs, cannon and machine-gun fire. You never come strafing down the road, as most people think. At least you don't do it more than once, because their ack-ack will cut your plane in two the first time you try it. But with these low-level swoops, we turned in plenty of havoc, blowing up trucks and locomotives.

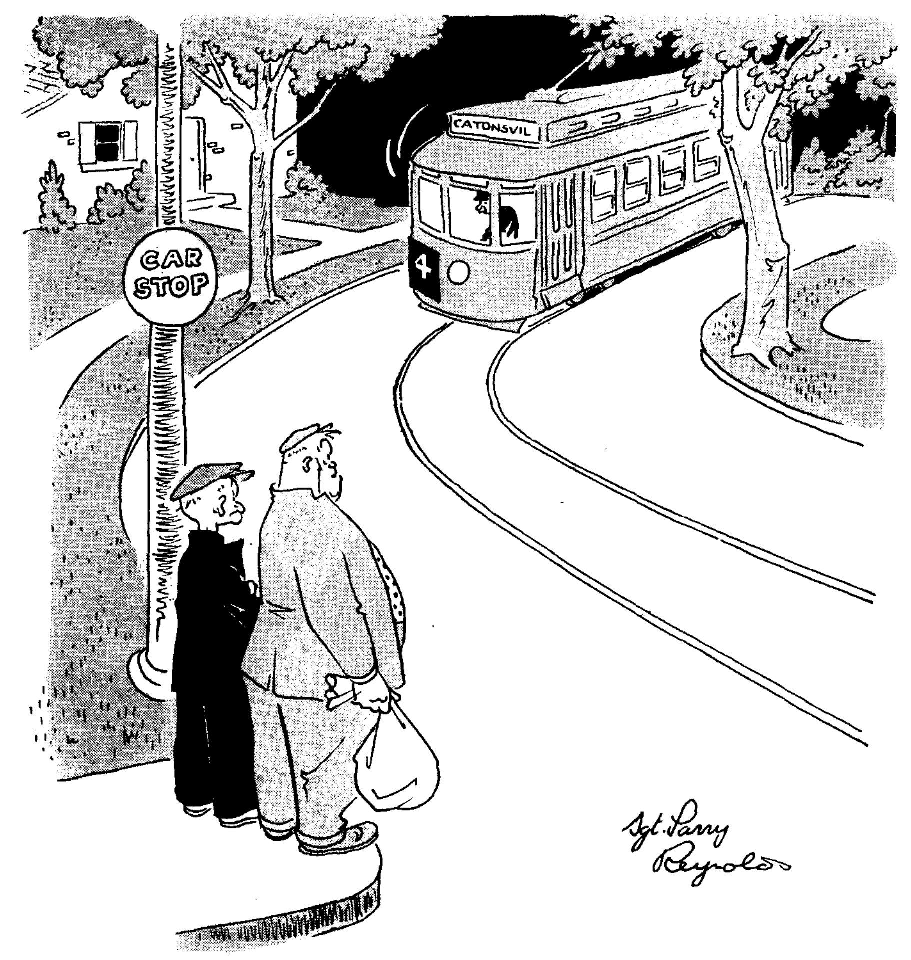
The bombing missions with the Fortresses were high-level. They assigned six to twelve Lightnings at first to a squadron of twenty B-17s. Our job was to fly above the Fortresses.

As the Jerry tried to get set to dive on the bombers, we stayed in position to dive on them. As long as they let the bombers alone, we left them alone. They would send a couple of Messerschmitts down to make passes without shooting. We stayed in our places unless they actually attacked the bombers. That's how businesslike the deal was.

It took plenty of nerve for the Jerries to close in. The bombers were in formation so that no matter from which angle the Messerschmitts attacked, at least nine Fortresses' guns were on the attacker. In addition, our Lightnings were hitting them with all we had. Instead of dogfights that the movies picture as air battles, we dived, got in our burst, zoomed up for position, then dived again. We had the speed and power above 30,000 to do that.

About the only time we broke formation was when a Fortress was hit by ack-ack or fire from a Jerry, and fell behind or below the flight. The Jerries were always waiting like buzzards for this to happen. Then it was our task to hover over the injured bomber and fight off attackers while it limped home.

BUTCH by SGT. LARRY REYNOLDS



"How I long for peace—when, once't again we may flee th' scene of a crime in a big, black, bulletproof sedan!"

COLLIER'S

Outfoxing the Messerschmitts

I was over Cagliari in Sardinia one day protecting a bomber after a battle. He was limping along at 150 miles an hour. Two Me.-109s came in above me. I climbed, trying to get up with them. They stayed on my tail. The other members of our squadron were spread out all over the sky after the battle.

The Jerries and I went around in a circle at 15,000 feet. I couldn't gain on them; they couldn't gain on me. I called in on my phone, "I've got two Me.-109s that need some help." Lieutenant Murdock heard me and swooped in. One Jerry got wise and went home. Murdock got the other in his sights and gave him a squirt. The Jerry went down in a long streamer of black smoke.

Over Tunis and Bizerte, these bombing missions were low-level operations. We could carry bombs under the wings and still have enough gas to fight and get home. In one, I was flight leader of twelve Lightnings protecting two dozen Fortresses.

We had reached our objective, bombed railroad yards, and were headed back. I had almost twisted my neck off looking around and up for Jerries. They're always trying to sneak in from the rear.

Just as the bombers warned us by radio, I saw a bunch of Me.-109s behind us. I called my planes on the radio, then made a fifteen-degree bank. I could see the pilot in the Lightning to my right eating a chocolate bar. You get as hungry as a horse on these long flights. I guess he didn't hear me, because the next time I looked, he wasn't there. The Jerry shot him down. Then they must have thought he was such easy meat that they could take on the rest of us.

We fought for seventy-five miles, going round and round in a circle about fifty feet off the ground—eleven P-38s and fifteen Me.-109s.

The Fortresses were there at the start, but they soon disappeared while we battled. It was one of the toughest fights I have been in.

We lost two men, the fellow who went down eating the chocolate bar and Bill Lovell, who was reported missing in action. Bill shot down one Jerry. That fight explains why you read in the communiqués, "All our bombers returned safely."

A strange thing happened one day when I was over the Mediterranean twenty miles north of Philippeville with two other Lightnings, one piloted by Major Hubbard, another by a lad named Umphrey. "Umph" was a funny kid who liked to smoke a cigar when flying. He could do this on low-level missions because we didn't use oxygen until above 10,000 feet. On this morning we were waiting around for the fog to clear, so we could plant some bombs and strafe a railroad yard.

We spotted a huge, three-engined Italian bomber, a Cant Z. 1007. He was black with a white stripe around his belly. He had already seen us and was burning his three engines to get away. Hubbard made a pass at him. I thought: I'll hold off and let the major finish him.

About the same time, the major said afterward, he thought he'd let us finish the Eytie.

This Alphonse-and-Gaston stuff almost let the Italian get away. But Umph came in shooting. I parked right behind the Eytie, just in case. After Umphrey finished, I got in a burst. The nose of the Eytie raised, then he rolled and dived straight down. At 500 feet, he burst into flames. When he hit the water, it seemed as if there wasn't a piece big enough to pick up.

The Eytie had a lot of firepower and he did some good shooting before we got him. My plane was shot up. After I checked myself over and didn't find any holes in my skin, I looked around for my companions. I saw Umphrey's Yippee below me and could see that he had a leak. I tried to call him to warn him but got no reply. He kept on going down, as though he intended to buzz the debris on the water.

Reported Missing in Action

At 1,000 feet, his plane flattened and I thought he would bail out. Instead, it nosed down again. The plane landed smoothly on the water and scooted along like a motorboat. I followed it until it sank. Umph never tried to get out. I guess the plane must have been flying itself and perhaps Umph was sitting there with a cigar in his mouth—dead. He too was reported missing in action.

After four months of constant flying in all kinds of missions from 50 to 30,000 feet, as one of my citations put it, I was told to go to Casablanca and teach the pilots of new Lightning squadrons what my outfit had learned the hard way. In 49 missions I had never been scratched—the old Roberts' luck held out. Then I was instructed to come home and teach the new pilots on this side what they can do with P-38s.

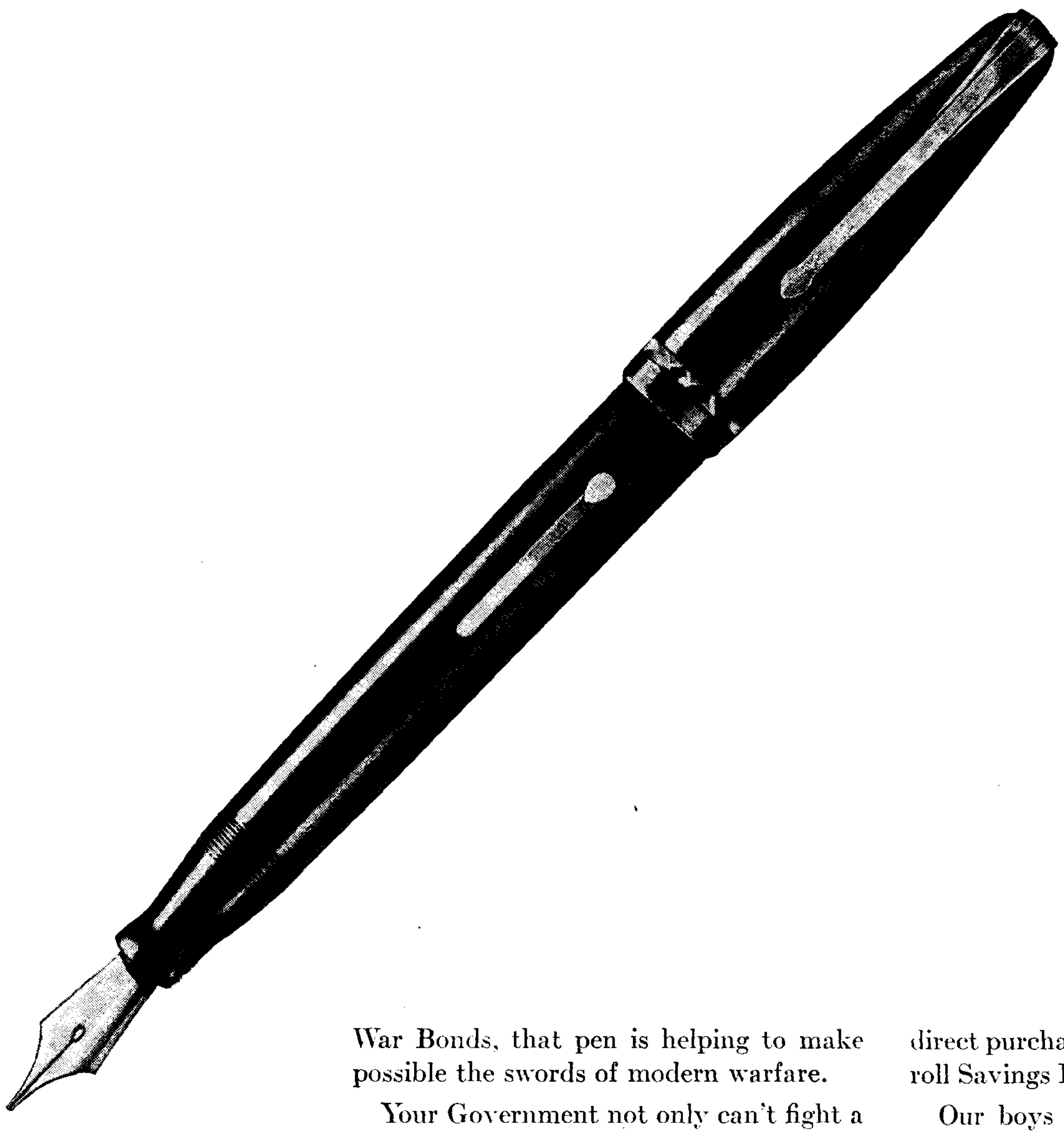
What I tell them is this: The only limit to what you can do with the Lightning is the endurance of the pilot himself. The armchair strategists think that if you fly three hours escorting bombers, fight three minutes, then fly back home for three hours, that is an easy day's work. I'd like to get some of them strapped in a P-38 at 35,000 feet on oxygen and see how fresh they would be when they got back.

My money's on the P-38. When we hit Africa, the Jerries had control of the air. We took it away from them because we were better trained and we had a better plane.

Considering what we were able to do with only a handful of them, my bet is that when we can put 2,000 of these fighters over Europe at one time, the air over Adolf's fortress will be ours.

THE END

Picture of a mighty war Weapon



THAT OLD SAYING about the pen being mightier than the sword was never truer than it is today.

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Corner of Heaven

Continued from page 28

nothing, but astonishment possessed her.

Her hair had not merely been thinned. It had been cut short at the sides into locks that Clotilde was twisting expertly into curls, and it had been clipped into a deep dark bang that came down almost to her eyes. Well, no use to make a fuss now—but really—

"This part she'll braid loosely and wind around like this," Mitzi said, suddenly taking Clotilde's place. The side locks were pinned into trim curls above either ear now; Mitzi braided the hair at the back and fastened it on top with small pins.

"Look at yourself," she said.

Griselle looked, and a smile twitched at her mouth; a shamed, pleased flush mounted to her cheeks. She had never seen herself look like this. The deep bang took away the too high effect of her forehead and fluffed itself into little tendrils when it met the loose soft side curls; behind these was the familiar plait of the dark braid. She looked younger, smarter than she had ever looked; the heavy, slipshod look of the too-dense mop was gone; instead a well-groomed, ultramodern arrangement seemed actually to have changed the expression of her face.

SHE put on her hat, still half smiling in involuntary pleasure.

"I'll tell you what you must have with that hair-do," Clotilde said; "one of those tipped brown straws with the flowers around it. And make her tip it 'way over," she added, instinctively realizing that Mitzi was the person to whom to appeal.

"She won't do it," Mitzi said. "She's hopeless."

Griselle laughed. "But I do like my hair this way," she said.

Mitzi insisted on paying the bill. Arriving home, she said to Griselle:

"Everyone who sees it will be wild about your hair. If you had any sense, you'd take off about ten pounds—that'd be enough, and you'd get a girdle that makes you pull in your waist and straighten your shoulders, and some smart clothes. You ought to do it! You've got a good figure; you're not one bit too tall, and it gives me the nip-ups to see you going around with your hair hanging down, and wearing Aunt Mollie's old coat."

"I don't seem to have any clothes sense," Griselle said apologetically. "And I don't care an awful lot about it!" But that night at supper, she ate her peaches without cream.

There was plentiful cream, too, in the blistered pink glass pitcher with "Souvenir of Santa Cruz" written on it. But Griselle resisted it and decided against a third piece of cornbread the next morning. That day she stepped on a weighing machine outside a drugstore, first looking about for casual witnesses, and saw the arrow move to far too high a poundage. Elizabeth Ruggles, now married to a soldier and gone to Arizona, had been dieting off and on. Griselle tried to remember what Elizabeth had done.

"That list of hers!" she said, laughing to herself. "'One small slice lean meat, no fat or gravy. Two pieces double-toasted bread. One pat butter. Clear broth or consommé. Walk two miles daily. No water or other liquid with meals.' It isn't worth it! But I can do the two miles daily, anyway," Griselle's thoughts ran on. "I'll begin right now. Grandfather said a mile took twenty minutes if it wasn't too fast. I'll walk for an hour."

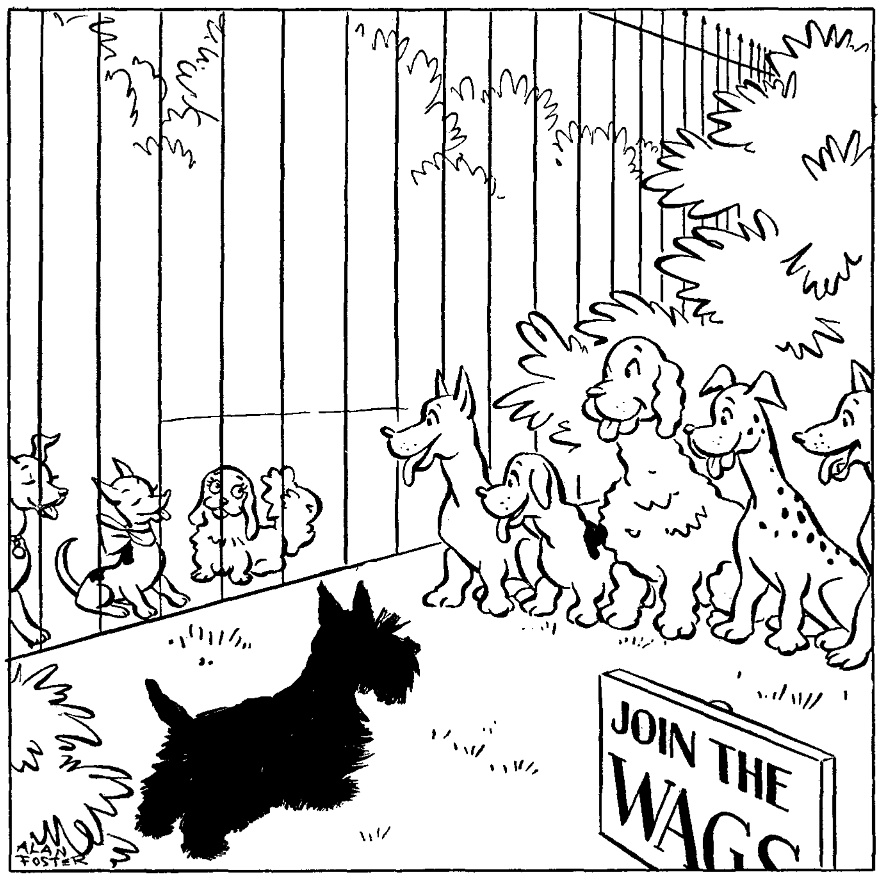
She set off toward the hills. The afternoon was soft and gray; it was five o'clock, and the summer wind had died away. This was the time to walk! The university tennis courts were all in use; every child in town was on the sidewalks; jeeps went by with khaki-clad boys driving them, and once there passed her a long line of great mustard-brown vans filled with servicemen.

Griselle walked with no particular sense of direction; she stopped presently and exclaimed half audibly, "Oh! Oh—yes, this is it!" as she recognized little Mountjoy Street and saw the shabby cottage that Alan's mother had rented a few weeks earlier.

For a moment she hesitated, her old shyness overcoming her, and her heart beating fast. Then quite resolutely she pushed open the picket gate and walked up the path.

The door stood partly open; Griselle pushed it inward and entered a cheap little square, papered hall in which several boxes were piled. They had moved in, then!

MR. FALA OF THE WHITE HOUSE by ALAN FOSTER



COLLIER'S "Now men—no yoo-hooing!"

"Who is it?" Mrs. McIntyre's voice called from one of the bedrooms.

Answering with her own name, Griselle went into the room.

"Oh, you're sick!" she exclaimed.

ALAN'S mother was in a tumbled bed, with a thickly bandaged foot laid like a great sausage on a pillow before her. The room was in dreary disorder and only half furnished; there were no curtains at the windows; a trunk was overflowing with variegated garments; a lunch tray filled with empty dishes and glasses stood on a crate.

"Griselle!" Mrs. McIntyre said. "My dear, what a mess you find us in! Come in and see me."

"But what have you done to your foot?" Griselle said without preamble.

"The day we moved in," Alan's mother said, "day before yesterday, I dropped my little sewing machine on it. I had picked it up in a hurry; the movers were waiting, and my loose sleeve caught on a doorknob and jerked it out of my hand. It was all right for a while; Steve and I moved in, and then it began to hurt and I've had to have a doctor twice. Isn't it terrible, just at this moment?"

"Enough to drive you crazy," Griselle agreed simply, and the other woman gave a forlorn laugh.

"I'll be about again in a few days," she said; "but meanwhile we are getting along with the most awful makeshifts you can imagine."

"But where's Steve?"

"He's here. In the kitchen probably. You must see him before you go."

"I'll take this out," Griselle picked up the tray, crossed the dining room and opened the kitchen door.

The kitchen, too, presented a scene of confusion, but Stephen in his wheel chair was evidently doing his best to reduce it to order. He turned at the sink as Griselle came in, and greeted her with a broad smile. Instantly any sense of pity or embarrassment she might have felt vanished; he was like Alan—he was so curiously like him and yet not like him!

"I heard you talking to Mother; I didn't know who it could be. Isn't this a swell mess!" Stephen said, turning his chair to propel it toward her and holding out his hand. "I asked the doctor yesterday to find someone to come in here and help us, but there's no such animal," he went on. "I was just trying to get some dishes unpacked; everything's so darned dusty and ought to be washed before it's put away. Sit down and talk; I'll take a little while off."

Griselle was accustomed to kitchens, but she had never seen a kitchen in quite such a condition. Barrels of china and boxes of pots and pans were spilling their contents, wrapped in masses of newspaper, on the floor. The sink was littered; the cover was off the garbage can.

"Some of this stuff only got here this morning," Stephen said. "We'll get it all sorted out, but with Mother laid up it's not much of a cinch."

"A lot of this can be perfectly well put in the china closet, and washed when you need it," Griselle said firmly. She began to carry piles of dishes to the pantry and arrange them on the shelves. She lighted the old-fashioned gas heater that warmed the boiler; found a dishpan, towels, soap.

"You sit right here and take things out of this barrel," she directed him. "The more you talk about my ought-notting to do this the more time you'll waste. Is the telephone in? I'll see if I can get Clara This is the kind of job I love."

"That word 'ought-notting,' I love it," Stephen murmured. "All right, I'll clear this barrel."

"Pretty old silver," Griselle said appreciatively, looking at a spoon. She went with her hands full of silver to the dining room; came back laughing. "Your mother is simply frenzied to get out here and take a hand," she reported.

A great heap of twisted newspapers gathered on the side porch. An empty barrel was rolled out there; a second barrel. In the kitchen, room to move and an empty surface or two developed rapidly. Clara appeared.

Clara was colored, seventy-two, and so small that during her first brief absence from the kitchen, Stephen observed that if wringing wet she would probably tip the scales at an even seventy-five pounds. Clara was Belle's mother; she had often worked for Aunt Mollie in emergencies, and Griselle knew what she could do.

AFTER a while, Mrs. McIntyre limped out into the kitchen and was made comfortable in a chair with her foot up on a pillow, and Clara disappeared into the bedroom with clean sheets. By this time, the kitchen was beginning to show that it could be a quite attractive apartment.

Stephen and Griselle turned it over to Clara and went into the parlor where some real settling had been done. A rug was down on a clean painted floor; chairs had been pushed into appropriate positions; Steve's worktable with his lamp had the middle of the floor space, and piles of books were everywhere waiting placement.

Griselle looked at the books; the job of placing them was far too great for today; it was almost dark now, and Clara was starting dinner. But she and Stephen did somewhat assort them and she promised to come back in a day or two and finish the job.

It was nearly seven when she and Stephen sat down, dirty and stiff but in great spirits, to canned corned beef hash with eggs poached on it, hot bakery rolls, coffee and fresh green corn. Steve's chair was close to the table; Griselle poured the coffee; a three-bulb lamp in a flat shade of heavy colored glass dangled above their heads and shed its light over the cluttered room. Mrs. McIntyre, who had returned to bed and was enjoying her own supper, heard them laughing.

They spoke continually of Alan, but only twice was Griselle obliged to answer questions that came close to the secret she was keeping from them.

Once his mother asked, "You've not heard from him?" and she could say quite truthfully, "Oh, no; not yet. Not a word," and it was the mother again who said to her pityingly, "My dear, it was so sad, his going away just when you had your happy plans made," to which Griselle merely returned sturdily, "That seems to be the order of the day for all women now!"

Otherwise the talk of him was just the praise of his own people. He had bought

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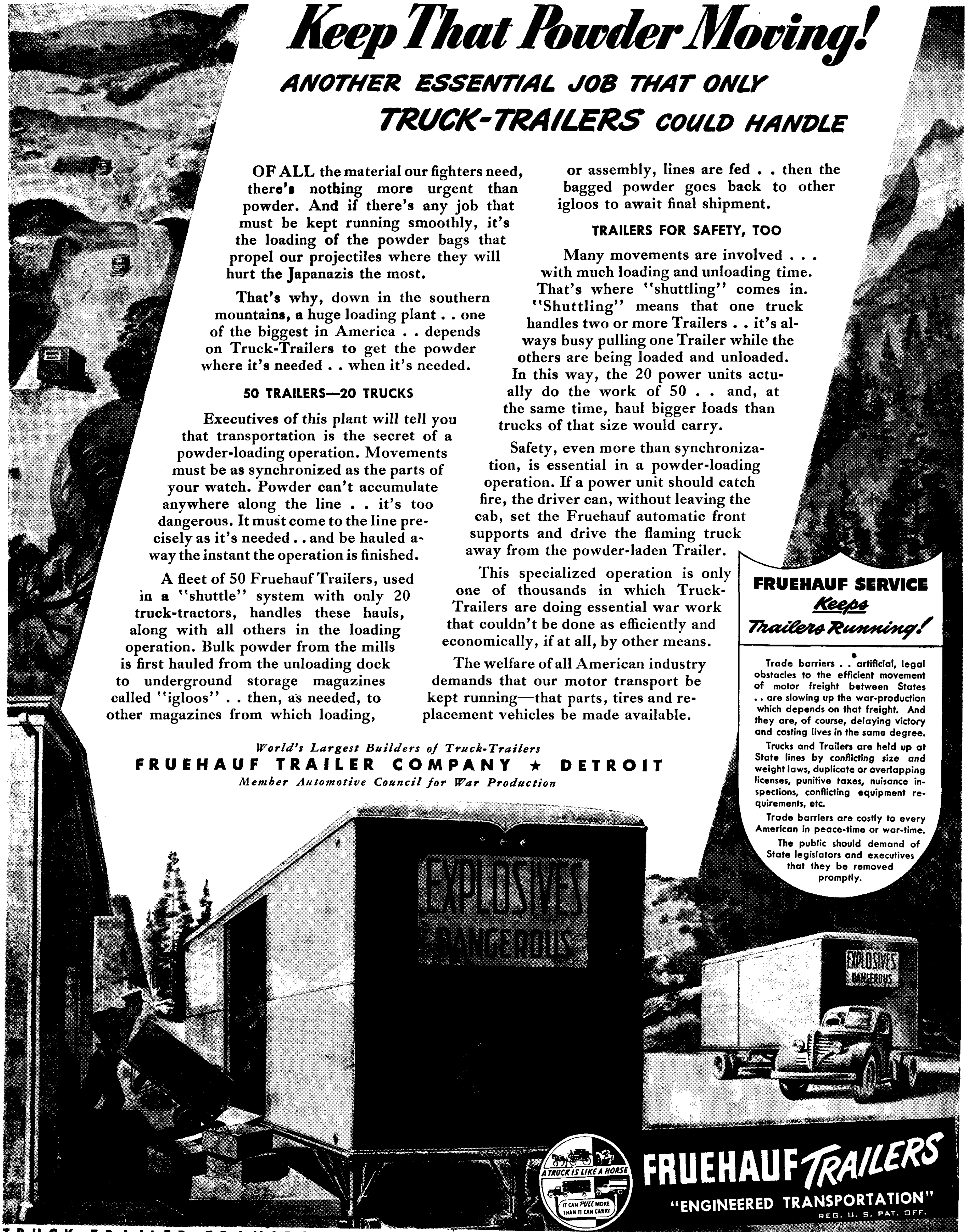

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Executives of this plant will tell you that transportation is the secret of a powder-loading operation. Movements must be as synchronized as the parts of your watch. Powder can't accumulate anywhere along the line . . it's too dangerous. It must come to the line precisely as it's needed . . and be hauled away the instant the operation is finished.

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TRAILERS FOR SAFETY, TOO

Many movements are involved . . . with much loading and unloading time. That's where "shuttling" comes in. "Shuttling" means that one truck handles two or more Trailers . . it's always busy pulling one Trailer while the others are being loaded and unloaded. In this way, the 20 power units actually do the work of 50 . . and, at the same time, haul bigger loads than trucks of that size would carry.

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The welfare of all American industry demands that our motor transport be kept running—that parts, tires and replacement vehicles be made available.

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The public should demand of State legislators and executives that they be removed promptly.

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IT CAN PULL MORE THAN IT CAN CARRY

FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
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TRUCK-TRAILER TRANSPORT IS DOING AN ESSENTIAL JOB FOR ALL AMERICA

Steve's big worktable at second hand, had planed and sandpapered it, had stained it with oils. This was his picture, grinning in cap and gown on the day he had received his diploma. The Kipling and the Mark Twain sets he had collected, book by book; everything in the house spoke of Alan and their adoration of him. Griselle felt her heart warm with a new rush of love and confidence.

She walked home in higher spirits than she had known since the happy day when she and Allan had lunched together, had gone together to the city hall to get their marriage license. It was surely a very special sort of luck, this having chanced upon his mother and brother in the very hour when they most needed a neighborly hand! She had been of real help to them, and it was good to go over in her mind all the details of taking hold, attacking those piles of plates and crates of table linen, telephoning for Clara, and leaving Clara in charge.

Steve had not said much in actual words, but she had known from his manner, from the enthusiasm with which he had seconded all her efforts, from the eagerness of his talk and the occasional ringing out of his deep, hearty laugh, that he appreciated every moment of it.

IN THE secondhand bookstore the next morning, between classes, she picked up a book of puzzles from the London Times. Just a few solutions were penciled in, but the peculiar twist of the English puzzlemaker's mind had evidently been too much for the original owner, and most of the pages were untouched. For ten cents, Griselle became possessed of it and that afternoon she somewhat timidly presented it to Stephen. She had seen books of crosswords and double acrostics scattered about on his table; she had guessed rightly that he would seize upon the new challenge with avidity.

Today they need not work so hard as yesterday. Stephen wheeled himself into the parlor, and they assorted books and phonograph records; Mrs. McIntyre was limping about, trying not to do too much, and Clara was plodding steadily through mountains of unpacking, washing, putting away. A small bonfire, smoking sleepily in the outdoor incinerator, was devouring rubbish; things were really getting into shape.

After a while they moved out to the shade of the walnut tree in the back yard; Steve's wire-haired Kipper had joined the party, and Griselle saw how often the long, thin hand dropped to meet the eager, rough, waiting head; and she saw a look of deep content that was new in Steve's eyes.

The afternoon was balmy and quiet; there was no breath of wind; trees in the neighboring gardens were in new leaf; in the late sunlight bees shot by; roses, marigolds, lavender and stock were motionless in light as clear as water.

"Gosh!" Stephen said suddenly in a half-vexed, half-triumphant tone. "I got another!"

"Not another of those cockeyed English definitions?" Griselle asked, looking up from her French grammar.

"Yep," he said, penciling in the book. "One thing is, you know when you've got 'em!" he exulted.

"What was this one?"

"'Little Samuel you are all right in Japan,'" he read. "In seven letters."

"Seven letters! You mean seventy."

"No; seven letters."

"Steve, how could they possibly pack into seven letters anything meaning 'Little Samuel you are all right in Japan'?" Griselle demanded.

"It's 'samurai,'" he said.

"Well, I can see the Japan part," Griselle said, after a moment. "And—yes, I suppose the 'sam' is 'little Samuel.' But what about the rest?"

"'You are A one,'" he interpreted the last four letters, with his joyous laugh. Griselle looked affronted, and he laughed again.

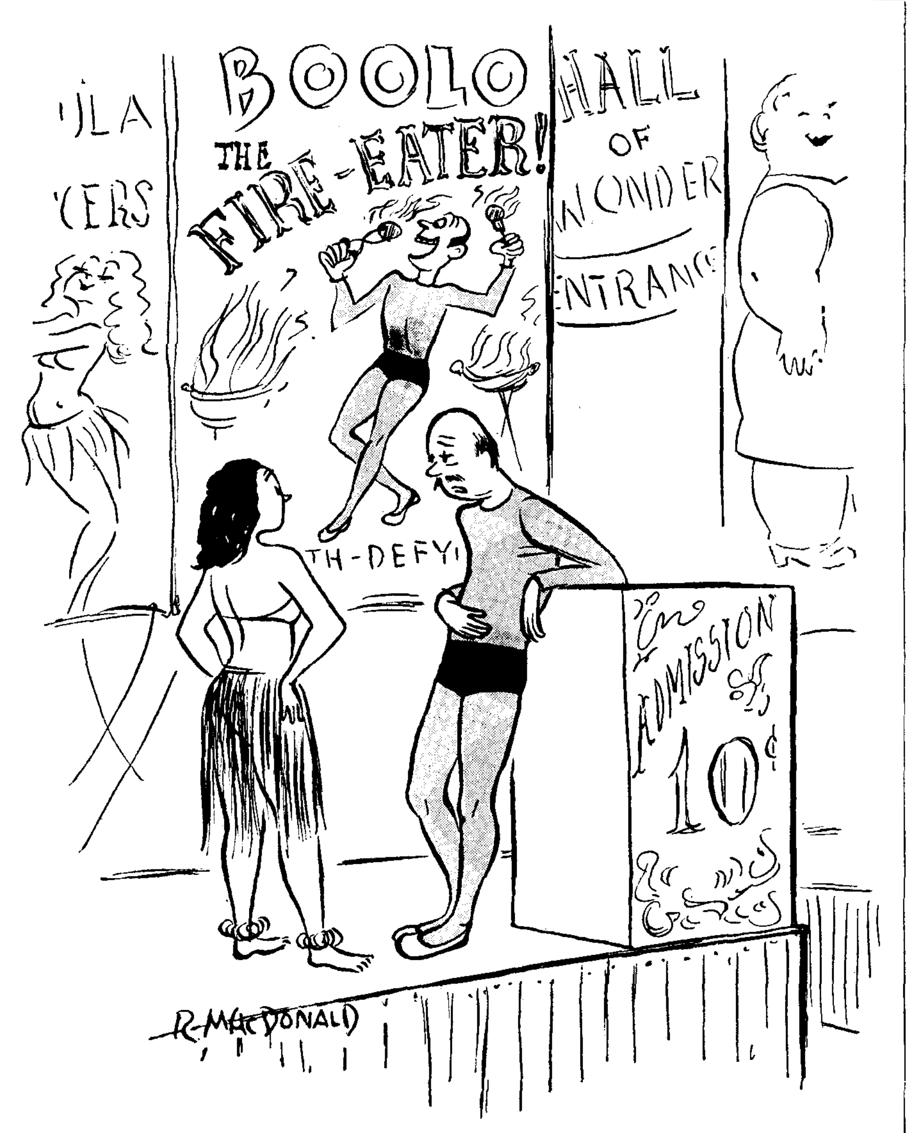
"I think that's ridiculous," she said firmly.

"Well, it is, but it's honest," he defended it. "That's just it. They don't go in eternally for the sun god and the one-eyed African sloth."

"They don't seem to mind unkeyed letters," Griselle observed, secretly so delighted with the success of her offering that her heart was dancing.

"If you ever find any others like this, you get 'em," Steve told her, again absorbed.

"You can have my share," Griselle replied. "What was that first one you got? Someone makes holes in—what?"



"Oh, it's no use going to the doctor. I know what he'd advise"

COLLIER'S ROBERTA MACDONALD

"'Spenser's heroine makes hole in lace,'" he quoted. "It's 'lacunae.' Don't you see Una with 'lace' around it?"

"No; I don't see," Griselle said flatly. "I couldn't get one in a million years."

"Where is the old bookshop? I think I'll work my way over there some day."

"Oh, could you?" Her face brightened. "I'll tell you!" she said. "I'll come here Saturday morning and walk over there with you. It's lots of fun."

"It's lots of fun for me to get out on the street again, after all those weeks upstairs," Stephen said. "I went 'round the block two or three times last night. It was good to hear the people talking and the kids yelping upstairs about having to go to bed. There's an old fellow here who asked me about our apple tree; said we'd have a heavy crop. Mother's all agog on the subject of apple butter and pies."

"We could dry some, too," Griselle said; "you can get a government book telling you how. And we could have my wheel out here," she added thoughtfully, her eyes following the lines of the sheltered little yard, which the rise of a windmill, the neighboring garages, and two long lines of whitewashed plank fences shut in completely.

"Your bicycle?" Stephen asked.

"No; my spinning wheel. I spin," Griselle answered simply. "I've a spinning wheel stored with all my other stuff, and a loom, too."

Stephen looked at her for a moment, and they both laughed.

"You would," he said.

"An old Swiss woman told me how to work the loom—it's easy."

"And have you a harpsichord and virginals?" asked Steve, and they laughed again.

"No. But I've often thought I'd like to play the harp," Griselle said seriously. "So pretty! A girl leaning her head against a harp."

"But you can't cart it around with you," he answered, equally grave. "And so few of your friends have harps!"

"Yes; that's an objection, of course."

A SILENCE. Stephen worked at his puzzles, and Griselle devoted herself to the subjunctive. Mrs. McIntyre had been with them for a little while, had gone off to her canteen work. Griselle had suspected from the older woman's manner, from Stephen's manner, that they knew that something was wrong, but despite her desperate attempts to speak of it words would not come. She could only imply to Alan's mother that his sudden departure had delayed their wedding plans, and accept Amanda McIntyre's brief, philosophical words of sympathy with what dignity she could command.

"He may not be gone long. But leaving you now must just about have broken his heart," his mother had said.

Griselle had smiled at her heroically, wondering what she would say if she had known whose heart really was broken.

"War is hard on women," she had answered briefly, and nothing more had been said.

Clara came out to ask if the cauliflower was for supper. Afternoon shadows lengthened from the windmill and the trees. Stephen looked up.

"What's Mrs. Armitage doing now?" He had never seen Mitzi; but he joined in all their talks of her with the interest of an intimate.

"Oh, nothing much. She wanted to be a Nurses' Aid, but she only went two days."

"Alan met her and her husband down South. I suppose you know about it."

"How much—how much did Alan tell you about it?" Griselle asked.

"About what?" he countered, as wary as she.

"About how much he liked her," Griselle said heroically.

"How much he *thought* he liked her," Stephen altered it, with an uncomfortable little laugh.

GRISELLE looked at him for a moment in silence. Ice was breaking about her heart. The subject she had not dared touch upon an hour earlier tempted her now beyond her strength; she must confide in someone: she must have sympathy.

"He's still in love with her," she said; "he is *infatuated* with her."

"He wouldn't be in love with two women, Griselle."

"He isn't," Griselle returned briefly. There was a long pause.

"You mean you think he still cares for her?" Stephen then asked reluctantly.

"I know it, Steve. He doesn't want to," Griselle added eagerly. "He feels horribly—horribly about it all. But she has that hold on him."

"Is she so beautiful?" the man asked after thought

"Yes; she's lovely. Small and blue-eyed, with lovely fly-away gold hair. But it isn't that. Mitzi's fascinating," Griselle said. "*Fascinating*. Everyone sees it. She's got a careless little gay manner—confident, you know. She knows—she thinks that every man she sees will fall in love with her. And most of them do," she finished ruefully.

"She flatters them brazenly, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; that's part of it. She even makes old General Cruickshank think that she'd rather be with him than with anyone else in the world. Mitzi isn't ever bold," Griselle said putting into words some of the thoughts that had tired her brain for many weary, wakeful hours in the night, "but she's always—comfortable with people. She treats strange men as if they'd grown up together, just quiet, easy talk and laughing with them, and asking them to help her with her coat or hold her book or something—you can't describe it. And immediately she has the best one—the one all the other girls want—roped and thrown," she finished somewhat ineloquently, with a little helpless laugh and widespread hands.

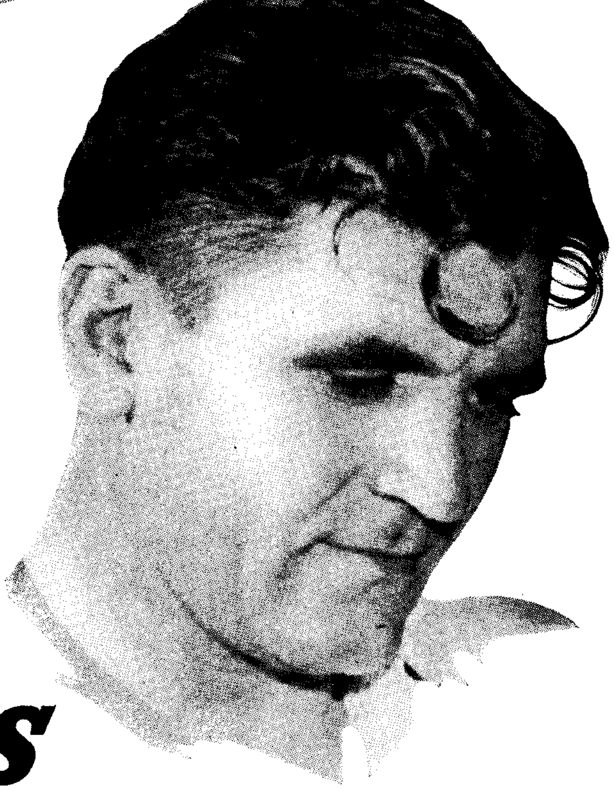
"Know the husband?" Steve asked briefly, after a moment of reflection.

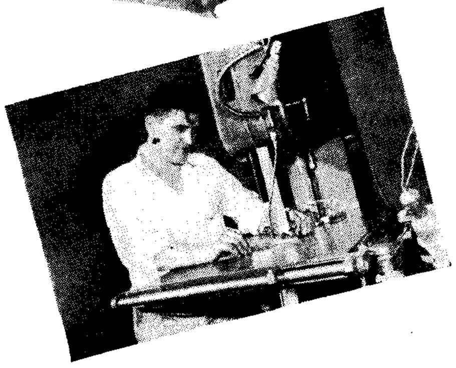
"I met him in Maryland when they were on their honeymoon. But I don't remember him very clearly. He had the air—I remember that—of being rich," Griselle said somewhat hesitantly, "and liking things—liking life, very much. Racing and duck clubs and tennis and so on."

"I know what you mean. A good fellow."

"That sort." Griselle began writing again. She was afraid of what was coming. "He's younger than Mitzi," she said.

"Remember the day you and Alan went to get a license and found the bureau closed?" Stephen presently began. "Re-





FIGHTING FACES

Kindly People . . . Grimly Waging War

● You see here the fighting faces of two typically American war workers—Mrs. Nellie Voyles and Richard Skaggs. They represent 3,000 others who work along with them in the nine war plants of Noblitt-Sparks Industries—and millions more on all the production fronts of our great nation.

Nellie and Dick are kindly, wholesome individuals—the kind of folks who live and work in peace and comfort on farms and in towns of Southern Indiana. They're interested in home, children, church and good schools. They grow victory gardens and save up their scrap for salvage. They're the kind of folks you'd like to have next door. But, once they're threatened, their collective wrath adds up to utter defeat for would-be conquerors.

And you know, too, that the faces of American workers don't reflect all the grim determination for victory that fills their hearts. But the work they're doing *does*, in factories, on farms, everywhere.

Material, labor and skill that formerly went into Arvin radios, hot water car heaters, bathroom electric heaters and metal furniture are now going into high precision radios for planes and trucks that enable our fighting men to talk back and forth, win battles and save lives — food and gasoline cans for emergency use up at the fighting fronts — metal reels for telephone lines — ammunition boxes — anti-tank mines — bombs — parts for trucks and jeeps.

* * *

Through our fighting forces, and the efforts of all American workers, there's lots of "persuasion" being dished out for unconditional surrender. And, perhaps sooner than we think, the peacetime products of this and other companies will be available for you to enjoy. Then, your war bonds will buy new comforts and pleasures.

BUY BONDS • FOR BOMBS • TO KEEP THE EAGLE FLYING!

ON THE JOB!
3000 MEN AND WOMEN WORKERS
IN 9 WAR PLANTS OF

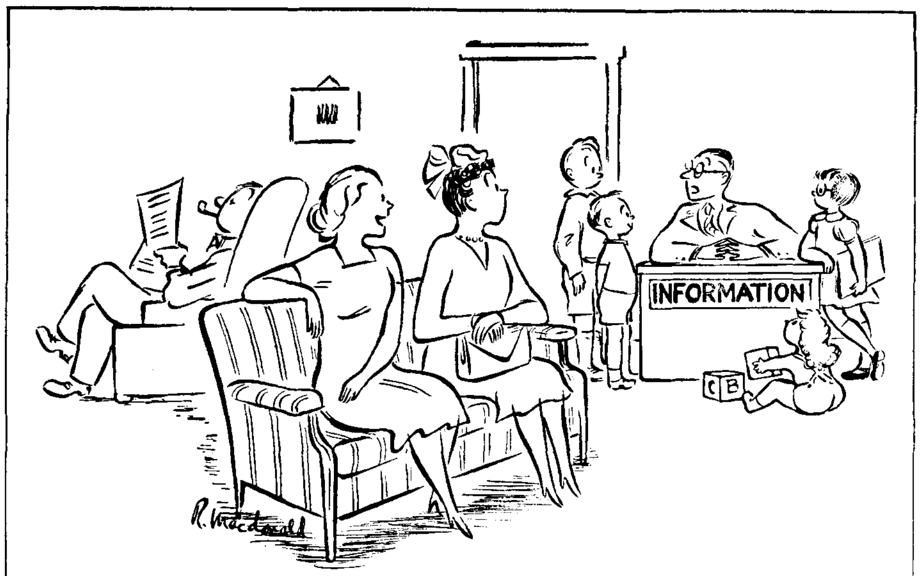
NOBLITT-SPARKS
INDUSTRIES, INC. • COLUMBUS, INDIANA

Peacetime Makers of

ARVIN

Products for Comfort and Pleasure

Home and Car Radios • Hot Water Car Heaters
Metal Furniture • Bathroom Electric Heaters
and Other Products for Better Living After the War



"John finally hired him to answer the children's eternal questions"

COLLIER'S R. MACDONALD

member that you came over to Alameda to see Mother and me that afternoon?"

"Oh, very well." Ah, if that bureau hadn't been closed, if somehow she and Alan had managed that one preliminary, how different everything would have been! "I didn't hear you, Steve," she apologized. "I was thinking—thinking if it hadn't been closed," she stammered, looking up.

"That was Memorial Day, wasn't it?"

"Yes. It was a holiday."

"What time did Alan leave you that day?"

"Just after we left your house. I said I'd take the streetcar. He had to be back at half past three or four. He was on some special assignment until eight, he said."

"And they sailed the next morning," Steve said musingly. "He telephoned Mother at about nine. He didn't say they were sailing; of course they never do. But he said he was sending home his heavy clothes, his coat and flannels and so on, so we knew he was going to a warmer climate. And he said God bless her and take care of herself. She knew. Mother knew. Now, here's something *I* want to know. D'you know if he saw Mitzi again after he saw you? It'd have to be the evening of Memorial Day, wouldn't it? He didn't see her then, did he? He told me he wasn't going to see her again."

"I know he meant not to see her again." Griselle was very pale. "But he did," she said; "he saw her that evening."

Steve and she looked steadily at each other.

"How d'you know?" Steve asked.

"She told me so."

"Believe her?"

"Oh, yes. Mitzi," Griselle said with a bitter little twist to her mouth, "doesn't have to lie."

"He told me he wasn't going to see her again," Stephen repeated slowly. His voice was heavy with disappointment.

"He didn't mean to. She wired him that it was important, and that she'd wait for him at one of the city hotels—the Saint Francis, I think it was."

"And he fell for that?" Stephen asked scornfully.

"But she signed it 'Mother,' Steve. He thought, of course, it was from your mother."

"She signed it 'Mother'!" Steve exclaimed. For a moment sheer amazement held him silent. "Why, what sort of a woman is she?" he demanded.

"She's very much in love with him, I suppose," Griselle offered simply.

"In love with him, eh?" the man repeated musingly. "So he went over to town thinking he was going to meet Mother? Don't you suppose he guessed?"

"Mitzi said not. She said he seemed completely bewildered, and kept looking about for your mother. She thought it was a good joke."

"YES; it's a good joke on Alan, all right," Stephen agreed soberly. "Poor old Alan, poor old simple-minded fool! He talked to her, of course?"

"Not at first, she said. He was angry. But in the end they sat down and talked. They talked," Griselle said slowly and steadily, turning the knife in her heart, "about her getting a divorce, and she promised to wait for him."

They looked at each other.

"That's the plan, is it?" Stephen asked, in a hard, dry voice she had never heard from him before.

"That's her plan, anyway."

"And you believe it?"

"Yes; I believe it."

"But what about—" He was holding violent feeling in check. "But what about you?" he asked. "You and Alan were to be married."

"Yes; I know. But—but, you see, it was always more or less on the understanding that he—that he loved Mitzi," Griselle stammered. "It was—understood. I knew it. He wanted to love me, and to stop loving her. It was all fair, Stephen, truly."

"All fair!" he echoed. And then in an undertone, "Good Lord, is he crazy! What were you supposed to do? Congratulate them?"

"No, no. It wasn't like that. It was just—I suppose—that when he saw her again he—he couldn't help himself."

"And he was going off, perhaps for months, without a word to you?"

"No. He wrote me." To Griselle's anger her lips began to tremble and her throat ached. "He wrote me that it was all a mistake and that he was sorry," she said with difficulty.

"That his engagement to you was a mistake?"

She could not answer. Her face was hot, she looked up and managed a nod.

Stephen was silent for a while, frowning. "It doesn't sound like Alan," he presently said in a troubled voice. "He'll come to his senses. He'll wake up."

Griselle said nothing. She began to pack her books away in her blue canvas bag. It was time to go home.

"Come soon," Stephen said, holding her hand when she said goodby.

"I'll come see how you're doing with the puzzles."

"I've just thought of another."

"Don't tell me about it; they make me mad. Oh, and how about going downtown on Saturday? Are a dozen blocks too much for you?"

"Not if you don't mind the chair."

"Not if I don't mind the chair! I wouldn't expect you to walk it."

"I get about the house," he said, touching his crutch with a strong, square hand. "But I'm no good for any distance."

"I'll be here at ten Saturday." She turned back from the path. "I needn't say—I needn't ask you not to— You know that all this is absolutely confidential," she said confusedly.

Stephen smiled. "No, you needn't say that," he agreed.

GRISELLE walked home, feeling oddly light and content. It had occurred to her this afternoon that both Mrs McIntyre and Stephen would be writing to Alan, and that sooner or later, somewhere in Australia or the far seas or in Alaska or somewhere the Armed Forces of the United States were stationed, those letters would be handed to him. Innocently enough, it gave her pleasure to think what they must say—that she had come into their home when they had really needed her and that she had been helpful and friendly and adequate.

Alan would send her a grateful and affectionate thought when he read the report, and that was enough. She mused upon it. It was something, anyway; it was an unexpected advantage that she would have thought a miracle a few weeks ago.

"Griselle, have you got my peach bra on?" a girl demanded, hanging over the upper hallway railing and calling down the stairs.

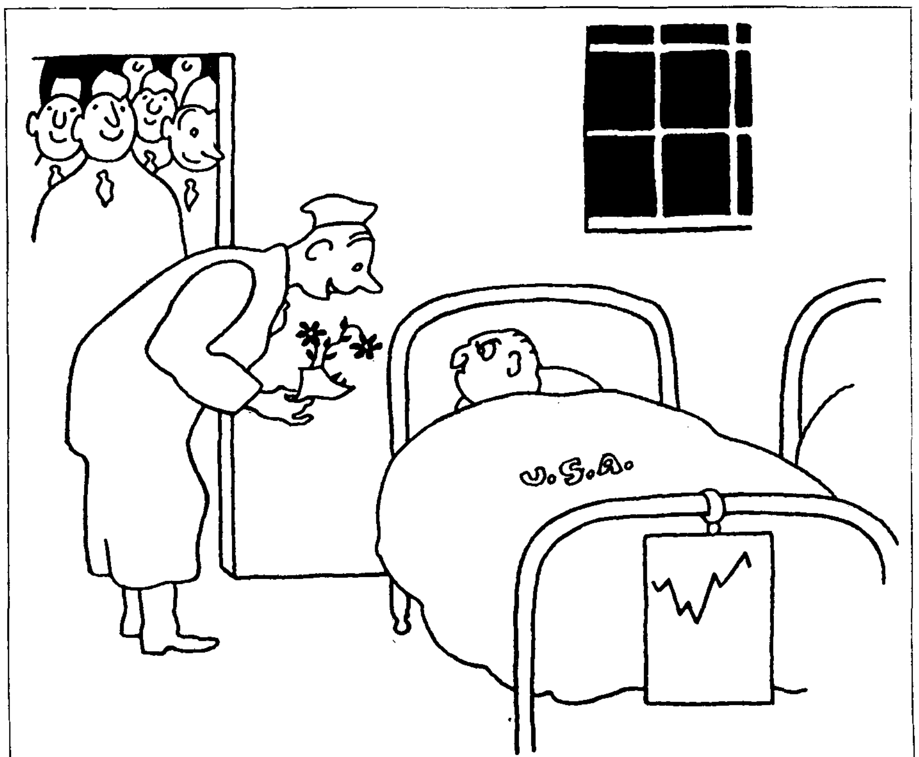
"No, I haven't. I'm wearing the one Nadine left here."

"Griselle, have you seen Mitzi?" This was Aunt Mollie Cruickshank, pale with heat, with walking and emotion, entering the room and sinking into a chair.

"Mitzi? No. Was she here?"

"No; but she wants you to go up there right away. I'll manage with dinner. Uncle Andrew asked me to send you. Mitzi's almost out of her senses, crying and carrying on. She's just got word that David Armitage was in that Midway thing, and he's missing in action," Mrs Cruickshank said.

"David Armitage dead!" Griselle said in a whisper, sitting down on a bed. "Then Mitzi," she added after a moment in which they both were silent, staring at each other, "Mitzi's a widow now. Mitzi's free!"



"Look, Sergeant—flowers! The company took up a collection"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

AT ONE end of the long, unpainted table Griselle clicked away busily on her typewriter; beside her, Stephen was established with his microscope, his sheaf of pencils, his textbooks.

The table stood under the shabby grape arbor; the unpruned vines, heavy with yellow leaves and small, hard bunches of fruit, were interlaced overhead. Kipper was drowsing at Stephen's feet.

Griselle pulled a sheet of paper from the typewriter, corrected it here and there with a swift, firm pencil, stretched back in her chair and yawned.

"Peace," she said on a long sigh.

Stephen closed his book and laid down his pencil.

"It apparently takes a war to teach us what a miracle it is," he said.

"I feel as if peace had fallen over my spirit—over my whole problem," Griselle went on musingly. "Things at our house are very quiet; we have two or three young doctors boarding there now, but all they will talk is shop; nobody ever has to entertain young doctors. Aunt Mollie and Dodo are still at the lake, but they'll be back tomorrow and then we get into wedding plans."

"Dodo Cruickshank, eh?"

"Yes, she's marrying her lieutenant. Mina Rippey has gone down to Texas to marry hers, and Jean Priest is going to have quite a wedding. Dodo's taking a war job as soon as Jim goes to sea."

"You make the wedding cake?" he said.

"No; we're ordering that. But I make about three hundred sandwiches, decorate the parlors, send the doctor's clothes to the tailor, borrow three big coffeepots from the caterer, and address announcements. All fun," Griselle said.

"It ought to be your wedding," Stephen commented, a note of regret in his voice.

"It might have been, I suppose. I might have been Alan's wife now; might be three weeks married. I wonder—I wonder if he would have been happy. I don't understand him—I think I've never understood him. But it doesn't keep me from thinking he is the most wonderful person in the world."

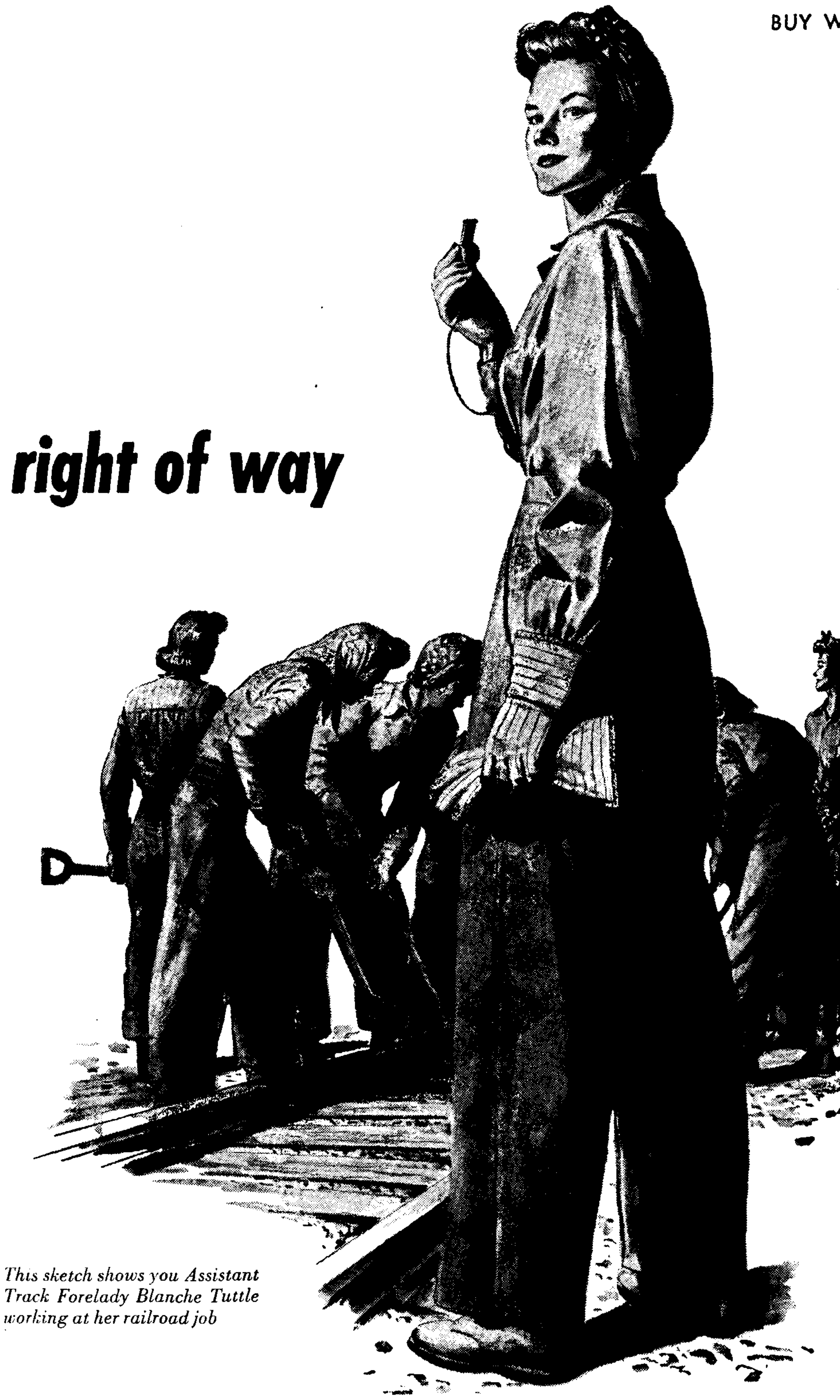
"I think that, too," Stephen said. "But I don't know that I understand him either. Of course, I don't know Mitzi Armitage. But I would rather hear that Alan was dead than have him come home and marry that woman. The disillusionment that dumb old brother of mine would experience would break his heart and mine and my mother's."

"And mine," Griselle added lightly.

"No; not yours. You're twenty. You'd

BUY WAR BONDS

ANGELS guard our right of way



This sketch shows you Assistant Track Forelady Blanche Tuttle working at her railroad job

We railroad people refer to a fast train as a "hotshot." The locomotive engineer is a "hogger" and a trainman's badge a "brain plate." So you won't be surprised to learn that several thousand "angels" now work for Southern Pacific.

Pretty Mrs. Blanche Tuttle, soldier's wife, is one of them. In fact, she's an Assistant Track Forelady among our "angels."

Mrs. Tuttle directs about thirty-five women who work on railroad track around Watsonville Junction, in California's famous apple belt. (Men in separate groups still do the heavier tasks.)

"I wanted to get into war work and do my bit," Mrs. Tuttle explains. "The railroads must run, and this means railroad track must be kept in good condition. I'll stay on my S. P. job till my husband comes home."

SOUTHERN PACIFIC, which crosses more mountain ranges than any other railroad, has always been a *man-size* job of railroading. From our S.P. organization more than 13,000 men have gone into the armed forces.

We miss these tried and true railroaders and we sorely need more manpower. But in today's emergency we're filling numerous gaps with — *womanpower!*

Here's a sketch of gracious Mrs. Blanche Tuttle as she likes to dress "when company comes"

Women operate many of the giant steam hammers in S. P. shops, many of the bolt cutting machines, drill presses and lubricating machines. They wipe down locomotives, sort and cut scrap, clerk in the yards and roundhouses, pack journal boxes.

Women serve as rivet heaters, firelighters, turn-table operators, crew callers, blacksmith helpers, stationary firemen, sandhouse attendants. The list of S. P. jobs women are doing is almost endless.

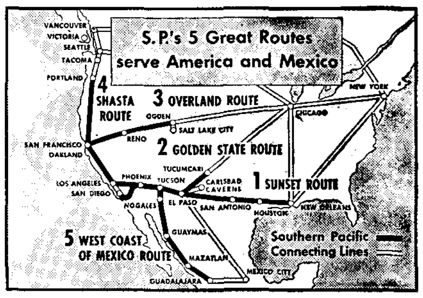
WHEREVER S. P. TRACKS RUN — over 15,000 miles of line in the West, Southwest and South — women today are handling men's work.

Women are "working on the railroad" from San Francisco by the Golden Gate to New Orleans in the deep South. From Tucumcari in New Mexico to San Diego at the southern tip of California. Up and down the Pacific Coast from Portland to Los Angeles . . . and over the towering Sierras to Ogden in Utah.

Southern Pacific is the West's largest railroad and we serve more military and naval establishments than any other line in the nation. It is from West Coast ports where S. P. tracks converge that our country's fighting men move against Japan.

Our traffic load is now the heaviest in history. So you can see why we are very proud of the womenfolks who help guard our right of way and work at other vital jobs along our lines. We know their men in the fighting services are proud of these women, too.

S.P.'s "angels" are doing their part every day to back up brothers in bombers . . . husbands in Africa . . . sons in New Guinea . . . nephews in the Navy!



S.P.'s 5 Great Routes serve America and Mexico
VANCOUVER
VICTORIA
SEATTLE
TACOMA
PORTLAND
4 SHASTA ROUTE
3 OVERLAND ROUTE
OGDEN
SALT LAKE CITY
RENO
NEW YORK
CHICAGO
SAN FRANCISCO
OAKLAND
2 GOLDEN STATE ROUTE
TUCUMCARI
LOS ANGELES
SAN DIEGO
PHOENIX
TUCSON
CARLSBAD CAVERNS
1 SUNSET ROUTE
NOGALES
EL PASO
SAN ANTONIO
HOUSTON
NEW ORLEANS
GUAYMAS
5 WEST COAST OF MEXICO ROUTE
MAZATLAN
MEXICO CITY
GUADALAJARA
Southern Pacific
Connecting Lines

S·P

The friendly Southern Pacific

HEADQUARTERS: SAN FRANCISCO

One of America's railroads—
all *united for Victory!*

On your feet more in war
LOOK OUT FOR ATHLETE'S FOOT
DANGER

Hot, perspiring feet speed the growth of Athlete's Foot fungi!

Naturally your feet perspire *more* in hot summer weather—especially with wartime's extra walking! And it is this perspiration which irritates the skin, often cracking it wide open. Then the ever-present fungi which cause Athlete's Foot get in, through those raw open cracks and attack the flesh itself. Skin flakes off in dull, whitish patches. Toes get red, itch like fury—you've got Athlete's Foot!

Cracks warn you—soak them tonight!

Examine the skin between your toes tonight! At the first sign of raw, open cracks, drench the toes with Absorbine Jr. Use full strength and repeat night and morning.

1. **Absorbine Jr. is an effective fungicide. It *kills* the Athlete's Foot fungi *on contact.***
2. **It dissolves the perspiration products on which the Athlete's Foot fungi thrive.**
3. **It dries the skin between the toes.**
4. **It soothes and helps heal the broken tissues.**
5. **It eases itching and pain of Athlete's Foot.**

Athlete's Foot is serious—can cost you days of work! Always keep Absorbine Jr. handy. At all drugstores, $1.25 a bottle. For free sample, address W. F. Young, Inc., 201R Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr.

PROOF that Athlete's Foot fungi DIE AT TOUCH of Absorbine Jr.

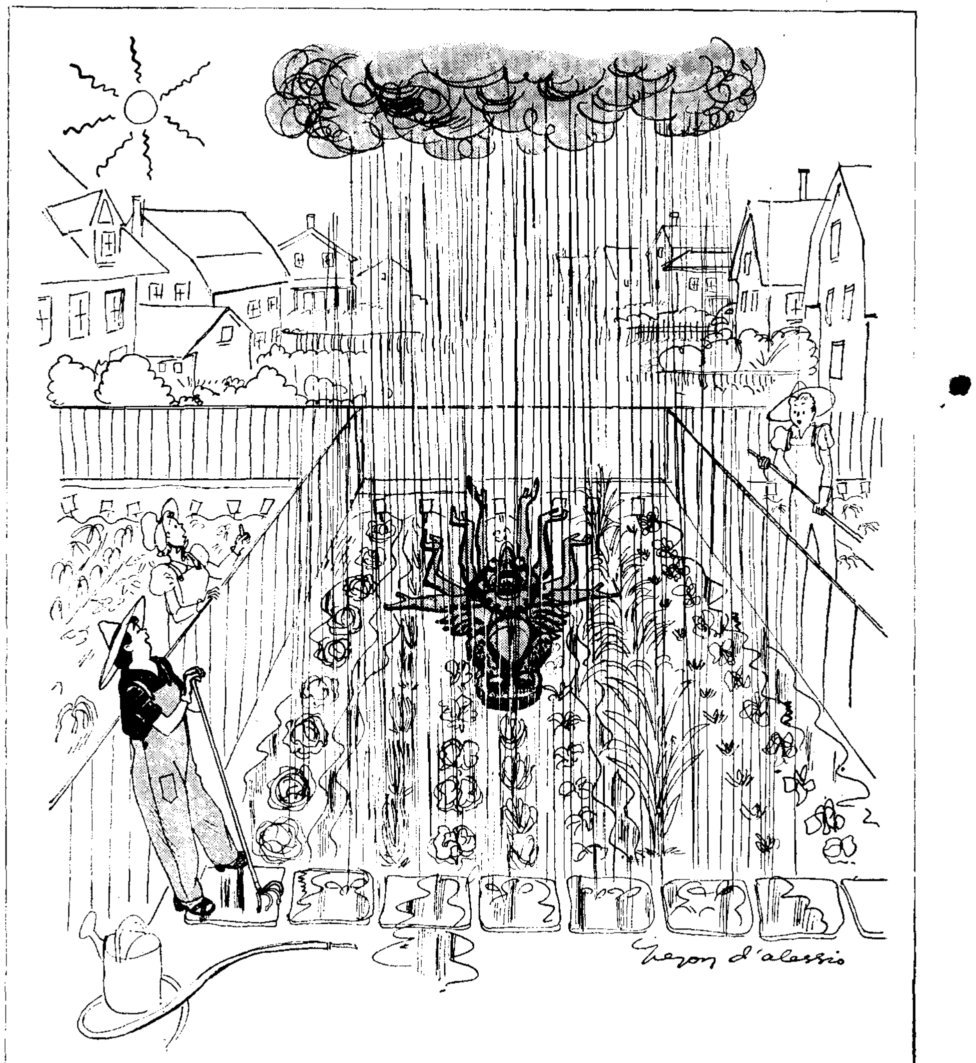
Fungi growing fast
Photomicrograph showing Athlete's Foot fungi. This parasitic plant life burrows under the tissues, irritates delicate nerve endings. No wonder Athlete's Foot causes severe pain!

Fungi dead
Photomicrograph showing that Absorbine Jr. kills Athlete's Foot fungi as they are reached. No longer can they grow and cause you so much pain and misery.

ABSORBINE JR.

KILLS ATHLETE'S FOOT FUNGI ON CONTACT!

Also brings ***QUICK RELIEF*** to Sore Muscles, Sunburn, Tired, Burning Feet.



"It's a native rain-god my son sent home from Africa"

COLLIER'S GREGORY D'ALESSIO

get over it. Lord, I hate to think of what he's missing! You offered him the richest and the rightest sort of life," Stephen said. "You would have been everything—companion, wife, housekeeper, inspiration, mother of his children. But because this woman with blue eyes and gold hair flits across his path, he couldn't see it."

"You make me feel—oh, less humiliated, less ashamed, when you talk that way," she said, smiling with tears in her shining dark eyes; "but don't think I'm ever going to forget. I seem to belong to him just as much as if we had got married a few weeks ago when we came so close to it. When anything happens at home, little or big, I think of telling you about it, talking with your mother, coming here to see how it might affect Alan. And I do know," she added, in a reasoning tone, "that he would be wretched, married to Mitzi. Because, if I can't understand Alan, I *do* understand her. Her whole world is Mitzi—Mitzi Cruickshank White Armitage."

STEPHEN, saying nothing, went back to his work. Griselle began to type again It was strangely inspiring to work out here under the trees with Stephen. She came to the McIntyre house almost every day now—sometimes for a moment, sometimes for a stay of hours. Stephen and she talked of everything, exchanged books, discussed international affairs.

Somehow Griselle felt completely at home with him and his mother; there was no room for shyness and embarrassment here. She displayed her new hat, confided to him her doubtful feelings about her hair-do, amused him with endless tales of the affairs at the Cruickshank house.

Today Griselle had on a new dress. It was a summery cotton dress, dark in color but brightened by unusual embroidery. It had cost, as she frankly told Mrs. McIntyre, seven dollars and fifty cents, plus tax, at Pennoyer's.

"It is perfectly lovely," said Stephen

"Plain," Griselle observed deprecatingly, but she thought that it was lovely, too.

Stephen studied her as she worked, looking more at the girl than he did at the dress.

"Two things," he presently said aloud

Griselle looked up in surprise "I thought you were working!"

"I was Two things; you've forgotten them. I said I had a piece of good news for you, and you said you had a funny little piece of good news for me. So which first?"

"The one who guesses nearest the number under twenty," Griselle said promptly Mrs. Cruickshank's table was a great place for games, the old doctor considered a meal lost unless a few games enlivened it, and this was one way to settle a choice. "You write down a number and I guess, then I write down a number and you guess," Griselle explained, "and the nearest tells first."

"Tells last," Stephen said. "Much better to tell last."

"All right, last. Write down your number." Griselle typed the number eleven; Stephen guessed the number two Griselle guessed the number seventeen and he showed her the sixteen that he had written.

"Me first?" he asked. "Okay. I wrote an article—hold your breath!—about Minor Variations in the Blood Typing of Laboratory Animals and sold it to the Journal of the Medical Association, and they sent me sixty-five dollars for it! I was going to send it to their department of Chemical Notes and New Suggestions, but it got too long. It knocked me silly when they accepted it as a regular article."

"Steve McIntyre, you're fooling!" Griselle's face was alight.

"No; I'm not. And it wasn't anything so important." But he was pleased at her excitement nevertheless "It's a start," he admitted.

"A start! It's wonderful. Now don't go being modest, Steve You know it's wonderful!"

"Well," he admitted, "it means that one of these days, old Buzz can put his pay into War Bonds. Mother has about sixty a month from two rents on a place in Fruitvale, and Alan sends us a hundred. But now *I'm* on my way!"

"But Doctor Liederkranz pays you something for correcting papers, Steve?"

"Oh, sure. Twenty-five a month But this is extra. Eventually, of course," Stephen said simply, "what with practice and consultation and articles and inventions, I'll be able to do something for Alan, for one of his kids, maybe, and to set my mother up any way she likes. It's just now, when I'm in pre-med—"

He went quietly to work again, and it was Griselle's turn to look at him. He was as quietly sure of himself as if the future had already unrolled its story Well, it made one feel sure of him, too.

"My news also has to do with financial security," she said.

"Oh, gosh, yes! I forgot it What is it?"

"Well, I walked up to see Mitzi last night because Mary Polhemus lives next door to General Cruickshank, and she and I had to go down to the canteen. He was all alone, and I played some backgammon with him. He got talking of my grandfather, and he said that he wanted me to know right now—but that Mitzi wasn't on any account to know—that he'd taken care of me in his new will. It seems he's changing his will. 'You won't have a great deal,' he said, 'but I want your grandfather's girl to be comfortable.' He spoke of a little ranch somewhere. Steve, do you suppose that there's the slightest chance of his leaving me a little ranch?" Griselle demanded joyfully.

"If he talked that way, I should suppose that there was a very good chance."

"A ranch of my own!"

"Would you like that so much, Griselle?"

"Oh. Steve! A place with trees and a spring Where I could have dogs and a cow, and talk about the apricot crop and the woodpile! Wouldn't *you* love it? You could perfectly well," Griselle went on, with that total lack of embarrassment in alluding to Stephen's lameness that sometimes filled his mother with terror, "you could get about, you know, with your stick and plenty of rests. Some day you'll *have* to have a ranch, too."

"I'd love it," he agreed, smiling at her.

STEPHEN wheeled himself to his classes every morning and, with the aid of his crutch and the handrail, managed whatever stairs were necessary to reach the classrooms He brought home not only his own work but the great sheaf of papers he corrected for one of the instructors. He worked steadily and with zest; he could not apply himself with sufficient concentration to satisfy his own ideals; he was never tired. His mother would carry out to him a thick sandwich and a glass of milk at noon. Sometimes he did not take his eyes from his work while he devoured them.

But of late she knew that during the afternoon, especially at about four o'clock, when Griselle had finished her last class, Stephen was always waiting for something. At every click of the gate, his head came up: once when a woman caller came across the garden quietly and stopped close to him, he looked up with so radiant a smile of welcome that his mother's heart ached for him.

She saw the look fade into one of ordinary civility that barely concealed his absolute shock of disappointment, and she saw content and serenity come back into his face when the gate clicked a second time, and Griselle, tall and smiling and a little grimed and weary from summer hours in the classroom, came in.

(To be continued next week)

One Wing and a Player

Continued from page 26

outfield moved over for a drive toward the left outer garden, he crossed them up by depositing a scorching line drive to right field to send two runners across. Defensively, he turned in the sensational catch of the night when in the fifth, with two on, he raced in at full speed to take a shoestring belt off Pete Elko's bat.

To confirm the above, Doc Prothro, the reformed dentist and the Chicks' manager, says, "Gray is a sharp line-drive place hitter and slams them between outfielders for extra bases. Sometimes, when he gets a ball especially to his liking, he bangs it over their heads. He is very fast on the bases and is an expert in the school of bunt and drag. The boy has plenty of courage and is at his best when the chips are down. It is actually uncanny how sure of a catch he is with one hand."

To "drag" a bunt means that the batter has expertly applied the backspin that causes such a rolling ball to slow up and come to a premature stop, permitting a speedy runner to beat out the infielder's throw to first base. It is an essential part of a place hitter's equipment.

Gray has a perfect stance at the plate and uses a club a couple of ounces heavier than the regulation 36-ounce bat wielded by most two-armed players. He claims it helps his balance and timing and makes the ball travel farther. He grasps it near the end, leaving just enough room between his left hand and the end for his right mitt if he had one.

A Good Throwing Arm

He holds the bat a foot behind him on a level with his head, in ready position to take his cut. You would think that an inside pitch across his knees would be difficult for him to hit, but he says that this is his pet baby to pull into right field. Gray has a better-than-average arm for an outfielder and throws his share of daring runners out at the plate. But the other clubs are hep to this fact and seldom take any unnecessary chances on his wing.

In early June he was playing with an injured hand and knee, but in three successive games he accumulated eight hits out of nine times at bat. Then the hand became so sore that, over his protests, they took him out to give it a chance. He argued, as usual wanting his own way. But compensating for this trait, he fights for his base hits and close decisions and is not adverse to pushing the umps around when he thinks he is right.

He was born in Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, on March 6, 1917, in the heart of the coal fields—a very tough neighborhood where a kid had to use his fists. The loss of his right arm when he was six years old didn't help. He lost the arm through an accident. He jumped out of a grocer's moving car and crushed it against the curb. It was amputated just above the elbow.

His folks are of Lithuanian-American stock, and his father is a coal miner.

It was at the age of thirteen that an incident occurred which pointed strongly to the fact that he would not be easily stopped in reaching whatever objective he chose to attain. He was a runner on third base in a kid's ball game in Nanticoke. The sun had stoked the stone- and tin-can-covered field into a hot furnace. There came a crack of the bat against the ball—a grounder to the second baseman.

A Dive for the Plate

Few kids would have attempted to score, but Pete thought he could make it. He lit out for home and dust-stormed the plate in a headfirst belly slide, and he hit the heavy-set catcher so hard he knocked the ball out of his hand.

The catcher straightened up, waited for Pete to arise and then yelled, "If it wasn't for your handicap, smart guy, I'd bust your face in!" The next moment he was rubbing the ball field out of his nose.

Pete spat on his skinned knuckles, gazed down at him and said indignantly, "What handicap?"

But there was a handicap. "At first, I couldn't hold onto the ball," Pete revealed. "So I kept pulling the padding out of the glove to make it loose and flexible. After I had yanked the stuffing all out, I had overcome the handicap. I could catch the ball just fine."

In sum, almost barehanded.

The greatest single factor in his determination to make good in baseball, he says, was that day he sat in the stands at Wrigley Field—World Series, 1932—when Babe Ruth called his shot. "I was only fifteen," he grinned. "And I had to hitchhike from Nanticoke. But I would not have missed it for anything. That was when Ruth, with two strikes on him, pointed to a spot in the bleachers and dumped the next pitch therein for a home run. I said to myself, 'Pete, the whole trick is confidence in yourself. If you are sure you can do it, you will do it.'"

He says he learned the game "pretty fair" when he was mascot of a team in Nanticoke. "And I kept learning a little more along the line. Two years ago, I picked up some good dope with the Brooklyn Bushwicks, one of the best semipro clubs. But Mickey O'Neil, when I was with Three Rivers in the Canadian-American League last year, taught me more than anybody else. I've been getting better all the time. Working in the American or National Leagues would be just another ball game, only I'd reach my top form because I'd be more inspired, naturally."

To ballplayers, sports writers and track coaches, one of the most amazing things about him is his sense of balance when running. Imagine strapping your right arm to your side and running at top speed—then winding up with a hook slide to a base. Yet he is considered an unusually fast and dangerous base runner.

This accounts for the breath-taking catches he makes, generally going at top speed. But to watch him make a catch in a game and get the ball away is of little help in discovering how he does it. A group of sports writers discovered this when he first reported to the Memphis Chicks. Gray was illustrating for their benefit, and he repeated it many times over.

Finally, one gentleman wittily demanded, "Okay. Now do it so we can see it."

Although Pete can catch a ball and throw it back to the infield in many ways, he always uses the same method in a game. As he catches the ball, he brings the glove up to his right armpit, letting the ball roll down his wrist against his chest. Then he holds the glove between the arm stump and his body, pulls his hand out, lowers it, and the ball rolls back into his palm, all ready to be tossed.

Lightning Action

It's all done so fast that it looks like a comic-strip performance of Superman. And he does it with a glove that hasn't a quarter of an ounce of padding left in it.

Pete does not drink but smokes long, black cigars, and usually, off the field, you have to plunge through a smoke screen to locate him. He dresses snappily, loves to fish, and is afraid of a microphone. When you talk to him, his blue eyes alternately sparkle and flash fire.

He was quite bright in the classroom, but quit in his first year at Nanticoke High School. His favorite subject was history. He says he would prefer, among major-league clubs, to play with the Phillies.

Jim McKee, United Press sports writer in Memphis, who has been watching Gray perform all season, made this prediction: "If there is one guy who could pack them in, in the big leagues, to beat Babe Ruth as a drawing card, his name is Pete Gray. The lad can hit that ball where they ain't—and there isn't a better outfielder in any league. And all the fans simply idolize him."

Pete says that the longest hit he ever made was in outlaw ball in Canada. "A home run, of course, with two on—four hundred and seventeen feet."

"That," somebody said, "must have been quite a thrill."

The one-armed player squinted into the sun that was frying Russwood Park, the Chicks' ball field, into a sizzling omelette, and then he drawled, "Well, no. I was a little sore. We were playing with a dead ball."

THE END

dave gerard

"So that's the way it's done! Fred, come up here a minute and look at this!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

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BUY WAR BONDS

I Love My Draft Board

Continued from page 23

But her eyes reassured him. They were nearly inscrutable but not, thank heaven, sultry; they could be the eyes of a butcher confronted with a nice side of beef.

"Say something, please."

"I'm tired of waiting to see you," said Mr. Newton.

"Thank you."

"Not at all," said Mr. Newton.

His voice was all right, too—deep and nicely handled, with a slightly British inflection.

"4-F?" Doris inquired. It was appallingly rude but acutely necessary. The information was, in fact, vital.

His face firmed against her, but he said most politely, "None of your business."

"You have six children under school age, then? Possibly?"

"Possibly," he admitted. "My memory is poor."

But Doris' was not; it contained, among other things, practically every Variety headline of the last five years. She had been making swift little dives into its productive depths, searching for some old knowledge of him, and now she had it. After college dramatics—at Yale, she thought—he had had fair notices in two highly unfair New York productions and then a year's run as the second lead in an astoundingly successful London version of a Broadway flop. Not bad, she thought. No actual picture experience, but a creditable acting background. Not bad at all.

She smiled at him brilliantly. "I'm *not* trying to be rude, but naturally we must know how you stand with the draft. It *can,*" she reminded him sadly, "happen here."

His expression became equally as sad. "These are troublous times," he reminded her in turn and almost tearfully. "It can happen anywhere."

She could see him as the younger brother in the new biggie Metro had ready to shoot. She could see him clearly and the sight was lovely. But not at the rate they were going.

She became very businesslike again and rather cold. "You act, I presume?"

"So," he confessed, "do I." And he gave her the information on himself which she already possessed, no more and no less. But there was a hole in it, she realized suddenly; the London production had opened two years ago.

"And last year?"

"Search me," he invited her blandly. "I must have been incognito, particularly to myself."

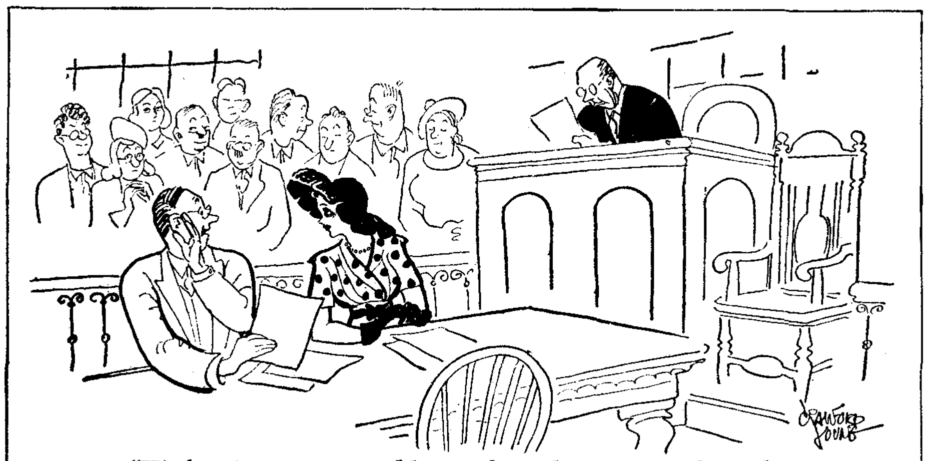
"And you'd like a picture job?"

"I'd love it," he said gravely. "All my life I've wanted to be in pictures more than anything else in the world."

DORIS knew the tortures of the damned (and most Hollywood residents). Irritation made her long to be rid of him, but her knowing excitement wouldn't have let him go on a bet. He was a dream boy, there was no doubt about that. He had poise, looks, sufficient experience and what might pass on a remote silver screen for charm. And she would have liked, at the moment, to see him standing there in a growing pool of his own blood. That's my trouble, she thought savagely; I dream too much.

"There *may,*" she murmured slowly and thoughtfully, "be something I can do for you. But only if you can get a signed statement from your draft board. After all, we can't spend time and money building people up—"

Blake Newton began ponderously to count off her sins on his fingers. "Laurence Johns just joined the Coast Guard. Michael Lane is in the Army. Grant Mor-[illegible] a Marine and—"



"His beating you is an old story but when the jury hears he stepped all over your Victory garden his goose is cooked"

COLLIER'S CRAWFORD YOUNG

Doris winced and held up one wan restraining hand. Then she called her secretary and asked hoarsely for a contract.

"For a man with no memory you're doing remarkably well, Mr. Newton."

He smiled piously. "It's because I only think about other people. Never, never about myself. I guess," he added doubtfully, "agents aren't like that."

DORIS gave herself no credit for having got him a test so quickly. After all, the actor shortage was so acute that directors were said to be testing directors. But she was a girl who knew screen material when it talked back to her, and in Blake Newton she knew instinctively and certainly that she had something. He was too good for the usual one-year-in-B-pictures treatment. Also Miss Doris Baldwin was in dire need of a top-flight actor *immediately;* she could not afford to wait a slow, ruinous year. So she wanted an auspicious start for him. To put it greedily, she wanted for him the small but showy part of the cowardly younger brother in Tomorrow Is New.

This was not easily accomplished. The studio liked the test and was willing to risk a supporting player's contract on it, but not an important part in an A production. For that part they were on the verge of signing an excellent actor who was also a youngish grandfather, but who looked—they fervently hoped—practically childlike. It was in coping with situations such as these that Doris had achieved the eminence of a junior partnership. She called upon the producer in question and sweetly stated her desires. She listened, gracious, reasonable and wide-eyed, while he explained the impossibility of their fulfillment. Then, looking like every man's dream of his best friend's sister, she produced arguments as sharp as a hunting knife, in the language of the implacable and relentless hunter.

COLLIER'S "You were simply divine today!" DAVID B. HUFFINE

Blake Newton got the part.

Happily returned to her own office, Doris rang the number Blake had left with her and imparted her news. He groaned so loudly that the sound hurt her ear.

"I read the novel. It stank."

"It was a best seller," she reminded him, shocked. "For *months.* They paid fifty thousand for the screen rights."

"Undoubtedly. It stank."

Miles, wandering in from his own office, was halted by an astounding spectacle. The face of his beautiful, impervious partner blazed red with a rare anger: in a less impeccable person he would even have suspected the presence of perspiration.

"Listen, Newton," she snapped, "you don't have to adore it, you just have to act in it. They start shooting Monday and they'll need you on the first day. Get lots of sleep from now until then. *Every* night. And have your hair cut, but not too short." She slammed the phone back into its cradle, glared at it and came awfully close to gnashing her teeth. "*That* one is impossible. He's a terror. If he cared to run he could be elected monster of the year with no trouble at all."

Miles regarded her soberly. "Funny—" he remarked.

"You think so? What a riotous time you must have at funerals."

"You're the girl who always said an actor was just an actor."

"Is that what I always said? I'm quite a wit, aren't I?"

"You must have believed it, too. I never knew you to get angry at one before. I never knew you to feel anything at all."

"That's because," Doris stated savagely, "there has never before been an actor like *this* one."

He stared at her for a long moment before he said, "I have just come, reluctantly, to the same conclusion." He turned back toward his own domain. He croaked, "Watch yourself, Junior," and closed the door behind him. Then he opened it again and snarled, "*Never mind.* I'll take care of it."

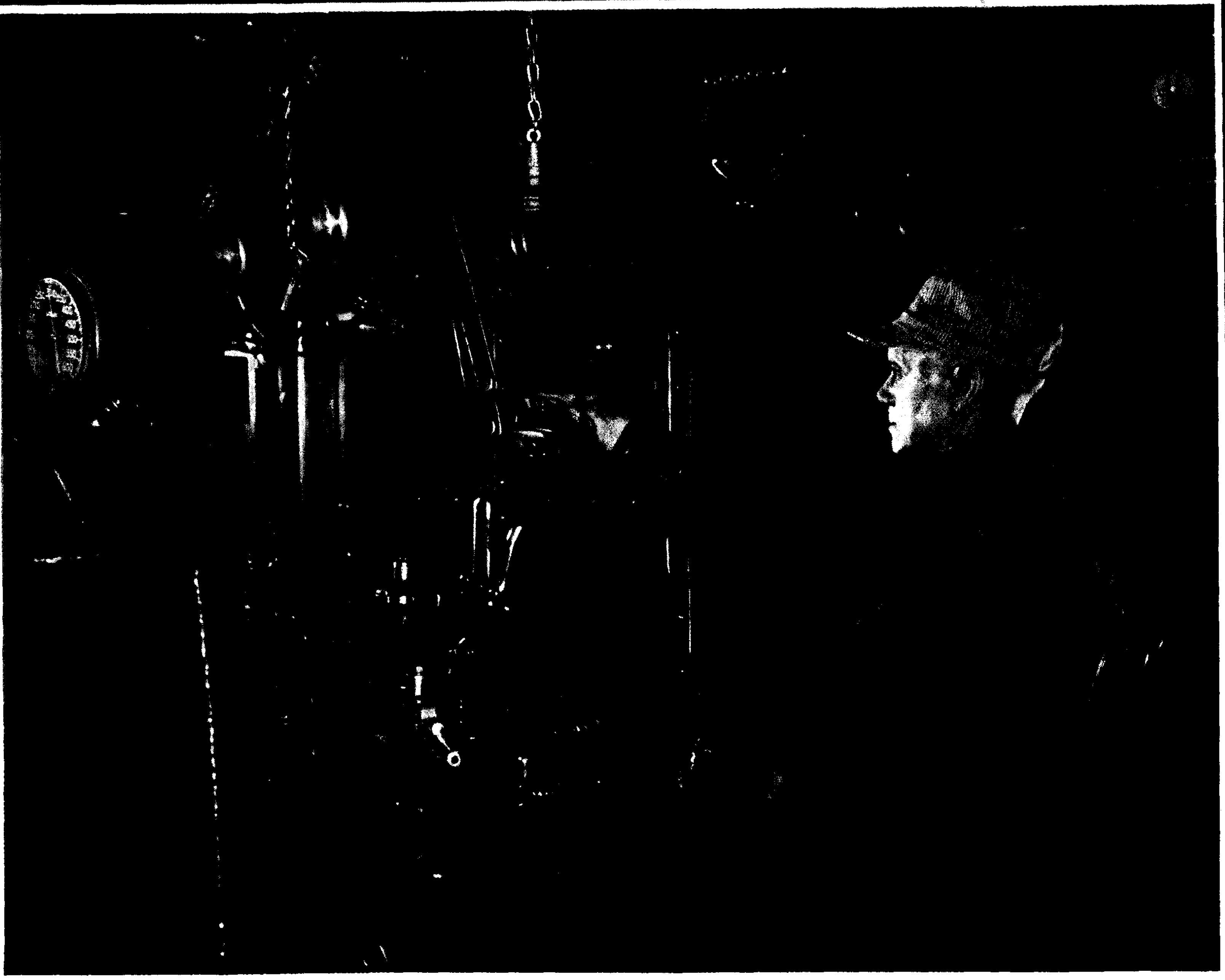
ON MONDAY morning there was a wire for Doris from Larry Johns, sent from a railway station. He was on his way to boot camp; the thought made her swiftly sick at her stomach. It also made her realize even more clearly that very nearly all her eggs were in one basket, an untried, uncertain, probably unreliable receptacle named Newton. She canceled the morning's appointments and drove hastily to Culver City, closely pursued by the ragged specter of failure.

The vast, dim sound stage was frantically busy and violently noisy, but there were odd little moments of hush. The excitement of the first day, the new venture, was almost tangible in the air. All of the activity, all of the noise, was waiting and expectant, pointed for that moment of silence that would precede the first take. Everyone present pretended an irritable indifference toward that moment, but nobody was fooling anybody else.

Nick Webster, the director, was standing on the side lines in a little tight circle of enforced calm. His desperate serenity was not without flaw, however; as she spoke to him a nerve in his left eyelid winked several times in quick, helpless succession.

"I hear you sneaked in a boy at the last moment, right under the wire. He'd better be good."

"That's your department," Doris told him, and was glad, very glad, that it was true. When Nick Webster had made the



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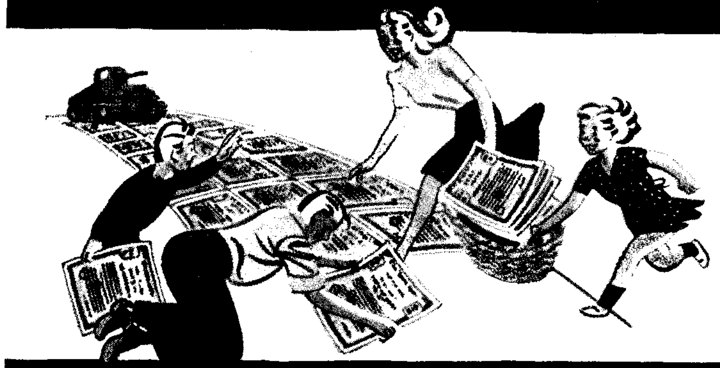

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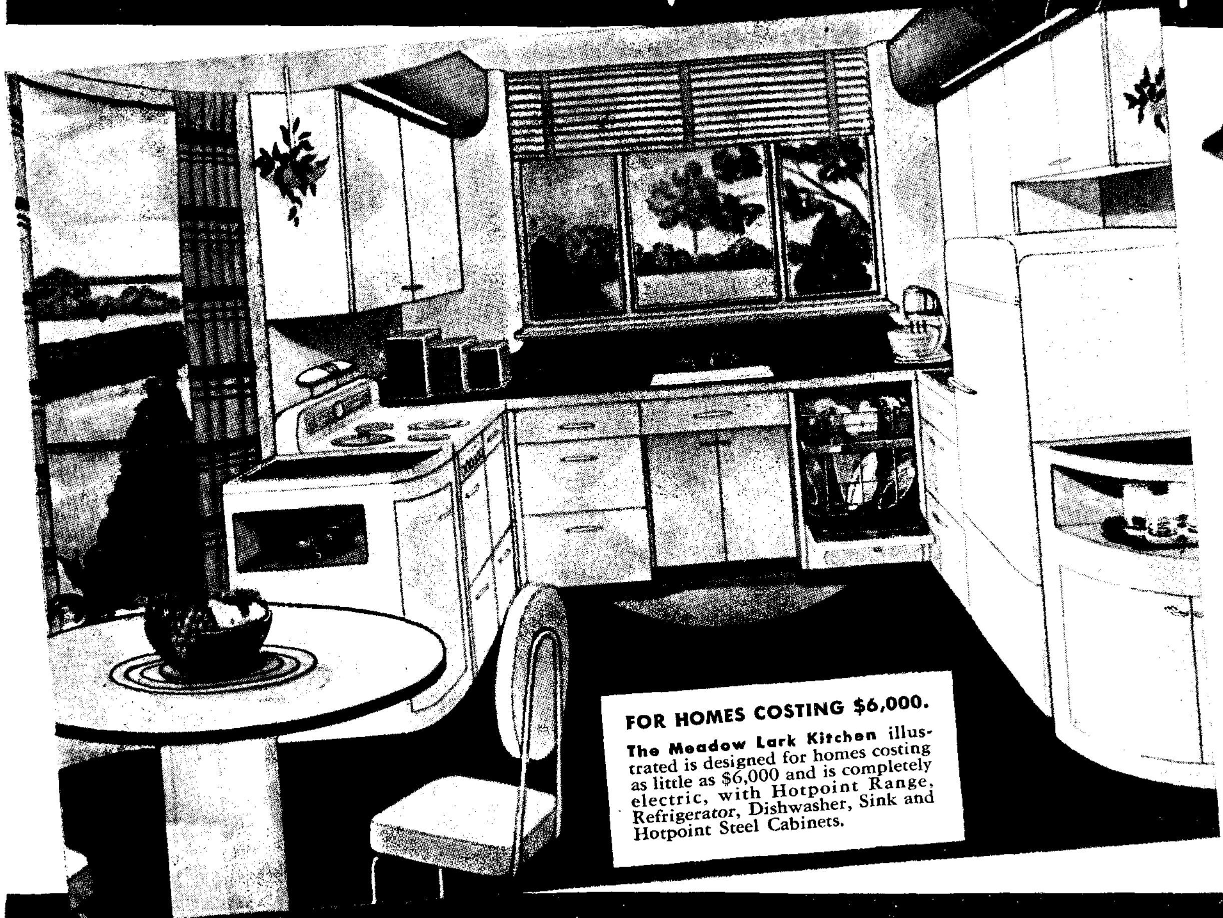

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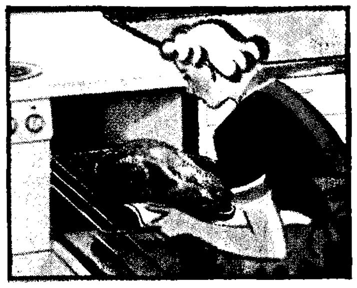

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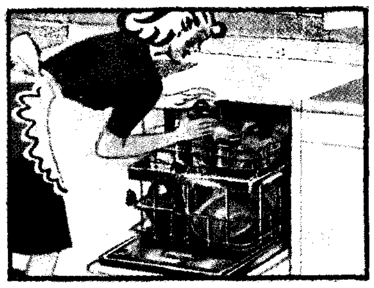

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greatest animal film of all time it was practically a cinch; both before and since, he had made actors of far worse material. His guidance of this film was at least half of the reason why she had wanted Blake to appear in it. She thought of telling him so and then remembered that of course he knew it, anyway, and it was no comfort.

Now he wiped from his brow the damp sign of anguish that not fifteen years of rhythmic success had ever diminished. "Sure," he moaned. "Sure, I'm a miracle man. But it's nicer when I've got something to work with."

THEN Blake came on the set, looking somehow strange and different in a light make-up and a good English suit which Doris knew instantly had *not* come from the wardrobe department. He was followed almost immediately by the feminine star, a beauty who fortunately didn't depend on it. She was a good, hard-working actress and now she was just as scared as anybody else.

The first scene would concern just the two of them, a short transitory scene of subtle dislike and distrust. The dialogue director checked with each of them, briefly, for they were both letter-perfect. Then Nick called them over and told them just what he wanted from the scene, in the droning, desperate voice of a man who is certain he is not going to get it. Then every prop man and technician on the set began to move the nearest piece of equipment in a kind of subdued terror. Nick asked for quiet in a pain-filled voice. He got an uneasy void in which small noises trembled endlessly. The first rehearsal was on.

Doris nailed Blake with her eyes, anxiously intent. He took direction well, remembering to stress the points Nick had indicated and easing up on the rest to form a creditably timed whole. Beside the experienced, hard-won relaxation of the star his tenseness was perceptible, but not, she judged, intrusive. Her own suddenly released breath surprised her with its tiny moaning sound as the scene ended.

Blake wandered over, slowly but in a very direct line. "Did I do good, Mother?"

She was fiercely, ridiculously annoyed with him. He held all her hopes, and he held them too lightly. Also she continually sensed something in him that was very like contempt.

"That scene will run two minutes," she muttered, "*if* they leave it in. I reserve judgment."

His eyes met hers coolly as his voice sobbed, "I had hoped for a lump of sugar. *At least.*"

Then, suddenly and oddly, Miles had joined them, emerging wraithlike from the shadowed areas beyond the lights. It was very strange indeed, because Miles had had an appointment that morning at one of the valley studios. He thrust an arm through one of Doris', but he spoke to Blake:

"Nice scene. You can act, apparently."

"Thanks. And what can you do?"

"Nothing much. I do a little peddling now and again." His hand tightened on Doris' arm. "I'm her partner."

Blake's quick grin was friendly and amused. "It's a pleasure to meet a really brave man. I shudder to think what you must go through in a day."

Miles' answering smile was a pale imitation of his usual one. "You could take advantage of one of our policies," he suggested evenly. "We're always very glad to release a discontented client. Aren't we, Doris?"

"No," Doris gasped. "*No,*" she wailed.

His shrug disposed neatly of all feminine weaknesses. "I," he reminded Blake, "am the senior partner."

"And I," said Blake coldly, "am not discontented."

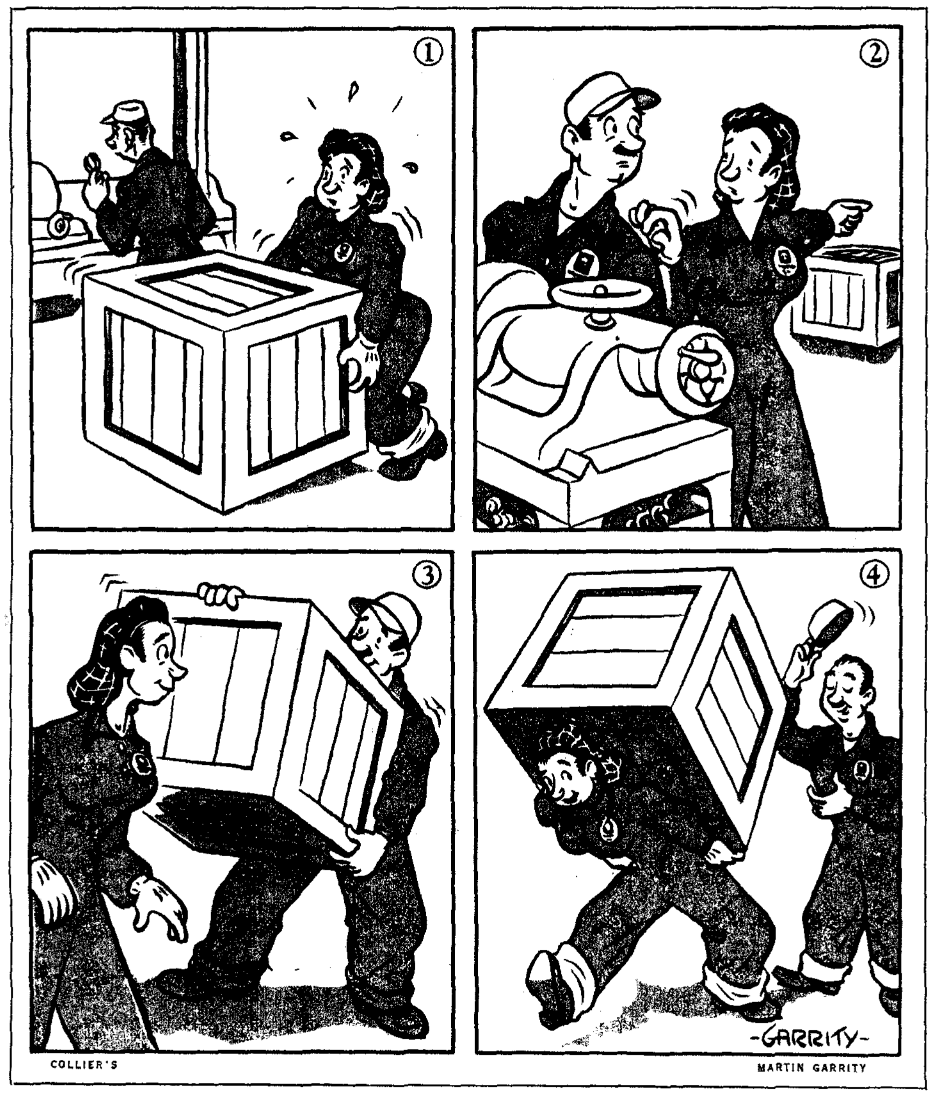
"But the future is veiled for us all, isn't it?"

"I'm staying," said Blake furiously.

This new proof of human stupidity saddened Miles noticeably.

"As you like, of course. But I can't feel that the three of us are going to be very happy."

Doris decided, with what decision was left her, that the next time an irresistible force met an immovable object she would arrange not to be in the middle.



On the Webster set, henceforward, Miss Baldwin was only just slightly less prominent than Mr. Webster. Blake's role was small and would be completed with the first two weeks of production; considering the precarious state of her own career, Doris felt that she could afford two weeks of highly personal attention.

Her services were constant, selfless and practically unlimited.

Two days before the scheduled completion of his role, as they drove back from the studio in their usual evening silence, Doris' gaze suddenly sharpened on Blake's face. She gazed at him long and earnestly, to the detriment of her driving, and then she turned back to the wheel and sped like a madwoman into Beverly Hills. At his apartment she took him firmly by the arm and led him inside. She jerked off her hat, shed her coat and stood confronting him.

"You're catching a cold," she accused him.

"What's the matter? Isn't it in my contract?"

"Get undressed and get into bed. I'll fix you something."

"I don't want to go to bed. And what will you fix me?"

Genuine distress touched Doris' face with irresistibility. "Please. Please don't argue, Blake. Just do as I say."

Blake went to bed. Feeling foolish, feeling suddenly confused, he watched her come into his room carefully bearing a full steaming cup. She placed one hand on his forehead, shook her head and gave him the cup.

"What is it?"

"Brandy."

"*What—?*"

"It's all right. The alcohol has all been removed."

"How?" asked Blake suspiciously.

"I heated it to the boiling point and then lit and burned it. It's very good for colds."

Blake drank it, and felt much better.

"You're very thoughtful. It's nice of you to take so much trouble."

Doris looked at him anxiously. "I imagine," she said, "you have the sort of a face that puffs up with a cold."

Blake's expression underwent a subtle revolt, settling finally into the now familiar pattern of passive resistance. Her own, she knew, was undergoing a more violent change. She was ashamed of her quick words and of the incomplete thought they exhibited; then she was ashamed of being ashamed. She felt simultaneously wrong and wronged against. It was peculiarly uncomfortable.

BLAKE methodically set down the cup that still steamed cozily. He reached out for her, pulled her down against him and kissed her. It was a strange, startling kiss, both heated and terribly cold, and it produced a strange reaction. For a moment she was properly indignant, and then that girlishness was lost in a flood of unexpected emotion. She felt wonderfully tender; she felt deliciously sad; she suddenly knew her own loneliness in the sweet sense that it was past.

Then he let her go, with finality, and all he said was, "I just wanted to express an additional appreciation. A dividend, if you like. Ten per cent is obviously not enough for *your* services."

She didn't go on the set the next day, nor the next. She stayed in the office and laboriously tended to other people's business. She felt busily awful. She felt a confusion so complete it resembled sudden blindness, and it wasn't any fun.

But, eventually, the two days were over, it was the evening of the last day of Blake's part, and she could call Nick Webster in the privacy of his own home.

Nick said, "You know as well as I do.

"....more pipe smokers per square mile"

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KANSAS CITY, MO.
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LOS ANGELES
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MILWAUKEE
152 W. Wisconsin Ave.
MINNEAPOLIS
612 Andrus Bldg.
NEW YORK
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NEWARK, N. J.
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OKLAHOMA CITY
206 Hightower Bldg.
OMAHA
647 Omaha Natl. B'k Bldg.
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TO HASTEN VICTORY—BUY MORE WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

Newton can go just about as far as he likes in this business. Or as far as you like. Now, quit bothering me, will you? You're making a squealer of me."

Morning sent Doris to the studio, but not to any sound stage. She marched resolutely into the administration building, the front office, and when she came out she had arranged a contract for Blake that was literally as good as gold. A lot of gold, not too many options and even the right to do one picture a year off the lot. It was practically perfect and she should have felt triumphant, but she somehow didn't. He'll be drafted, she told herself morosely; *naturally* he'll be drafted. What else?

Anyway, she thought, I've done my part. It's finished. Now I can get back to normal.

IT WAS, she found, a cinch. It was as easy as rolling off a rack. To achieve normalcy all you had to do was hang on to it with the grip of an anguished wrestler and remember not to scream. Even so, little things kept cropping up.

Like Miles, one morning. He came stalking into her office with a funny look on his face and said, "I've got to talk to you."

"Some other month, Miles. Please—"

"I've *got* to," he insisted oddly. Miles never insisted.

"It's like this, friend. I couldn't even talk about the weather."

"At the risk of coining a phrase, may I say it's later than you think?"

Tears welled absurdly, treacherously, in her eyes. "Don't plague me, Miles."

"Don't look like that," he yelled desperately.

"Don't plague me."

He relaxed suddenly. It was the relaxation of defeat, of complete helplessness. "All right," he groaned. "All right, I won't. But I'll regret it."

Then Blake appeared in the late afternoon, laden with a large corsage box and an expression she was nervously unable to read.

"They put me in another picture," he announced foolishly.

"Is *that* what you came to tell me?" Naturally, she knew they had rushed him right into the lead in a new comedy. It was not the greatest comedy in the world, but it was a lead and a good build-up. It had her approval.

He shook his head. He placed the corsage box on the desk before her. "I came to take you to dinner."

"Why?" asked Doris baldly.

"Because I want to take you to dinner."

Doris felt her uncertain hand creeping toward the interoffice phone, toward Miles and support. She jerked back the traitorous member. Are you, she asked herself fiercely, a flesh peddler or a mouse? Fortunately, Blake ushered her out before it was necessary to find an answer.

It was a surprisingly, an astoundingly pleasant evening. Until a late diner passed their table on the way to his own and Doris shuddered. Visibly and significantly. "He's on the draft board."

"Looks like a good man for the job."

"Blake—"

"Yes, my dear?"

"Agents are like doctors, Blake. You can tell them anything."

"But doctors see more blood. Or *don't* they?"

"The Armed Forces," she pleaded. "Please, what about you and the military?"

"Well, if you'd really like to know—"

Grimly she confessed, "*I would.*"

"Well, I was a member of the Ferrying Command. Until—"

"Until you were hurt?"

"Until I was terribly, terribly hurt. Mussed up the nerves in one arm. Don't worry, it doesn't show." Looking at her solemnly, Blake said, "I fell down a flight of stairs leading to a London night club."

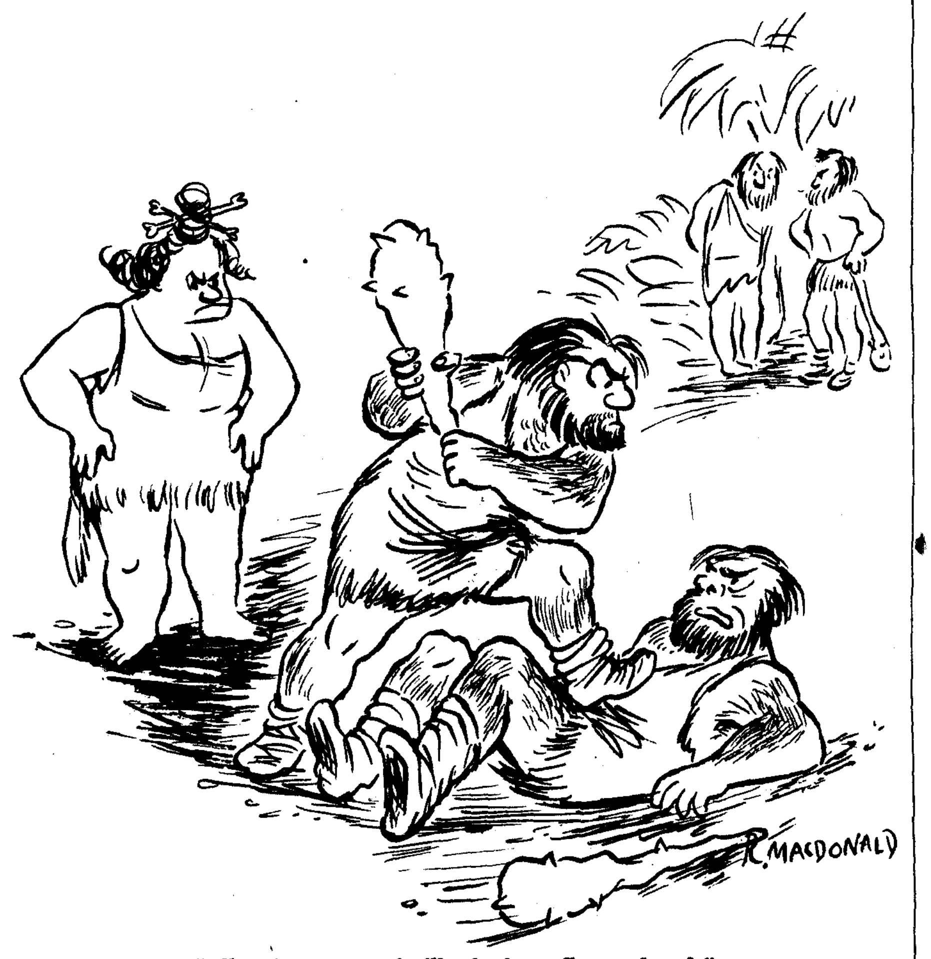
"You're joking—"

"I'm very serious."

THE tension departed from Doris in a great sigh. She didn't know whether to believe him or not; it didn't matter; he was safe.

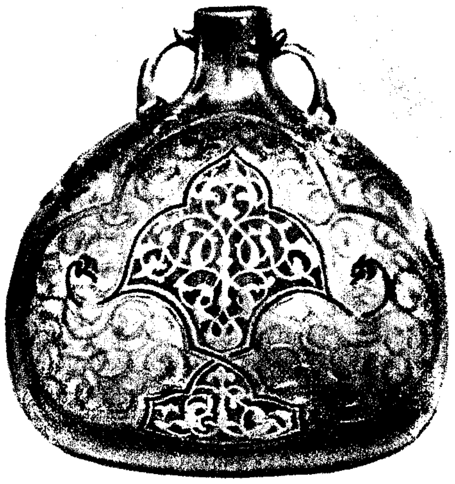
"It's perfect, Blake," she said earnestly. "You've done your part and now you're free to be as big as this town. Because you *will* be, you know."

"And you," he said with equal earnest-

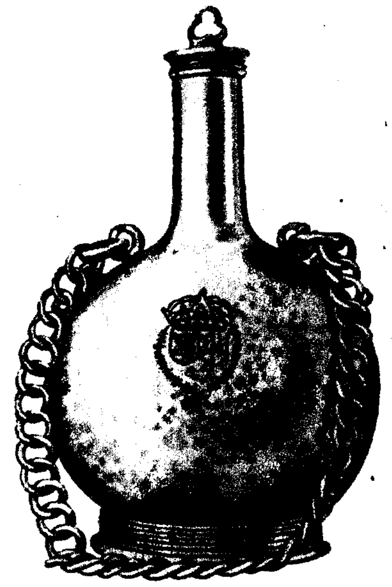


COLLIER'S "All right, you win! I'll take her off your hands" ROBERTA MACDONALD

Famous Old Bottles



Pilgrim Bottle of Saracenic glass... made about 1300 A. D. This medieval bottle is believed to have been blown in Mesopotamia. It is now a priceless treasure of the British Museum.



Wine Bottle made in 1581 for Henry III. Of silver gilt, bearing the royal crest, this famous old bottle was exhibited in the Louvre at the beginning of the war.

American Antique made in the 1830's. The inscription on this bottle was inspired by the advent of the railroad. Fortunate is the collector who possesses a 'Railroad Flask'.

The Black Label Bottle bearing the name of Johnnie Walker and famous since 1820. The quality of its contents makes this 12-year-old scotch a treasure among whiskies. It belongs in your home.

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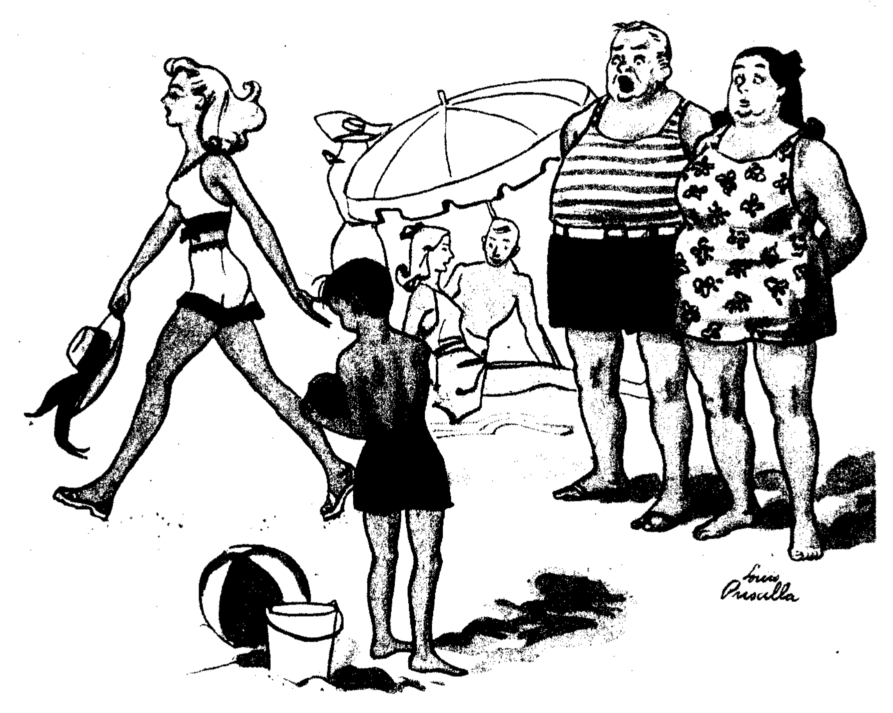


COLLIER'S "Come, Junior—don't waste film" LOUIS PRISCILLA

ness, "will be one whale of a woman. If ever you get the hang of it."

The remark left a small blight on her evening. He was always saying things like that. She was, she suddenly knew, very fond of him. Why was he always saying those things?

But on a certain Tuesday later on, Miss Baldwin was a thoroughly happy wench. She had a new star, she was going to be able to keep him and he was even better than she had dared to hope. On her usual rounds of the studios she had dropped in at Blake's studio, and had heard that the rushes of the new picture were triumphant. Blake's performance was, it seemed, raising a limp comedy to unexpected heights.

SHE waltzed happily through the late-afternoon emptiness of the Parrish & Baldwin outer office, full to the brim with the joy of living. Abruptly, that joy left her—all of it. On the corner of the desk where the mail was usually placed, reposed, not surprisingly, the afternoon mail. But from the pile extended the all-too-familiar length of a white envelope. And on the envelope was the official stamp of the draft board.

She bolted for Miles' office, whimpering.

He rose to meet her, looking pretty pale himself, and she collapsed into the chair he had just vacated.

"The draft board—" she moaned.

"I know. I know, honey."

"They're after Blake, of course. They want to take my best actor, my last actor, the best actor I *ever* had."

Quite sharply Miles said, "It may not be as bad as that. Why, for instance, would they send his notice *here?*"

But there was in Doris no impulse toward logic and, now, there was no time. For the condemned man himself had appeared in the outer office, seen her and burst through the open door. He slowed down when he saw Miles.

"I—I have something rather important to tell her."

"And you've got a nice day for it," Miles barked. "The line forms *after me.*"

But Blake, leaning eagerly toward Doris across the desk, had already begun to spill out his words.

"I've just come from seeing a doctor. I've just had the good word. My arm is perfectly healed and I'm going back into active service. With the Ferrying Command. Of course," he added negligently, "I'll finish this picture. I can wait that long."

"I said—*after me,*" Miles roared, and then was suddenly very still.

Politely Doris said, "The—Ferrying Command?" Her head was full of wet feathers.

Blake nodded. "I know how you feel, darling, and I'll make it up to you," he said gently. "I like being an actor and I'll be one again. But for the time being I've *got* a job."

"The—Ferrying Command," Doris repeated fuzzily. "Then—who's for the Army?" She turned huge, incredulous eyes on Miles.

Miles said, "That's right. Now you've got it. Me." He waited a small moment before he said wearily, "I've been trying to tell you, you may recall. About this, and a few other things."

Almost of its own volition Doris' head began to wobble from side to side, violently, wildly. It was impossible. It couldn't happen. She not only couldn't get along without Miles, she couldn't imagine getting along without him. He was indispensable, unexpendable, utterly necessary to her existence. He was her partner, one half of herself. More, much more, than one half.

From some distant, unimportant place she heard Blake's voice. She realized, suddenly and dimly, that it was a large voice, the voice of a generous and civilized man, but the realization didn't mean very much. He said, "I knew it would be a cataclysm when it happened. I'm glad I was here to see it." He said ruefully, "There are other girls in the world, I believe."

Through a sort of heavy fog she saw him go to Miles and shake his hand. "Good luck," he said.

Miles said, "Huh?"

Then Blake Newton must have gone away.

AFTER a while Doris stood up. Quickly Miles went clear across the room and stood behind a chair. He looked frightened, and something else, something that he wouldn't yet let come to his face.

"Listen," he said hoarsely, "this is old Miles Parrish. You know, plain-as-an-old-shoe Parrish. Are you *sure* you know what you're doing?"

For a moment Doris' mind was very clear. "We all have to tighten our belts," she said distinctly. "I can peddle child actors for the duration." A thought came to her and she was pleased with it. "One or two of our own, even."

Then she walked across the room, very resolutely.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

AND we have a note from Mr. Troy Gordon of Kansas City, Missouri, advising us that his state is now requiring a blood test and a three-day cooling-off period before marriage. "The most noticeable effect around here is that justices of the peace are scratching around for income side lines to replace the fees lost by the mass marital migration to Kansas City, Kansas, where you need only a license and a girl and the ability not to give a damn."

WE HAVE received official notification that Mr. D. Talmadge Bowers of Elberton, Georgia, is a candidate for the Republican nomination for President. Mr. Bowers, a handsome and patriotic gentleman, says that he's a "lifelong Republican" and "with my life and health permitting I shall . . . uphold and protect true American Jeffersonian Democracy . . . against the Communists, New Dealers, so help me Almighty God." Things are warming up. Mr. Joey Dittenbaugh of Bremerton, Washington, who "has been prevailed upon four times to withdraw his name as candidate for the Republican nomination in former years" has finally decided to stop being accommodating. "I'm not withdrawing for any man this time," writes Mr. Dittenbaugh. "I was the first man in the state of Washington ever to shake hands with Teddy Roosevelt. He said to me on that occasion, 'Dittenbaugh, I hope to see you in Washington some day.' Well, I pulled out of the race for Taft, Hughes, Harding, Coolidge, Hoover, Landon, who was not elected, and Willkie, who wasn't, either. This time I'm sticking. My platform is: If You Want Anything Out of This Government Including Pensions You Got to Earn It."

IN HIS time Mr. William T. Arkill of Chicago, Illinois, has taken "two cures and two or three volumes of advice" in his efforts to cut down drinking. Mr. Arkill was never a dipsomaniac, has never been arrested, has visited no hardship on his family or friends with his drinking. He just wanted to cut down. Nothing worked until some days ago when Mr. Arkill went into a bar for a slug, found one empty seat. On his right were two girls. On his left were two more girls. The girls on his right emptied their handbags on the bar—cigarettes, lipstick, mirrors, powder cases, keys, bobby pins and handkerchiefs. The girls on his left were not only doing the same, but they were "screaming across me to the girls on my right—all about how they wouldn't marry a serviceman until they saw him in civilian clothes and maybe not then." The point is that Mr. Arkill put down his drink untouched and left the bar. "Furthermore, I'm cured. I'm on the water wagon at last and for good. I am offering this as a sure cure for the drink habit. Since that day the very thought of the stuff makes me sick at my stomach."

IT WAS in the St. Charles bar in New Orleans, Louisiana, where we were having a drink with Mr. Mike O'Leary that we ran smack into a nice quiet little drama. As usual, the place was crowded, chiefly with military. Two substantial-looking gentlemen, civilians, edged up to the bar next to a couple of second lieutenants. One of the latter looked darkly at them, then turned to his companion and said, "A couple of ——— civilians." One of the civilians asked him to repeat. "Oh, I just said civilians," replied the lieutenant. The civilian said that he hadn't heard it that way and demanded an apology. The lieutenant refused. "Oh, yes, you will," said the civilian, taking pencil and notebook in hand. "What's your name and outfit?" The lieutenant refused to give either and demanded the name of the older man. He got it and almost fainted. The civilian was merely one of the most important nonmilitary officials of the War Department. The last we heard from them were abject apologies from the lieutenant and gentle, fatherly words from the civilian—words starting with: "Now look here, son—"

WE ARE asked by an overliterary sergeant to hold his captain up to public scorn. But alas, we emerge from his letter on the captain's side. This sergeant wrote a report on some condition or other, and it was a report richly garnished with literary allusions and quotations—a pain in the neck if you ask us. The captain, in private life a dwelling-house contractor, groused his way through this report until he came to the last sentence: "But that, as Kipling says, is another story." Then he replied to the sergeant as follows, in writing: "I asked you to write down what was going on and not a school composition. Just go out again and find out what's going on and never mind what this jerk Kipling tells you. When I want this Kipling's opinion, I'll ask him for it." . . . W. D.

Pickle Lugger

Continued from page 18

the prehistoric substrata of the globe. He ripped open the envelope and drew out the paper.

"Greetings," it said, after addressing him. "You are hereby notified of your immediate transfer from Fighter Squadron One, U.S.S. Staten Island, to Torpedo Squadron One, U.S.S. Staten Island, under the command of Lieutenant Commander Joseph De Forest—"

Alex raised his eyes to the air officer's. They looked haunted. Torps! They had made him a pickle lugger.

"I'm sorry," the AO said.

"Not at all, sir," Alex replied, and left Airplot feeling as ill as Walt Harris had looked a few minutes earlier. . . .

Lieutenant Commander Joe De Forest was an old man—as pilots go—around thirty, looking thirty-five. He had long lines in his face; his cheeks were gaunt and his eyes sad.

"Sit down," he said. "You two have a colorful pair of chests there."

"Thank you, sir," Alex replied.

"Never mind that," De Forest said. He looked tired. "Both of you been on Wildcats, eh?"

"Yes, sir," Walt replied.

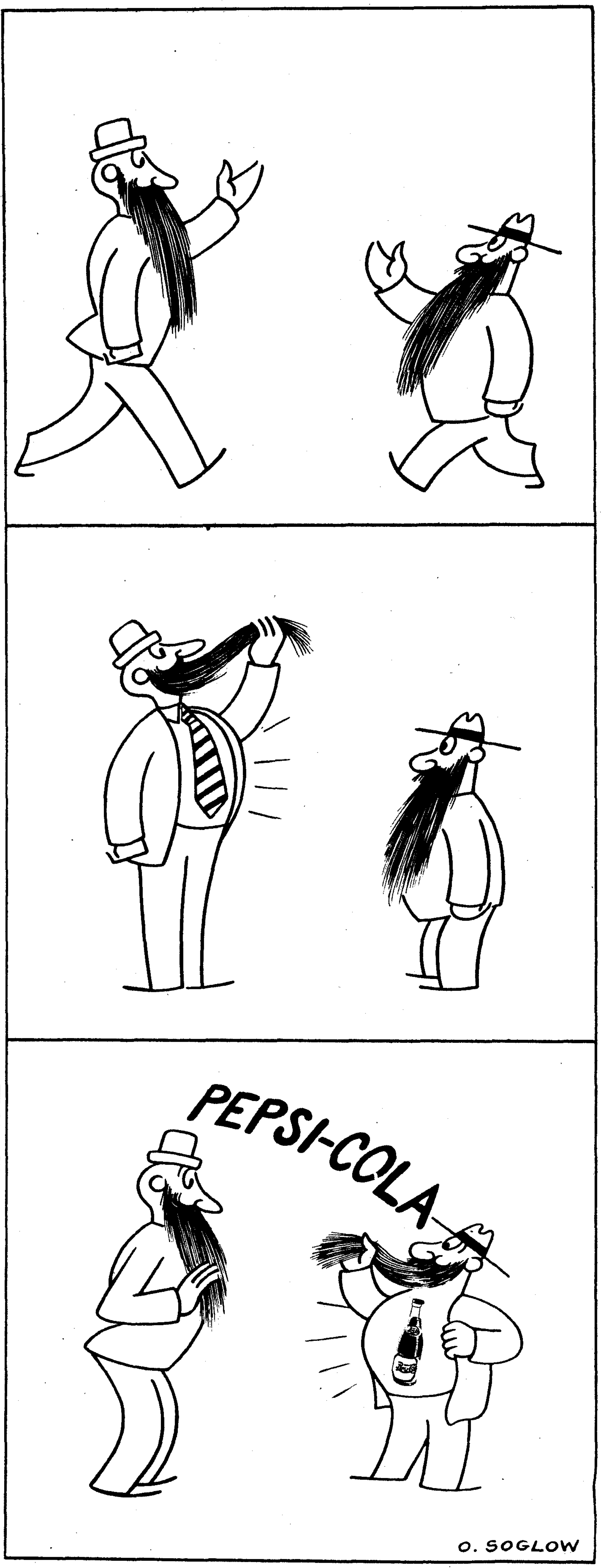
De Forest said, "You've never flown the Grumman TBF? She's the Avenger."

"Never," Alex said informally. "She looks like a big ship for this flight deck. I suppose we freshmen have to go back to Norfolk to learn torp tactics, eh?"

"Not a chance," said De Forest coolly. He lighted a cigarette. "You both are going to fly and learn at the same time. There are some things I've got to tell you, and I will. But you've got to learn fast."

Alex looked at Walt and swallowed the frog in his throat.

"The ship is a sweetheart, easy to fly, no bugs. She packs plenty of defensive wallop as you'll see, and the chances are good



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you won't ever be shot down by fighters—Did you say something, Lieutenant?"

Alex cleared his throat. "I was only thinking of the torpedo planes we lost at the Battle of Midway."

"Hell, that was different. You mean Torpedo Squadron Eight? They used the old ships. They didn't have the stuff the Avenger has. . . . Anyway, today you both fly Avengers off and get used to them. Tonight, I'll go over approaches with you. Right now, I'll give you the show."

"Show?"

"That's right." De Forest's mouth grew hard. "We're bound for Biscay, if you didn't know it. There's a storm front between us and the French coast. Inside that storm front are Jerry ships. Particularly two big ships. New ones. The smaller stuff we don't care about. Now look. Ever hear of the Hamburg or the Kluffer?"

Alex nodded. "They are the two new Nazi battlewagons the British have kept holed up at Brest."

"Uh-huh," said De Forest. "Anyway, they're inside the storm front, heading for the South Atlantic. At least, that is the look of things at the moment. Air Intelligence, R.A.F., reported them breaking from Brest, but there was gale weather and not much could be done. Down here, there is no gale weather, and plenty can be done. We stop 'em."

"Cold?"

"Cold or hot. We stop them. Sink or retreat, we keep them in the Bay of Biscay or scoot them home for Wilhelmshaven. They're big and tough. These Jerries armor their wagons like all get out. The R.A.F. have tried before and never sunk them." His eyes glinted. "You know why the British fell down in that Channel show? And why the Japs, off Singapore, didn't?"

Alex shrugged. "Tell me all, sir."

"THE Japs went in," said De Forest. "And the British didn't. Sounds funny, but that's it. Some R.A.F. kids in that Channel show told me the story. Nothing to be ashamed of. They started in, but the flak got so bad they couldn't get in close enough to release their torps effectively. So they pulled out. It's a tough thing. You have to forget everything in life but the pickle in your bay. You go in, and you ignore flak and bullets and the heavy stuff they're hitting the sea with to raise waterspouts. You fly into a waterspout, and you spin in. You're done. Add to this the screening Messies on your tail, and it adds up to rough stuff."

"Why don't we," Walt said dryly, "just go down to the butcher bay, borrow some iodine from a pharmacist, and kick in the easy way?"

De Forest showed his white teeth briefly. "That might be easier, but it wouldn't stop Jerry."

"I see what you mean."

"In other words," Alex said, "to be a good pickle lugger, you have to commit suicide."

"Now you've got the idea," De Forest replied. "Sometimes, you even live to tell the tale. Just remember, Alex: You don't do much fighting any more. Your radioman and your torpedoman do it for you. All you do is watch your run, go in, stay in, deliver your pickle, and get out. Catch?"

"Strike three," Alex said.

"Good. Now report to the hangar deck, draw yourself a pair of TBFs and make some practice flights while the weather holds. The AO will clear you off, and your respective crews are waiting to meet you with the ships. I—ah—would advise leaving them behind until you've learned the plane. No sense graying their hair. That will do."

THEY drew their ships on the hangar deck and climbed in. This Avenger was quite a lot of airplane, Alex thought. She was much bigger than the Wildcat he had just graduated from. She was, in fact, the heaviest fighting craft able to take off from a carrier deck. She stood high off the deck, her wheels well spaced out, and not stubbily knock-kneed like the Wildcat. Her design permitted this, for her wheels folded into her wings, not her bottom.

Alex climbed up into the cockpit, leaned against the slab of heavy armor which separated him from his crew astern, and looked her over. His mech perched on the wing outside the cockpit and pointed at the twin fifty-caliber Brownings.

"Japs found the only vulnerable spot on this kite was head on," he said, "so we fixed it for them. Now there ain't any angle where she can't return fire. A sweet tomato, Lieutenant."

She was that—obviously. But so doggoned big. How did you make such a baby air-borne in such little space? On a real flat-top, he could see it. On a converted oil slick, it was something else again.

"Gas her up," he said finally. "I'm taking her off." He climbed out and went topside to Number One ready room where he got clearance from the AO, checked the weather and wind and, finally, after much deep breathing and finger crossing, gunned the Wright and drove the TBF down the deck. Her flaps down helped, of course, but it was shaving close. When he hit the end of the flight deck, she bit in and became an airplane. Otherwise she was velvet.

He gave her the business in full view of the Staten Island. Not a bug. He revved her up to three hundred, but of course she wasn't loaded. He spun her, angle-dived her, rolled her. The test of a good ship was a slow roll, and she went over like a lazy windmill and held her way without faltering. Then he brought her in. His first approach was in the groove, and he set her down gently and climbed out.

Smoot, the young radioman who had been assigned to him, walked up and said, "Gee, sir. We were leery of your first trip. Now I wish I'd gone."

"Me, too," said his torpedoman, Harvey, breaking his hard face with a grin. "I'll fly out anytime with you, sir."

"Thanks," said Alex. "Me, I'll fly *in* anytime with you, as long as it's in one piece. May we prosper. Carry on."

THE following day, the weather began to muck. Biscay is one of the roughest bays in the world, and it lived up to its reputation. The ship began to gyrate. Late in the afternoon, there were two alerts which proved to be false. The wind rose, the rolling increased, and Alex was sitting gloomily in the wardroom when Ensign Walt Harris found him.

"You look nice and pale," Walt said. "Roll me for a coke?"

"No."

"Seasick?"

"No, I've just been thinking," replied Alex.

Walt sat down. "Well, kid, the AO says we may make contact on the morrow. Scouting One just hit the skyway."

"In this weather? They'll be lucky to get back."

"They'll get back," Walt said optimistically. "Radio will get 'em back." He paused. "I'm a little scared."

"Scared?" Alex said. "I'm terrified. I thought I had this war all figured out. Lots of ribbons on your chest, and maybe a muster back to the States to be an instructor and marry the girl. I mean, it's like you can always find someone to chase your hat when it blows off. I always figured they could find guys who liked to lug pickles. It's something never appealed to me."

Walt smiled thinly. "Somebody's got to."

"You're right there."

THAT didn't make it any easier. Flying fighters seemed like child's play compared with this. This took guts, a different kind of guts. Alex wasn't sure he had that brand.

The weather was dirty. The wind had heft in it, the scud was down on the crests, blowing like smoke. The day was definitely not fine for flying. Some of the boys were down with *mal de mer.* The flat-top took heavy seas over the forepeak occasionally, drenching the forepart of the flight deck. Alex braved a glance at the elements from the hangar deck and caught a slash of salt water across the face and hastily retreated to the security of battened hatches. He had seen dirtier weather, certainly, but not by much.

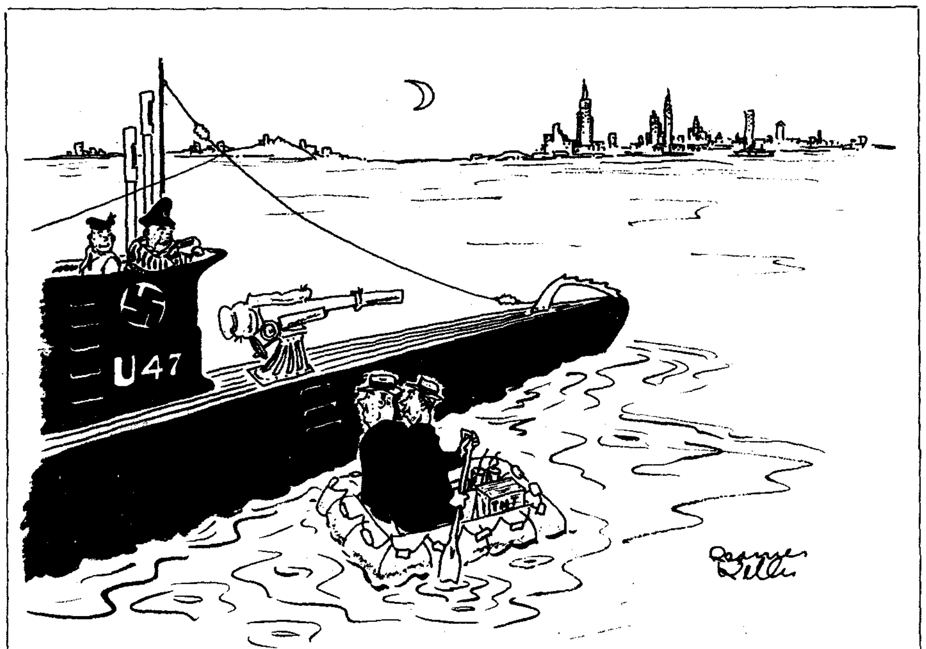
"Anyway," he told himself as he went astern toward the lounge room and a letter-writing stint to Sally, "if the birds can't fly in this muck, neither can Torpedo One."

The voice of the talker on the intercom pulled down his ivory tower with inspired timing: "Flight Quarters!"

While the concerted rush for topside ensued, the ship's bugle began its staccato call to general quarters, and alarms and excursions permeated the ship. Organized chaos followed, as the ship's company assumed battle stations.

Alex found the boys of Torpedo One in the ready room, all on the edge of their seats, hastily copying navigational data from the blackboard while Lieutenant Commander De Forest gave them the business.

"Men," said De Forest coolly, "Scout-



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ing One reports contact with the enemy."

"In this goo?" someone said cynically.

"In this goo," said De Forest. "It's a radar show. Six Sail One picked up the Jerry squadron on a radar bearing, then went down under the muck and found them. There it is—Longitude X, Latitude Y. Copy your codes and hit the deck. It's a straight show, no tricks. The muck is a blessing. If you can get in the air, your chances are good. The ack-ack won't be able to bear on you in this stuff, no sighting.

"One, Two and Three, take the Hamburg. Four, Five and Six take the Kluffer. There are four destroyers, probably of Leopard class, around. Skip them. Questions?"

Alex said instantly, "What direction of approach?"

"Westerly, of course. With the wind and the rain in your hair." De Forest grinned vaguely. He was tense.

"If we get lost," someone called, "can we get a beacon bearing from the ship?"

"Yes. Safe enough in this weather. The Stukas have roosted. We're too far offshore for them, anyhow. If things get rough, swing your Bendix on a Portuguese radio station and ride it in. At last reports, they were still neutral, and the food is fair. Questions?"

None.

De Forest finished, "Scouting is out of this one. They're riding home now. Bombing is out. Weather makes it too risky at the bottom of their dive. Torpedo One goes off first, Fighting One will follow you and cover if necessary. Wings away, and good luck! Bacon's scarce. Bring it back with you."

The talker: "Pilots, man your planes!"

IT WAS a nightmare. The handlers on the flight deck had spotted the planes astern raggedly, because of the sea. The Staten Island put her bow into the wind and caught sea. Alex found his ship number three on the hit parade. He watched De Forest lead off and make it. Then Two was gone.

Alex revved the big torp plane to the line, caught the flight officer's wave. He checked himself. Flaps down, brakes locked, radioman behind him, torpedoman down in the belly astern. He gave the Avenger full gun until she trembled violently, then he eased the brakes, unlocked the tail wheel, and she moved. She was off the deck long before the end of the runway.

The head wind, his flaps, and the Wright did the trick nicely. He fought the gusts which rocked him, correcting all the time, and he gained altitude in a straight shallow climb. No lilting lift like a bloodthirsty Wildcat. She was loaded, but she had plenty of hard, strong flight in her, and she carried her load up like a Trojan.

The squadron rendezvoused over the ship, but as they formed, wing to wing in the poor visibility, the Staten Island vanished under them in the mists. Alex felt damp and moist. Behind him, Smoot, radioman, had plugged in his intercom mike and was chattering cheerfully about the lousy weather, with obvious faith in his pilot. But instrument stuff had never been Alex's forte, and he was nervous as they bore north-northeast across storm-swept Biscay.

"One to all," De Forest said from the lead Avenger presently. "Report any radar contact at once."

Alex said, "Pilot to Radio. Did you hear that, Smoot?"

"Yes, Mr. Graydon."

"Fire up your squirter, then, and see what we find."

"Five to all," the headphones crackled minutes later. "I've got a hot contact!"

"Three to all," announced Smoot behind Alex, as if he had just become a father. "So have I! Two plain masses on the 'scope. Bearing oh-one-nine."

The bearing checked through the squadron. De Forest announced casually, "We're going in."

They began to drop through the rain, wide open, riding their pickles at two hundred seventy knots as they probed the fog. Alex stared hard at instruments and the plane ahead of him. His mouth was dry, his throat scratchy, and he was afraid. It was a different kind of fighting from any he had ever done, damned different. You had to be a cold corpse for this kind of stuff, not a gay young blade.

Astern, Smoot and Harvey were "shooting the breeze" optimistically on the intercom. Then De Forest, in the lead Avenger, snapped, "Contact! Dead ahead, range three thousand yards. Pick your meat." That was all.

Alex swallowed, said, "Bay open."

"Torpedo bay open, sir," Harvey reported.

"Direct me from here in."

"Yes, sir."

Alex saw Harvey in his mind's eye. The torpedoman would be lying on his stomach down in the stern, peering ahead for the target through the torp director, with the fins and screws of the suspended pickle right in front of his eyes as they rode down.

"It seems to have atmosphere. I hope the food is good"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

Target! Dead ahead! Out of the swirling rain, and heaving sea, they evolved like monstrous shadows. He shivered at the sight of them. There was nothing so mighty to look upon as giant ships in running seas; and made-in-Germany or not, they looked majestic. They pitched with power, beating the sea white, and they held to their way obdurately.

Almost instantly, flak began to burst black and dirty, but most of it was behind Torpedo One as they coursed in, taking mild evasive action as they lowered to firing level. From the decks of the Hamburg, on which Alex set his prop, brilliant red with green tracer lines fanned up until the scud was stitched with burning bullets.

IN THE turbid darkness of the storm, the line of fire of the shells was plainly visible, a thin red thread across the gloom made by the passage of red-hot steel. The big eleven-inchers, and 5.9-inchers hit the sea with high explosive to cast up protective waterspouts with which to pull down the pressing Grummans.

Alex felt his innards grow cold and slushy as he held her on. He set his teeth and felt as gay as a Pole at Dachau. The hard, cold nerve of the enterprise threatened his courage. It was plain and simple flying, holding the Avenger in a straight line, but when you figured how many guys in the German navy were mad at you and pitching out stuff at you, the desire to turn and pull out was almost overwhelming.

Harvey cried, "A point to port, sir."

ALEX corrected. They broke through heavy shell range, as giant spouts thundered up on either side abaft them. The machine-gun fire was finding them now, the Avenger quivered as the left wing caught a pack of packets.

"Ah!" Smoot breathed, modulating his mike heavily. Somebody off to port, going in at the sleek Kluffer, had caught it. There was a quick burst of wing and fuselage, then the thrusting crash into the sea. Alex saw it only by quick glance. He saw many things in such a manner: the sea, discolored by shell dye, lurid and gaudy, where shells had burst previously; the Hamburg, trying desperately to turn toward the French coast and present her slimmest target, her stern.

"Another point to port, sir," Harvey said.

Lord, would that cold-blooded tomato on his belly in the bay *ever* fire the torp? Alex could barely breathe. He was sweating and freezing alternately. Ahead, the German wagon looked huge; so close. Alex felt like spitting at her. How could you sink a thing like that? *Come on, Harvey, for the love of Mike, I've got too damned much imagination for this. Drop the pickle and let's flee for the flat-top. Come on, Harvey, old boy, better to be a live flee-er than a dead flier. Come on, Harvey—*

"Trip 'er!" Alex cried.

"Torp away!" Harvey yelled in reply.

He need not have. The growling Avenger leaped up into the air from the sheer change of weight. Alex fought her for a moment, but she came in hand nicely. The bays were closing. And now came the business. The most vulnerable point in a torpedo plane's run. The pull-out and turn where your whole belly was exposed.

To hell with it, Alex thought. He had gassed her full, and the ship bit in like a fighter. Her r.p.m.'s were up, and she was frisky as a Wildcat, hitting a little over three hundred.

"Pilot to crew," he bellowed, relaxing at last from the ordeal of the straight run. "Give 'em the works!"

He roared her over the Hamburg like a fighter, rolled and came down with both the fifty calibers banging cheerfully. He strafed her joyfully, ignoring the blast of answering fire. As he passed her tower, he felt the rear guns, belly and turret, opening up. He hauled back the stick and climbed, exhilarated by his return to mobility. This was more like it. He banked away and, as he went, the pickle came home to Hitler. It went in at a point abaft the soaring fire-control tower, and it raised smoke, steel and water to a height of three hundred feet.

"Well, whadda you know?" Smoot said laconically over the intercom. "We hit the jackpot."

Not many others had. The Kluffer was racing for France, wide open, no torp in her. To the west, a light Jerry destroyer had obviously caught one meant for the Kluffer. The tin can was hiked way over, and breaking up.

"One to all, One to all," De Forest's voice came over the radio. "Resume formation westerly, one thousand."

And that, Alex thought, is the show. Six came out. And three go back. What had happened to the others? He had seen only one . . .

He drove the bus in grim silence.

"One to all," De Forest said, after a while. "We have a bearing on the flat-top. Follow in."

The miracle of poking down through wind and rain to spot the Staten Island under a lowering ceiling did not impress them. They circled her and went in, one by one. Alex made his first approach good, and though he bounced the Avenger like a table-tennis ball, his tail hook engaged and broke the run. Bingo!

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER DE FOREST wandered into the stateroom at 9 P. M. after a brief knock at the door, and without waiting for a reply. Alex looked up from the letter he had started two hours ago. All it said was, "Dearest Sally."

"Hi," said De Forest.

"Sir."

"Sit, Alex. We're bound for Portsmouth. You look ill."

Alex said, "I've been thinking."

"Your friend Walt got back all right, didn't he?"

"Oh, yes," Alex said. "I was just thinking."

De Forest lighted a cigarette. He looked older than he had that morning—very old for such a young man. "Quite a show. If we had been able to pitch eighteen or thirty-six pickle luggers at those two, they'd have sunk where they were. Too little, but on time." He smiled wearily. "That was nice laying, kid. The Hamburg will be R.A.F. bait at Kiel for some time. Anyway, we sent 'em back to bed. That was our job. What do you think of the torpedo service, Alex?"

Alex tried to smile but couldn't. He tapped the ribbon on his chest which meant that he had received the Navy cross.

"They gave me that some time ago," he said soberly. "But today I earned it. Twice over."

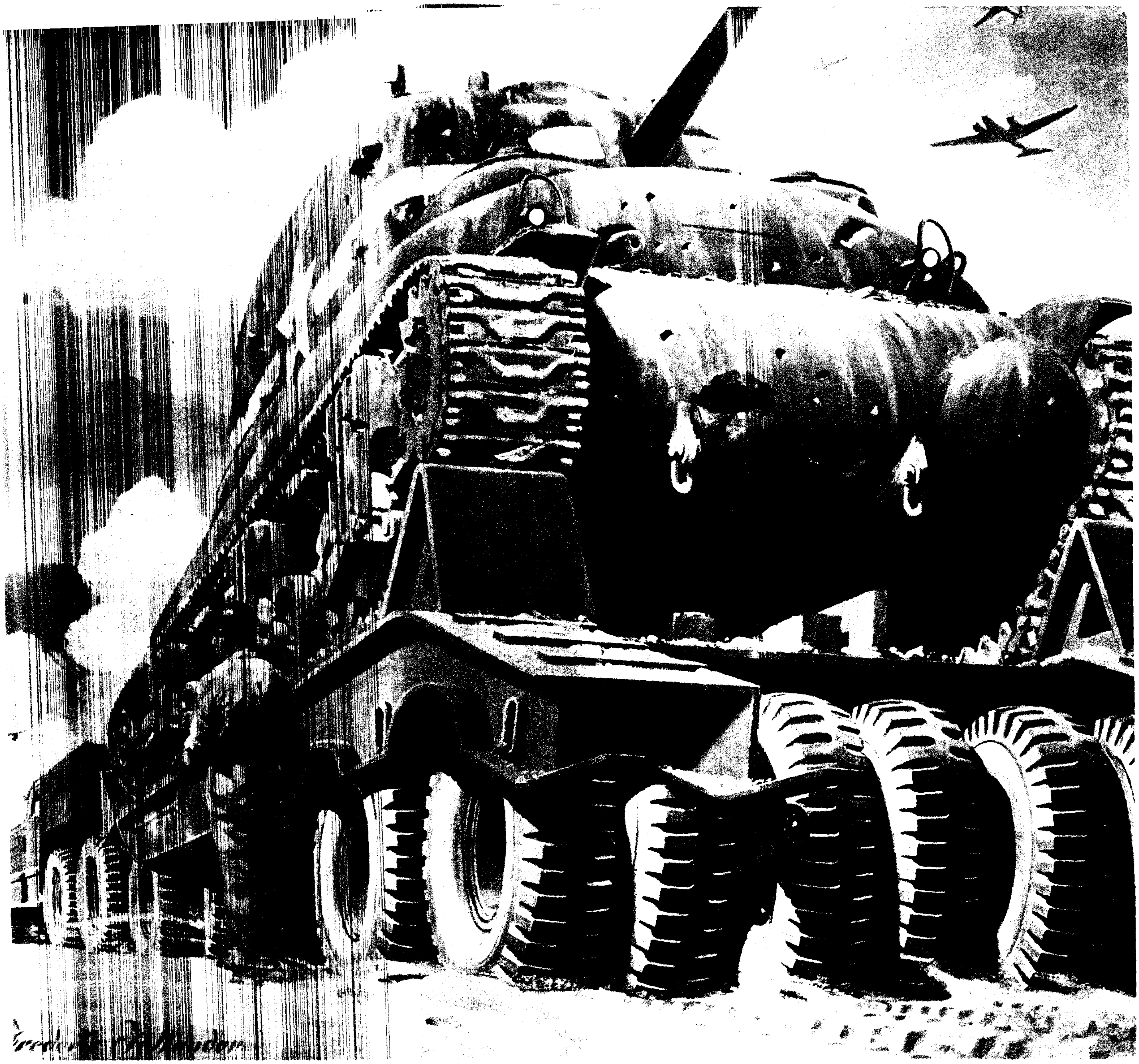
De Forest knew what he meant. "You don't like torpedo-laying then?"

"I think," Alex said, "it's rotten. Plain ugly rotten."

De Forest frowned, then shrugged. "You're a good pilot, Alex. I'd like to keep you. But I don't want any man who doesn't want to stay. I can get you back on Wildcats."

"I didn't say," Alex replied, "that I wanted to go back to Wildcats. I'll stick with Torpedo One, sir, if you'll have me. It's the worst carrier service I've ever seen. But somebody's got to win the war." The smile finally came. "And it might as well be us."

THE END



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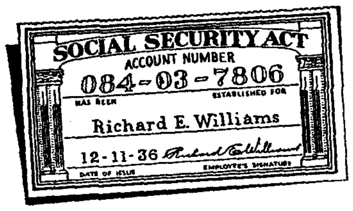

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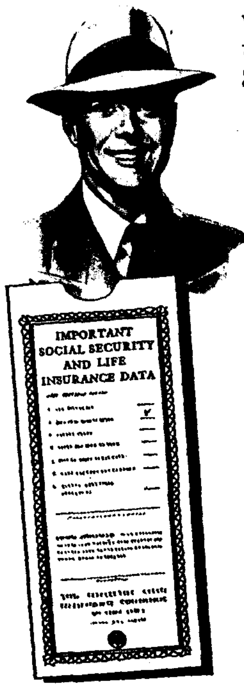
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Crisis in Coal

Continued from page 17

Bituminous Coal Division, the principal duty of which was the fixing of minimum prices for the various grades and types of coal. The first law was held to be unconstitutional. Subsequently the Guffey Coal Act, taking its name from the vigorous senator from Pennsylvania who had had so much to do with its enactment, was passed in 1935 for a trial period of two years, a period which was extended in 1937 and again in 1939.

Two major benefits arose out of the act. With a floor under prices, operators could go ahead with the assurance that they would no longer be entering their returns in red ink. Perhaps the greatest blessing inuring from the act was the fact that the operators found themselves able to pay decent wages to the miners. But, just before recessing early in July, 1943, Congress put on its black skullcap and announced that, so far as it was concerned, the Guffey Coal Act could hang by the neck until dead, dead, dead.

Majority of Operators in Favor

It has been said that, originally, the Guffey Act was for the benefit of the miners in that it made it possible for them to bargain for and receive the better wages to which they were entitled. This averment was true at the beginning. Many operators who later came to judge the act to be a beneficent one "all around" bitterly opposed it at the beginning. But when it came up recently for another renewal, under a bill drafted in my department, for the period of the war and for two years thereafter, probably three fourths of the operators had lined up in favor of the act.

I have had operators come to my office and tell me that if the Guffey Coal Act were not renewed, they would liquidate their properties at the earliest possible moment. A small number of mine owners, however—those who have low-cost producing properties and can, in the absence of a minimum price, undersell their higher-cost competitors—have opposed the act.

These men maintained an aggressive and vocal lobby in Washington and they were in at the death of the Guffey Coal Act, and, I may add, probably of a large segment of the coal industry itself.

This slaughter of the Guffey Coal Act came at a bad time and is likely to have serious repercussions so far as the war is concerned. We had set 600 million tons of bituminous coal and 65 million tons of anthracite as the country's goal for this year. Because of intermittent strikes, we lack now 25 millions tons of what we should have if we had been producing at the rate that would have enabled us to reach our goal. At best, it would have been difficult to make up this loss, although it was not impossible. But with the Guffey Coal Act dead and buried, we may have to abandon all hope of making it up.

My fear now is that the inconsiderate and ill-advised action of Congress will mean that we will fall still further behind. Rationing of coal between retailer and consumer would prevent hoarding but would have no effect on production. We won't have the coal we will need to keep going at top speed in the war and to keep our homes warm next winter. When the pinch comes, may the blame be justly proportioned.

The reason that we may expect coal production to lag even more is not difficult to understand. High-cost mines may be able to keep up with the procession and go on producing coal so long as the war demands bring relatively high prices. But *they will* be quick to lock up and go home any time that they see a weakening of prices. Even before such a date, they will begin to take reefs in their sails. They won't buy new machinery, even if they can get it. They won't try to develop new veins.

They can't do these things out of profits that are none too good, especially since those profits cannot be anticipated over a reasonably long period. They simply cannot afford to make additional capital expenditures. They can't go to their bankers and borrow money for such investments because the bankers won't lend money on diminishing assets or in a business of which a considerable segment is inevitably heading toward bankruptcy. For these reasons, it may be expected that some mining properties will close even while they are able to mine coal at a slight profit. They will forgo that profit if by so doing they point the way to preventing further capital losses.

Increases in prices to the mines will not *increase production unless such* increases are reflected in higher wages for the miners. The miner, not the operator, produces the coal. Any increase in the miners' wages would, in all likelihood, stimulate production. So would an increase in the miners' hours of work. Under the agreement that went into effect on April 1, 1941, the base wage for the average miner was $7 a day. The operators were willing to agree to this because they felt secure under the Guffey Coal Act. They were guaranteed minimum costs, the biggest item of which was wages. The miners habitually decline to work for the operators without a contract.

The operators have resisted—so far successfully—any increase in wages except a negligible one. (The United Mine Workers of Illinois and the Illinois Coal Operators' Association have recently reached an agreement as to wages and working conditions. That *agreement*—not a *dispute*—is now before the War Labor Board for approval.) But it requires no prophet to foresee the reluctance of the operators to agree to wages of even $7 a day, or any other fixed sum, when they don't know whether they can pay it and still anticipate a reasonable profit.

Congress Wasn't Given a Chance

So when Congress returns after its recess, it may find that our preparations to defeat Hitler and Tojo have been seriously losing ground because the Ways and Means Committee of the House, by a vote of 13 to 11, refused to give the House and, following that, the Senate, an opportunity to declare by a majority vote whether or not it wanted the continuation of the Guffey Coal Act.

The home-heating season is not far in the future, and the job of turning out munitions of war is becoming increasingly important as our fighters forge their way toward and through enemy country. It is to be hoped, therefore, that we shall use the time that separates us from October 31st to better advantage than we used the months that preceded the expiration of the old contract. There is still time, it seems to me, to adjust all differences if those interested will work together in entire good will and with the sole object of producing coal.

To what extent the war program has been interfered with by the three preceding strikes we shall never know. At best, the damage can be measured only in general terms. We do know that damage is inevitable any time that half a million coal miners throw down their tools.

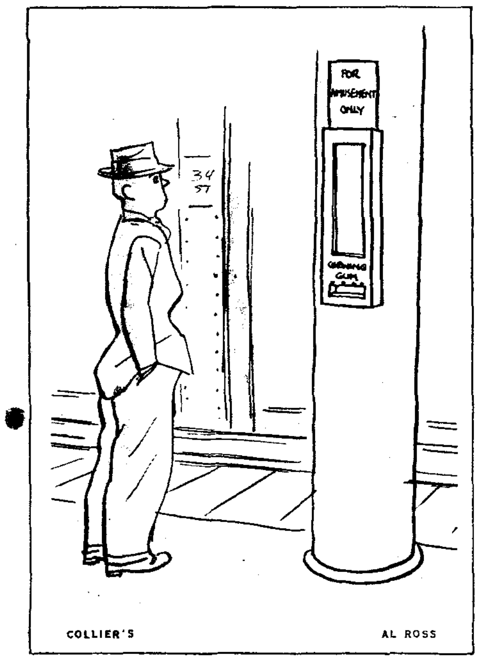
As I have already stated, the operators

and the representatives of the miners had been sitting for weeks on their well-cushioned fannies, pretending that they were earnestly engaged in "collective bargaining." On one side, at least, they were only shadowboxing. Certain gentlemen had gone to New York, firm in the intention that there would be no settlement with the miners. They wanted the case to go to the War Labor Board.

Aim: To Keep Coal Moving

As April 1st got nearer and nearer, I became truly anxious. Shortly before the deadline, I went to New York "off the record" to meet a representative of the Northern and one of the Southern coal operators, with only one aim: to get the two sides together and keep coal moving, if possible.

Mr. Lewis had been outsmarting the operators at every turn. As Solid Fuels Administrator for War, I made a proposal to the operators with the suggestion that they offer it to the head of the United Mine Workers the following morning. The two operators' representatives told me that the proposal struck them favorably.



COLLIER'S AL ROSS

It was of the essence of the success of my maneuver that my presence in New York be kept in confidence, and I urged confidence upon the operators. To assure my anonymity more completely, I registered at a hotel that was new to me. The "contribution" made by one of the representatives was to spread the news that I was in New York in connection with the negotiations for a new wage contract.

The Northern operators were inclined, I was told, to fall in with the proposal that I had made, but the Southern group would have none of it. At this point I returned to Washington while the operators continued to sit in New York and to say "no" to all suggestions, finally throwing the proceeding into the lap of the War Labor Board, toward which end an influential group of the operators had been working from the outset.

The public is well informed as to the results of conferences that were held during May and June as a succession of truces expired in their turn. But for obvious reasons, it has not been possible to let the public in on the details of the negotiations.

During the last week in March, the operators finally broke off negotiations. Secretary of Labor Perkins promptly referred the matter to the War Labor Board. But John L. Lewis insisted that he would never submit to the jurisdiction of that body. The War Labor Board assumed jurisdiction, and the miners announced they would not work after April 30th because of lack of a contract. The President went on the air the night of May 2d in an effort to persuade the miners not to abstain from work the following morning.

The miners did not go back to work on May 1st, and at about 10:30 that Saturday morning, the President signed an executive order directing me to take over all of the coal properties where there was a strike on and to operate them on behalf of the government.

With the miners idle, I held a three-hour conference Sunday morning, May 2d, in my office, with John L. Lewis and three of his high-ranking officials. I made it clear that I had no power to consider wages and that I would not assume that I had such power. Any wage contract would have to be by and with the consent of the War Labor Board. I did ask Mr. Lewis to send the men back for two weeks, pointing out that I had had the responsibility for mining coal less than twenty-four hours. I felt that I should have time enough at least to get a bird's-eye view of the situation.

Mr. Lewis and his associates went back to New York to call the policy committee of the UMW together, for the submission of my proposal. At twenty minutes before ten o'clock that night, Mr. Lewis announced that the men would go back to work on Tuesday morning for fifteen days.

Lewis took the position that, when the War Labor Board adopted the Little Steel formula, labor's no-strike agreement under which the War Labor Board was set up was breached.

When the men had returned to work for the period of the fifteen-day truce, the War Labor Board ordered that wage conferences were not to be resumed without the board's prior knowledge and consent.

After my meeting with Mr. Lewis, a prejudicial effort, that seemed to be deliberate, was made to cause it to appear that I had attempted to usurp the authority of the War Labor Board and had actually discussed wages with the miners' representatives. Some people in the government employ continued, at least for a spell, to believe this—largely, I believe, because they wanted to. However, the government, generally, as well as the press and the people, took me at my word.

Subsequent to Sunday, May 2d, I held no further conferences with Mr. Lewis or with anyone representing him. I conducted all my dealings with him by means of open letters or telegrams. Thus on May 18th, the day the first truce came to an end, I publicly asked Mr. Lewis to keep the miners at work, which he did, extending the work period to midnight of May 31st. But still, under the ruling of the War Labor Board, there could be no resumption of the negotiations, although the miners continued to work.

This order was based upon a theory of "constructive coercion." It was argued that a fixed date beyond which the miners would not keep on working was a threat that amounted to coercion. The board took the position that there could be no free bargaining under such a threat.

An Apparent Stalemate

The fifteen days of the first truce had been lost because a resumption of negotiations had been forbidden by the War Labor Board except with its prior knowledge and consent, and the leaders of the miners steadfastly refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the board even to the extent of asking it to permit a renewal of the conferences. The leaders of the miners urged the operators to resume collective bargaining negotiations, but the operators refused, pointing to the War Labor Board's ruling. This prohibition continued on into the second period of the truce. It began to look as if representatives of the miners and of the operators would never get together again.

Then the War Labor Board ordered the

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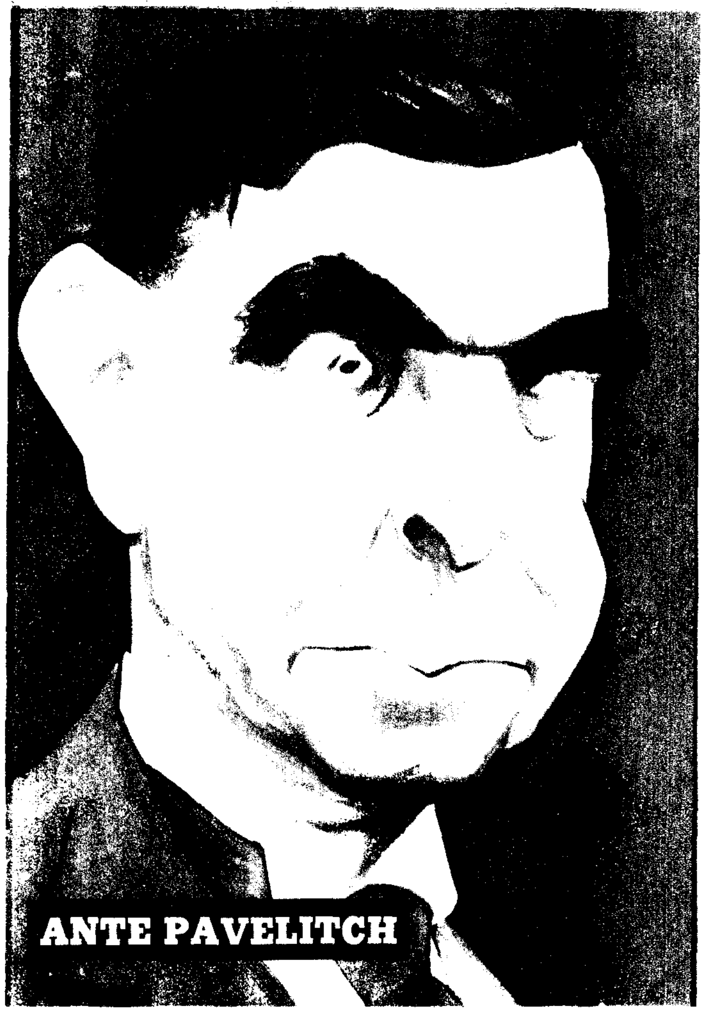

ANTE PAVELITCH

V

When Ante Pavelitch followed the Germans and Italians into Yugoslavia, and announced the independence of his native Croatia, some 2,500,000 Serbs and Slovenes were living within the borders of the new "state." That was in 1940. In less than three years, according to the estimate of General Mikhailovitch, and supported by detailed information from the "underground," Pavelitch and his barbarous Ustashis have shot, hung and disemboweled more than 600,000 of the two and a half million. Men, women and children have been burned alive in their homes, hunted like beasts through the forests, and butchered in mountain caves where they tried to make a last desperate stand.

Poland? Czechoslovakia? Serbs and Slovenes look on them as sanctuaries compared to Yugoslavia. The slaughter, as Pavelitch makes clear in daily statements, has not ended but only begun. Speaking some time since at Sanski Most, the Croat governor of western Bosnia laid down a law of extermination. "I have just returned from Zagreb where the Poglavnik (the leader) told me that only Croats had the right to life in Croatia. There is no room for Serbs. All must perish. Let it be our pride to lead the way in getting rid of them."

If the Serbs and Slovenes are to be believed, Ante Pavelitch was suckled by a tigress. Lawless and ungovernable even as a boy, at an early age he identified himself with Croatian terrorists who made a business of murder, arson and pillage. Forced to flee for his life in 1929, he found refuge in Italy and soon succeeded in convincing Il Duce that a revolution in Yugoslavia held rich possibilities.

Openly, and with the backing of Mussolini, he opened a school for terrorists in Borgodaro, and eventually established a similar camp at Janka Puszta in Hungary. In addition to Croats, the slums of Europe were scoured for criminals of every nationality.

Pavelitch, and none other, was responsible for the assassination of King Alexander of Yugoslavia on October 9, 1934. As developed at the trial, the assassins were first brought from Janka Puszto to Italy, and after careful coaching were sent on to Marseille where they killed both the king and Jean Louis Barthou, the French foreign minister.

Although a Bulgarian was found guilty of the crime, the court condemned Pavelitch to death as the true perpetrator of the murder. Mussolini, however, steadfastly refused requests for extradition, and Pavelitch continued to operate his "schools" with the full approval of both the Italian and Hungarian governments

When the Germans marched into Yugoslavia in the spring of 1941, Pavelitch and his terrorists were hot on their heels. Not Croats entirely, but Bulgarians, Macedonians, Hungarians as well, all trained in the art of murder. Sitting at the council table as an equal with I Duce and the Fuehrer, the assassin took Croatia for his part of the loot, and gave the others a free hand Italy seized the greater part of Slovenia, the coast of Dalmatia, the islands of the Adriatic and proclaimed a protectorate over Montenegro. Hungary grabbed large sections of Yugoslavia in the north, and Bulgaria [illegible]t of large chunks in the south.

This division completed, Ante Pavelitch then proceeded to give his allies a few lessons in extermination *Jeering at the Gestapo and other "pussyfoot" methods* he announced that no other proof of guilt was necessary than the fact of Serbian blood. Why all the expense and bother of spying and snooping? Kill and ask questions afterward. Making no effort to establish orderly government, the Poglavnik lives by loot and for murder Nothing else interests him.

The Yugoslav "underground," however, insists tha the worst is over. The 600,000 Serbs and Slovenes killed already were old men, women and children for the mos part, although many fighting men fell before they could arm or flee to the mountains. Whole families have found refuge in rocky fastnesses, and husbands, sons and fathers are with General Mikhailovitch or the Partisan under Tito and Nagy. The chief worry is lack of arms Knives, rocks and obsolete guns are poor weapons to match against the modern equipment furnished to Pavelitch and his Ustashis by the Germans and Italians planes, tanks, machine guns, hand grenades and everything.

Even so, the "underground" merely states this as fact, not a complaint. When Serbs and Slovenes loo down from the peaks to valleys thick with their dead often left unburied as Pavelitch hurries on to new massacres, not bare hands will weaken their resistance. ★★

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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resumption of negotiations in order to explore the possibilities lying within the "portal to portal" formula.

In the meantime, the government, operating the mines under executive order, produced 50 million tons of precious coal. Fearful that the miners would quit work at midnight on May 31st, I called in Charles O'Neill, representing the Northern operators, and John L. Lewis. I suggested an *ad interim* contract during which a factual study could be made of "portal to portal," the miners to remain at work on a tentative wage scale to be negotiated between the parties at interest.

Mr. Lewis expressed a willingness to accept this formula "in principle," and said that he thought the tentative scale should be $2 an hour. I made no comment. It was known that the operators had suggested 80 cents an hour as a compromise of the "portal to portal" demand, and Charles O'Neill stood on this. John L. Lewis came down to $1.50, the first sign of compromise on his part.

After I had left the office, Mr. O'Neill came up to $1, so that when the miners walked out at midnight that night, there was a difference of a mere 50 cents on "interval portal to portal pay," the closest that the two parties had been to each other since their very first meeting in New York. I believed that the dispute might be settled within twenty-four hours.

The War Labor Board thereupon ordered that the miners and the operators might not continue their conversations, and that even if they should reach an agreement, the board would neither receive nor consider it!

The War Labor Board had set up a labor panel under the chairmanship of Morris L. Cooke. This panel presented a finding of fact which it submitted to the board, and with this as a basis, the board drafted a contract and prepared a final order directing the operators and representatives of the miners to sign the contract. The operators agreed to do so, but Mr. Lewis refused to stir from the position that he had taken in the beginning. He would not submit to the jurisdiction of the War Labor Board.

The third truce having expired, the miners again walked out. On this occasion, I did not suggest that they remain at work nor did I represent to John L. Lewis, directly or indirectly, that he should order them to resume their picks and shovels. Several days elapsed. Then the President ordered and directed the miners to return to work on Tuesday, June 22d.

A Fruitless Conference

On Sunday, June 20th, John L. Lewis, held a meeting of his policy committee in Washington. As I was packing my bag to catch a night train to Columbus, Ohio, where I was scheduled to speak on my favorite subject, Oil, before the Annual Governors' Conference, a telephone call apprised me of the fact that the miners had issued a release saying that they were willing to make every sacrifice to produce coal for the war. They were not willing to work for the operators but they would work for the government. Early that Sunday evening a letter was sent to me at my home by John L. Lewis, to which was attached a copy of the press release that had been given out.

In his letter, Mr. Lewis suggested that I invite representatives of the United Mine Workers of America to confer with me. This I did late the following morning. Mr. Lewis and two of his associates and I talked for an hour and a half. The conference opened with a suggestion made by Mr. Lewis that, surely now that the War Labor Board had entered a final order and no longer retained jurisdiction of the case, plus the fact that, in his Executive Order of May 1st, the President had put me in charge of operating the mines, it must be within my powers to discuss wages. Again I pointed out, patiently, that I had no such power and would not attempt to assume it.

At 10:30 the following morning, the same men reconvened in my office. The miners had finally been persuaded that I would not even discuss wages. I opened that conference in substantially these words:

"Mr. Lewis, I am certain that you and your colleagues are at last convinced that I cannot and will not discuss wages with you. Perhaps you may feel that, this being so, there is nothing else to discuss. But I entertain the hope that, in view of your letter which, in effect, asked me to invite you to discuss coal mining with me, and especially considering, also, that language in your press release in which it was recited that the miners would undergo any possible sacrifice in order to mine coal to win the war, there is something further for you to discuss. Mr. Lewis, on behalf of your government, I ask you to lead your men back into the mines, as volunteer workers for the United States government, to mine coal."

"On what terms?" Mr. Lewis shot back.

"On terms satisfactory to the government," I replied. "You know that I cannot offer you more wages than you are now getting and you ought to know that I would not offer you less. Moreover, I hope that you will go back to work this time without any time limitation."

"For an eternity?" questioned Lewis.

"No, not for an eternity," I told him, "but until we are sure that we have won the war."

It is well known what happened. The policy committee of the United Mine Workers met again that night. It ordered the men back to work without specifying a day and without saying anything about wages. It did, however, much to my disappointment, put on a time limitation set at October 31st, and the workers returned—not all of them at once—but from the very beginning in substantial numbers. Working assiduously and in full good faith, the union leaders finally got all the men back, except for a negligible few.

Not 100 Per Cent Efficient

They have been at work ever since. But they are not working at 100 per cent efficiency because of the bitterness growing out of the absence of a work contract. "No contract, no work" is ingrained in them. No man who nurses an active grievance can work at top efficiency and the nation will inevitably feel the effect of this condition in its fuel supply next winter unless the source of those grievances be quickly removed.

It is (and has been since May 1st) my responsibility to produce coal. I have always been willing to add my support to the War Labor Board formula that the miners and the operators get together to explore earnestly and in complete good faith the possibility of an agreement that will be fair to both sides and at the same time not against the public interest.

The conclusion of an agreement is not within my jurisdiction, but I hope that I will not be regarded as having stretched my authority if I express the wish that every persuasive effort that can be made on the part of the government be made, so that when October arrives, we shall not be faced with another stoppage in vital coal production. Leadership might accomplish more than the assumption of "judicial dignity" by any one of us. At least, it is worth trying.

THE END

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It Takes Two to Make a Hero

Continued from page 13

'confidential.' 'Intimate,' that's more like it. Yes, it's a bit intimate. Rather gives a fellow away, I mean. Not that the . . . the chap who told me put me under any injunction not to repeat it. I mean, there's no seal of secrecy, but . . . Anyhow, I tell you what I'll do. I'll tell you the story exactly as it happened . . . that is, as it was told to me, of course . . . and if it's any use to you, it's up to you to twist things round a bit so that it's not too absolutely obvious. How's that?"

"Fair enough," I said. "And you must give your informant a fictitious name, mustn't you?"

"By Jove, yes. That's an idea. Of course I must. I say, that's worth a couple more sherries, don't you think?" He got up and rang the bell. "Smith! That's what we'll call him. Smith, yes. Jolly good. Smith!

"Well, it was in the last war. About the middle of the war. This chap Smith had got a spot of leave. He was a young subaltern then in . . . Oh, well, better not mention his regiment, but his battalion was quartered at the time in one of the more deadly regions of Yorkshire: and believe me, Yorkshire lover as I am, some bits can be grim."

"I'VE been stationed in Catterick Camp myself," I told him.

"Ah, well, you can sympathize with Smith. You see, his leave came at just the wrong time. He was engaged to a girl in London . . . grand girl and all that, much too good for him (so Smith says, of course!) . . . but she was some sort of big noise in the W.R.N.S. and was going to be up to the eyebrows in it all that week; couldn't give the poor chap two minutes in all his eight days.

"So what do you think the poor boob did? He went to Brighton. You see, he'd got some pretty good memories of Brighton, before the war. For instance . . . Oh, well, no need to go into that. Point is, he went to Brighton. And, believe me, to go to Brighton in wartime was asking for trouble. Well . . . he got it.

"He put up at the good old Cosmopolitan, and there wasn't anything wrong with *that*, except that all the waiters were ninety years old and could only just about crawl on their hands and knees, and the food restrictions were too much even for their chef, and the fuel orders left the place freezing, and he was about the only guest in the whole blessed mausoleum. But outside it really was . . . Well, poor old Smith could hardly recognize the place as Brighton at all. Dead, damned and deserted. A few giddy whirls of barbed wire along the front, practically all the hotels and boardinghouses closed, not a sign of life in the place, nothing but rain, wind and general misery, and all the general foulness of an early English spring.

"I mean, you can see this chap Smith looking out of his hotel bedroom (the lounge being too cold to sit in), over a gray sea, with the gulls screeching dismally past his window and Smith feeling he could screech with them and wondering what the blazes had made him come to such a godforsaken place and how the blazes he was going to stick it for six more whole days. Ever see Brighton during the war, when the restrictions were on? Well, believe me, it was a bit grim. Poor old Brighton!

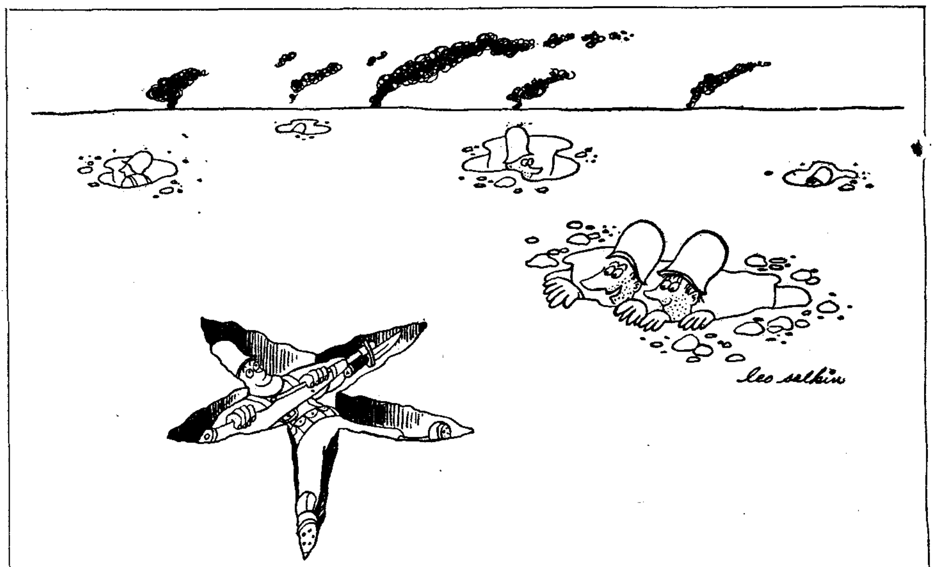
"Anyhow, there's always the pictures. So Smith put on his greatcoat and went downstairs to get hold of a local paper and find out what was on. And, of course, when he did find the list, there wasn't a film that he hadn't seen before—and thought pretty poorly of when he did see it! That was how it would be, of course. It was that sort of leave.

"So Smith fell back on the last resource of the utterly bored. He read the local paper. And when he'd read what there was to read, dash it if he didn't read the advertisements, too. I mean, you can judge what his state was by then. So when he saw a rather amusing advertisement in that local rag, you'll understand that he was just about in the right frame of mind to do something about it.

"So far as I can remember . . . I mean, so far as I remember Smith's words, the advertisement went something like this: 'Young Lady has Sporting Prints for Sale. Number Something-or-other Such-and-such Street.' Something like that, anyhow.

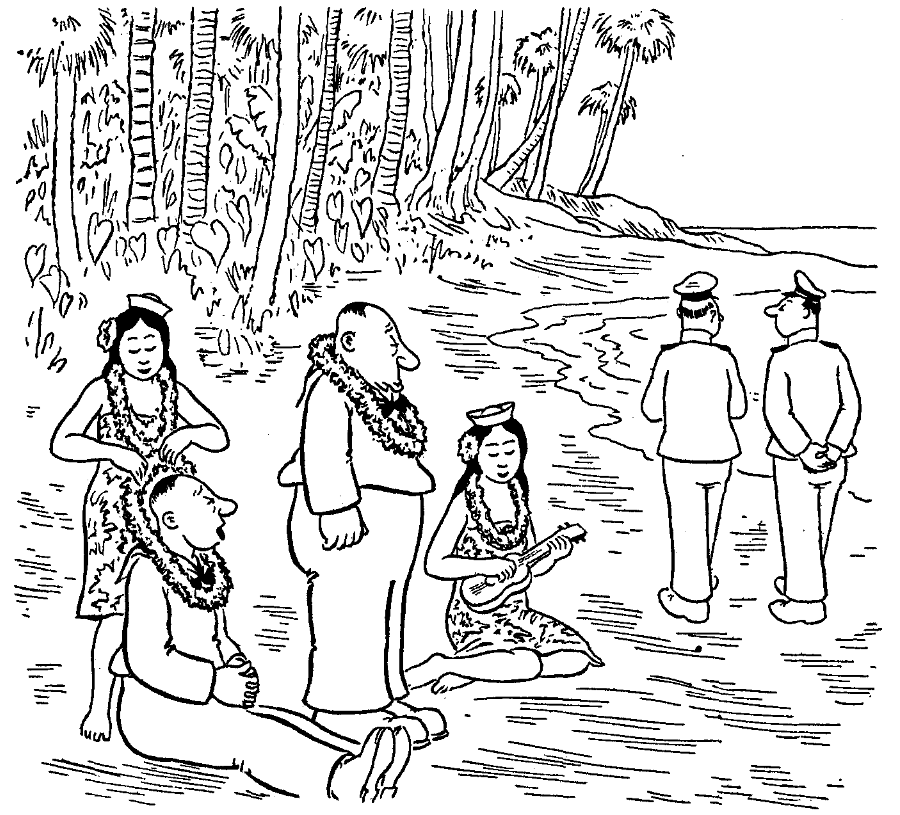
"Now for some reason this made Smith prick his ears up. It sounded . . . Well, why 'sporting prints'? And why go out of the way to rub in 'young lady'? Smith couldn't help feeling there was something queer about it. And he remembered there's some kind of American joke about 'etchings;' never been able to make out quite what it is, but you find it in any American comic paper you pick up. The more he turned it over, the more it seemed to him that this young lady, with her sporting prints, ought to be investigated. Of course, there wasn't a thought of disloyalty to his fiancée. Smith, understand, was an ordinarily decent chap. Besides, he knew she couldn't help not being available: duty before devotion, and all that. But just a pleasant chat or so, and perhaps a personable face to share a bit of war food with . . . there couldn't be any harm in that. So he grabbed his cap and left. I can tell you, he was in the mood.

"Well, he found the street all right. It



COLLIER'S "Artistic—isn't he?" LEO SALKIN

ALFRED by FOSTER HUMFREVILLE



"Oh, stop worrying about it, Alfred! I'm *sure* the officers won't think you're frivolous"

COLLIER'S

ran back from the front and Smith didn't think it was much of a street for a young lady to live in; a sort of mixture of cheap little shops, cheap boardinghouses and pubs. The number given in the advertisement didn't impress Smith either. At first he thought it was a tobacconist's shop. Then he saw there was a side door, half open to show a glimpse of a flight of dark, steep and rather dirty stairs. Evidently the young lady lived in the maisonette above the shop, and Smith was beginning to wonder if she were really a very nice young lady.

"He didn't care much for the occupant of the shop either. In fact, it gave him quite a nasty jar, as he was hesitating outside the door, to see a fat little man squatting behind the counter like . . . like a kind of obscene frog, you know, and watching him with beady, bright eyes that never winked. I mean, it quite put Smith off his stroke. Perhaps he had a bit of a guilty conscience already. I don't know Anyhow . . .

"Smith had one queer—what's the word?—foible, I think. I mean, if there was anything he didn't like, or that frightened him, he . . . well, he sort of went for it bald-headed. You know . . . without giving himself time to think. It was a form of funk really, though Smith didn't know it then. Anyhow, that's what he did."

MY STRANGER paused and sipped his sherry. In his eyes was a curious look which I couldn't quite define.

"Smith went up to those stairs?" I prompted him, for I was eager to know.

"Oh, yes, Smith went up those stairs." He smiled. "There was the usual wooden partition of the converted maisonette at the top: you know—before you reach the landing, so that you have to ring the bell from a stair below. Very awkward, I always think. Anyhow, Smith rang—and waited. He was really quite a bit excited now, you'll understand. Those 'sporting prints' were looking even more significant to him now that he'd seen the young lady's surroundings than they had in the lounge of the Cosmopolitan. And he was excited because he wasn't used to this sort of thing —I mean, calling on strange 'young ladies' in dingy maisonettes. It was definitely an Adventure, with a capital A.

"After a time, he heard a door open inside, and then the flap of the letter box was lifted and a girl's voice said, 'Who is it?'

"Smith explained hurriedly that he'd called in answer to the advertisement, and there was a pause. Then the girl inside said, 'Oh! Well . . . I'm just having a bath. Could you possibly come back in about half an hour?'

"I told you Smith was a bit young in those days. It didn't occur to him to offer to help with the bath, or get the towels warm, or anything. He just said he'd be delighted to come back in half an hour, and went downstairs again like a little gentleman. As a matter of fact he was thinking what a charming voice it had been. He hadn't really expected that, and it put an edge on his curiosity. He wouldn't have missed his return visit now for wild horses.

"He stopped at the street door to light a cigarette, and noticed that the fat, little man wasn't in his shop; and for some reason, that pleased him. It would have looked as if the girl had turned him down, you see, and he didn't like the idea of the little frog chuckling over that.

"Well, Smith went out and took a walk. Then, when his half-hour was up, he wasted no time in getting back—and his keenness hadn't lost anything by the delay.

"It was past shop hours by now, and Smith noticed as he passed that the tobacconist had closed his shop; he was glad those beady eyes wouldn't follow him again. He positively jumped up those stairs in spite of the darkness, and you can be pretty sure that by this time Smith wasn't nearly so bored with Brighton as he had been.

"At the top of the stairs he pulled out his cigarette lighter to find the bell, and then he noticed a queer thing: The door just wasn't closed. Still, he couldn't walk in, of course, so he rang. No reply. He rang again. Still no reply. Then he wondered: Was it possible that the girl had had to run out for a few minutes, and had left the door ajar especially for him?

"Now, I ought to tell you—you'll find out soon enough in any case—that this chap Smith was rather a timid sort of cove. I mean, hated doing the wrong thing, or shoving himself forward, or making himself conspicuous in any way. Feeble, of

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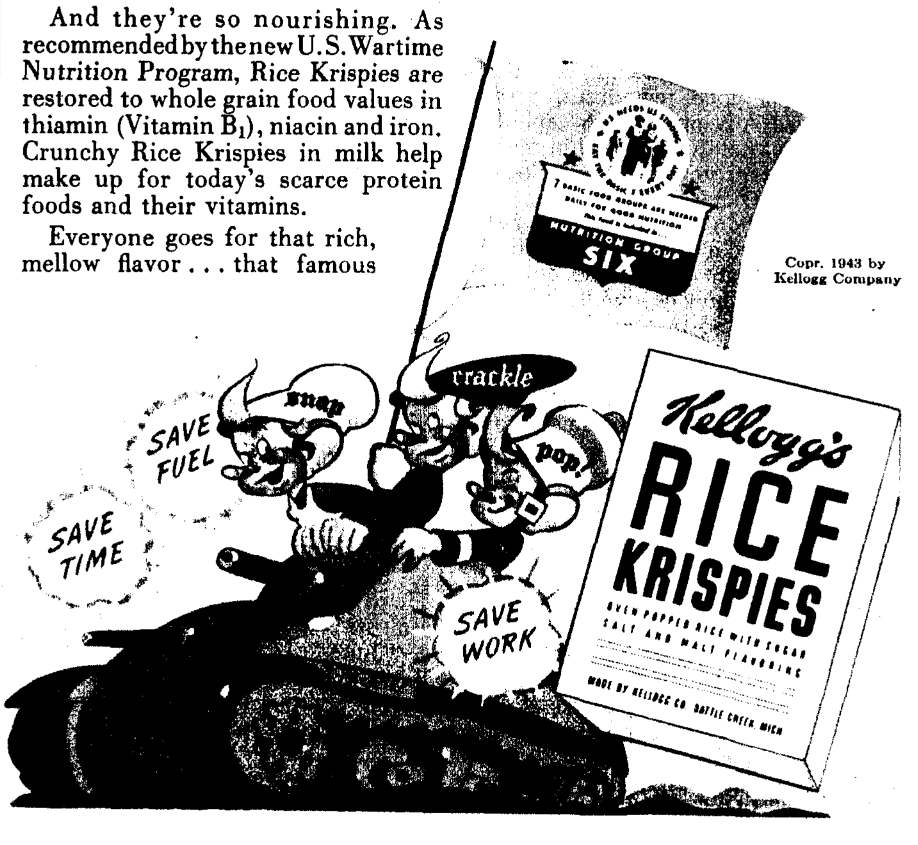

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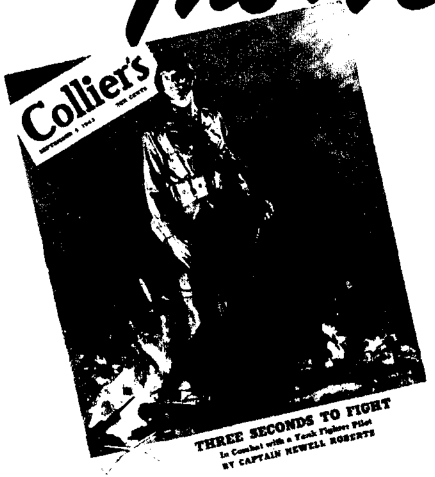
The Week's Work


Collier's
THREE SECONDS TO FIGHT
In Combat with a Yank Fighter Pilot
BY CAPTAIN NEWELL ROBERTS

As a poster, this week's front cover will soon be distributed to U. S. Infantry troops all over the world to foster their pride in that branch of the service. The painting is sixth in a series Jes W. Schlaikjer (phonetically *Shlyker*), of the War Department's Bureau of Public Relations, designed for the Medical Department, Signal Corps, Infantry Machine Gunners, Military Police and Corps of Engineers. The artist selects his models by personal visits to camps and takes them to his studio in Washington's Pentagon Building, where, presumably, he spends a good portion of his time keeping the boys from getting lost in the cavernous corridors of the building. Next on Mr. Schlaikjer's easel will be the Artillery, whose caissons keep rolling along in this most modern of wars.

Those bright little oddities over the name W. E. Farbstein (page 64) are the result of his reading five newspapers from stem to stern every day. This has been going on since 1928 and, having ourselves shuffled through several tons of his material, we'd be the last to doubt his assertion that he has an incredible number of clippings. "Farb" terms himself the champion stogy smoker of North and South America—undoubtedly a matter of civic pride, since our subject has lived in Pittsburgh, man and boy, for nigh onto 46 years. Compiling curious items pays him well—better, in fact, than such hobbies as picking at the mandolin and memorizing hymns—but his profession is osteopathy. *Dr.* Farbstein, if you please. His latest dispatch reveals that, being allergic to coffee, he is at present suffering from melancholia because he can no longer obtain his favorite breakfast eye-opener—a mess of anchovies.

Part of the week's work is changing the titles of stories and articles we buy. The number of writers who give their products titles the editors like can be counted on the fingers of one sardine. It works both ways, though. We still fondly recall the time an author called up to say he thought the title change we had made on his story was wonderful. Although mostly it's a matter of beating our brains around, this interoffice pastime has its compensations. Once, for a couple of days, the staff moped around, wondering what to call an article dealing with the New York State milk situation. What the published title was we don't remember offhand, but it couldn't have been as good as the discreetly blue-penciled suggestion: Udder Men's Troubles.

Looking over this issue we find typical changes. Harold Ickes' Crisis in Coal was originally titled Coal Trouble. Three Seconds to Fight was submitted by Captain Roberts as Three Seconds to Live—or Die. James Thomas Flexner's Riding for a Fall was first called The Fine Art of Falling; and One Wing and a Player started out as a query: A One-Armed Ball Player in the Big League? If you like the original titles better, there they are. . . .

G. W.

course, but there you are; that's how he was. So it took quite a bit of self-jolting before he could make up his mind to barge in through that open doorway and go on up the next flight of stairs.

"Probably it was only the thought of that cold, windy front, and the hardly less cold and drafty lounge at the Cosmopolitan that finally made up his mind for him. Like a good few of us, perhaps, Smith loved Adventures with capital A's in theory but not quite so well in practice. Not an enterprising sort of bloke, you understand. Didn't pretend to be.

"Well, he didn't shut the door behind him, just pushed it to, much as it had been. The landing light above was on, but it was too dim to show beyond the door. The landing at the top of the stairs was furnished like a little hall. Smith hesitated there and gave a hoarse sort of croak by way of a *heil*, but there was no answer. There were two doors opening onto the landing, and one of them was ajar, with the light on inside. So Smith sidled in."

My friend paused and sipped again; and this time I was careful to say nothing which might break his thread. His face, when he continued, was expressionless.

"It was a nice room. Quite large, but furnished to give an effect of a kind of solid coziness; shaded lights, big armchairs, and all that. I believe there was . . . I believe Smith said there was a divan, too: it was the sort of room where there would be a divan, and lots of cushions on it, too. But *not* a doll over the telephone. No, decidedly not dolls.

"The room brought Smith up with rather a jerk. It wasn't the kind of room he had been expecting, you see. He had expected dolls. He stood irresolute just inside the door, wondering whether he hadn't better make a bolt for it while the going was good. He was pretty sure now that he had done the wrong thing.

"Then something caught his eye: a portfolio lying on a little rosewood table by one of the armchairs. His brain went click! 'Sporting prints!'

"Well, of course, Smith *had* done the right thing. And, of course, he'd known all the time really what those 'sporting prints' would be. He'd just deliberately been kidding himself, because if the advertisement had said 'feelthy pictures' he'd have known that no officer and gent, let alone the fiancé of a lady (in the Wrens), could possibly go chasing after them.

"Mind you, they weren't the limit. Just rather charming nudes—but with that very definite difference, if you know what I mean."

As a matter of fact I didn't, and murmured as much.

"Stockings," said my friend succinctly. He paused and smiled. "Ridiculous, really, isn't it?"

"Quite," I agreed. "But rather fun. And there has to be a difference, of course. So I suppose Smith, remembering he was an officer and gent, tiptoed away, and . . ."

"Eh?"

"I mean, everyone lived happily ever afterward."

Frankly I was disappointed. The story had seemed to be leading up to something better than a glimpse of a few rude post cards. I wondered what all the fuss had been about.

"What?" My companion seemed puzzled.

"I mean, that's the end," I explained patiently.

"The end? Good heavens, no. I say, I *am* telling this rottenly. Why, we haven't got to the really interesting bit yet."

"We haven't? Then you're not telling it rottenly at all; you're telling it darned well. Carry on."

"I say, do you mean that? You really want me to go on?"

I assured him I did want just that, and after ringing the bell again he resumed:

"Well, as a matter of fact, you were right. Smith did remember that after all he was an officer and a little gent, and as the houri still didn't show herself, he prepared to depart—and I won't pretend he didn't feel he was doing a pretty noble job. In fact, I don't believe he'd absolutely made up his mind when he noticed a door which looked as if it ought to lead into the adjoining room, and he thought he might just as well take a peep in there before clearing out. No need for nice scruples now, you see. So he did. And . . . and . . ."

"Yes?" I prompted him.

My companion studied the nails of his left hand with nonchalance, but I could see that his whole arm was tensed. I wondered what was coming.

"There was a naked girl lying on the floor, dead," he said in a flat voice. "Her throat had been cut. There was an awful lot of . . . blood."

"Good Lord!"

"Yes. It gave Smith . . . rather a shock."

"Well, naturally. What did he do?"

"That's just the point. What did he do? He beat it."

"Beat it?"

"Yes. Lost his head, I mean. Pretty rotten, don't you think?"

"Well," I said carefully, "I don't know about that. After all, you say he was young, and . . ."

"Yes, but not so young as all that. He ought to have rung up the police there and then. Of course he ought. But . . . don't you see the difficulty?"

I didn't, quite. "You mean, he didn't want, as an officer, to be mixed up in the murder of . . ."

"No, no! The point was, that little fat man had seen him go in the first time, but he hadn't seen him come out five minutes later. He hadn't seen him come back half an hour afterward. How was Smith going to prove that he hadn't been there all the time? He hadn't been back to his hotel, there probably wasn't a soul who could swear to having seen him. *How was Smith going to prove he hadn't cut the girl's throat himself?*"

"Oh, I see!" I said. "Yes, of course."

"As you say, Smith saw the point at once. And I can tell you, it made him sweat. After all, innocent men *have* been convicted . . . Or haven't they? And in any case, what could Smith do? The girl was dead . . . perfectly dead! Her murderer was probably with her when Smith first called. But Smith hadn't seen him. He couldn't tell the police anything useful. The case would have been just the same whether Smith had barged into the maisonette or not.

"Besides, there was more to it than that. Smith's own father was a member of an important government mission, and the girl he was engaged to had a big job in the Waafs . . ."

"As a matter of fact, you said the Wrens," I murmured.

He looked at me. "Did I? Well, really it was the Ats. Anyhow, her father was . . . Well, I'll just say that to certain newspapers the news of his daughter's fiancé being mixed up in a scandal about a dead prostitute would have seemed just too good to be true. Or so Smith thought. So after sweating blood for a minute or two, trying to decide, he just grabbed up the portfolio and . . . beat it."

"Ah, he collected the portfolio, at all events."

My tone was ironical, but the blue eyes my host turned on me were innocent. "Of course," he said. "It had his fingerprints."

Again I thought he had come to the end, for he paused and sipped thoughtfully at his sherry. But before I could make the appropriate comments, he was off again.

"Well, that was that. Smith beat it back to the Cosmopolitan and ordered a couple of the biggest drinks wartime Brighton could manage. He was pretty badly shaken. The portfolio was under his arm, underneath his greatcoat, and I can tell you it was burning a hole in his side. As soon as he'd finished his drinks he went up to his bedroom, cut the thing to ribbons with his razor, and burned the strips in his empty fireplace. Have you ever tried to burn a few dozen shiny post cards? It's not so easy as it sounds. It seemed to Smith to take hours. And when it was done he got in a panic about the ashes, and daren't go down to dinner till he'd collected them all up and put them in one of the lavatories and flushed them down.

"Smith didn't enjoy his dinner much that evening.

"Perhaps it was stupid of him to get the wind-up so vertically, but . . . I don't know. It seemed to him that a terrible lot hung on it. Not merely himself, you see, but all those other people. There'd be just hell to pay. He could see the headlines: 'FIANCE OF MINISTER'S DAUGHTER HELD ON MURDER CHARGE,' 'FATHER IN GOVERNMENT—FIANCE IN JAIL.'

"I needn't tell you what sort of an evening he spent. And the night! It was just hell. Smith's had a sympathy for criminals ever since. Waiting for that touch on the shoulder, you know . . . Well, it's true . . . even in one's sleep.

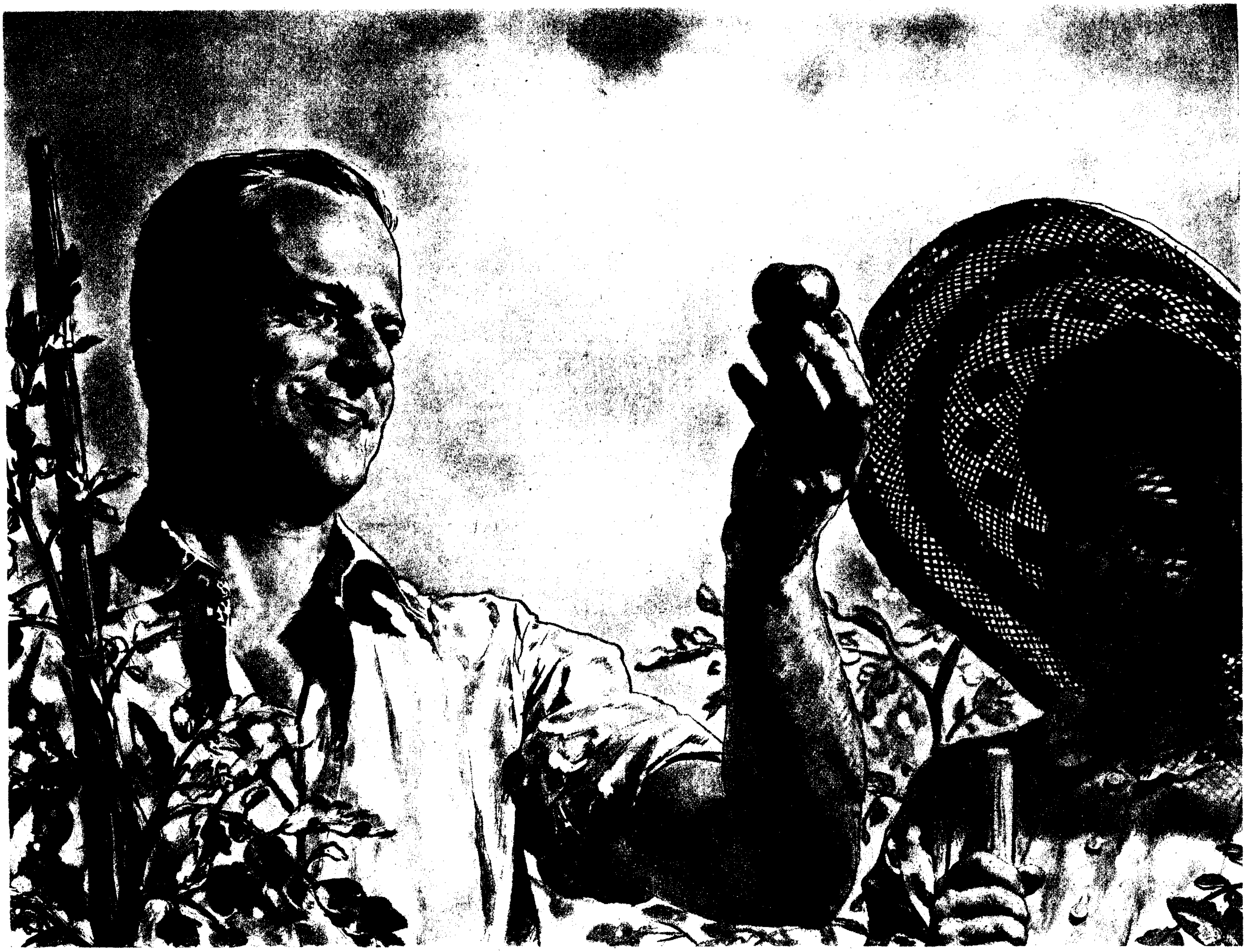
"He thought it all out—oh, half a million times! And by the morning he'd decided what to do. The obvious thing, he thought, was to get away from Brighton. The police would have his description—bound to! 'Tall young officer, wearing military greatcoat and peaked cap, fresh complexion, fair mustache,' all the rest of it. So the first thing he did was to shave off his mustache; then he dressed in civvies—luckily he'd brought a suit with him. Then he went down to breakfast . . . and I can tell you it took a bit of courage to do that. Then, as soon as he could manage it, he got out of that hotel. He had a notion that the police would make a round of the hotels. He had a taxi, and drove to the station. Probably the police would be watching the station, too, but he had to chance that.

"The funny thing was, he couldn't remember whether he'd shut the front door of the maisonette or not. It worried him like hell, too. If he had, you see, and the girl lived alone . . . Well, the murder might not be discovered for days. But if he hadn't, and the lights burning inside . . . It worried poor old Smith to death.

"Anyhow, he got to London all right.

"There was nothing about the murder in the papers, and after a time Smith calmed down a bit. Perhaps he had left that door shut after all. He tried not to think of that poor girl lying there, all naked and cold, with the electric light burning overhead, just waiting for someone to come and find her . . . someone else, who wouldn't make such a mucker of it . . . someone else, in fact, who hadn't got other people to protect first.

"He put up at a hotel and spent the afternoon at his club. After tea he went to a theater (remember what queer times



Lookit! Isn't She a Beaut?

Here's Ed, all grins over his first tomato—right out of his own backyard garden. Ed admits it's more than a little on the midget side. And it is kind of green around the stalk.

Not much of a tomato, really . . . but to Ed it's one of those little things that somehow mean so much these days to all of us . . .

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It happens that there are millions of Americans who attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this.

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And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

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MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

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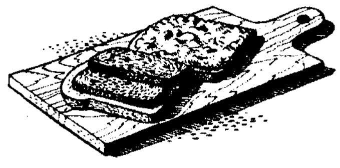
Hearty Treet Sandwich



On one slice enriched white bread place 2 slices Armour's Treet. Spread other slice with egg salad. (1 can of Treet makes 5 to 6 tasty, nourishing sandwiches.)

Creamed Treet and Eggs

Use one can of Treet. Cut 4 slices, dice the rest. Brown ¼ cup diced onion, ¼ cup sliced celery and Treet cubes in ¼ cup butter. Blend in 6 tbsps. flour. Add 1½ cups milk gradually. Cook until thickened. Add 3 chopped, hard-cooked Cloverbloom eggs just before serving. Place in toast baskets made by hollowing out thick slices of day-old bread, brushing with melted butter and toasting under broiler. Fill baskets with Treet and Eggs, serve with the 4 Treet slices lightly fried. Serves 4 to 5.

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the theaters used to keep during the war?). It was a new play, and whom do you think he ran into in the first intermission? No—not a Brighton policeman: his girl. She'd got twenty-four hours' leave, rung up the Cosmopolitan just after he left, and his club ditto The porter was able to tell her where he'd gone, so it wasn't a coincidence. (You writer blokes don't like coincidences, I know.)

"Well, of course, she took him off home for food after the show and wanted to know what had happened to his mustache. So it all came out. Well, not all. Smith managed to fake up some kind of a reason for calling on the girl without mentioning the sporting prints. But he told her all about the fat man, and the fact that the shop had closed (of course, you spotted that more or less fixed the time of the murder), and the jam he was in over it all. As a matter of fact, he wanted to tell her. She was a . . . well, frankly, she was twice the man poor old Smith was. Clear-headed, you know, sensible and intelligent and all that, a really capable girl; one of the very best. God knows what she ever saw in poor old Smith."

"You knew her, then?" I could not help putting in maliciously.

"Eh? Oh! Well, yes; as a matter of fact, I did. Slightly, you know. Just slightly."

"Yes, and what did she say?"

"Oh, she took it very sensibly. Didn't ask any awkward questions. Quite saw it wasn't Smith's fault. Didn't blame him a bit for clearing out. Quite saw his point about her father, and herself. In fact, behaved exactly like the grand girl she was."

"Good. So all ended happily?" I said, again conscious of disappointment. Dash it all, a fellow should not tell a murder story at all if it is going to end in a series of anticlimaxes. If a man gets mixed up in a murder, his life ought to be affected by it in some way. A murder, to be artistic, ought to behave like a bomb in the lives of law-abiding citizens, with its wounded as well as its slain.

"HAPPILY? The devil it did!" exclaimed my host with energy. "That's the whole point. You see, the girl took it for granted that Smith had only delayed going to the police until he had talked it all over with her. When she told him that it didn't matter a cuss about her father, or herself, she expected him to march straight off to the nearest police station and spill the whole story."

"Oh!"

"Yes. That's rather how Smith felt. Because he just didn't see it that way. He pointed out over and over again the harm it might do her father, he even let drop a hint or two as to the dead girl's profession and the sort of unsavory scandal it would mean. But it was no good. They argued the whole evening but his girl wouldn't budge an inch. It was his duty to go to the police, irrespective of the consequences to anyone, so go he must: and that was all there was to it.

"Well, I'm afraid you can see what's coming. Smith couldn't keep it up forever. It was clear the girl meant what she said about her family, and gradually she pulled that line out of Smith's grasp. He had been clinging to it, you see. But when they came to the real showdown, they both had to face the truth. It hadn't been the girl's family Smith was really thinking of: it had been himself. And that was the moral problem Smith was driven in the end to face: either to go to the police, confess to what he'd done and what he'd left undone, and take the rap if it was coming to him, or . . . !" My host broke off, swallowed a sip or two of sherry, and then added quietly: "Or admit to both of them to being a coward." He looked me suddenly in the face. "Which would you have done?"

"God knows! Which did Smith do?"

He twiddled the stem of his wineglass. "Smith *wanted* to do the right thing. I think we can say that for him. But when it came to the point . . . ! After all, there were so many factors. He was keen on his job in the Army; doing well, too. And there was the girl's father: Smith couldn't brush him aside the way his daughter had done. And his own father too. And after all, how could it help if he did go to the police? He couldn't tell them anything they wouldn't know already. No! It's no good making excuses. Smith just hadn't the guts. Not even when the girl made a personal matter of it.

"Finally she cut short his blathering and told him plainly that she couldn't marry a . . . a coward. Either he went to the police then and there, or their engagement was at an end. Smith felt like death, but . . . he couldn't go to the police and chance being arrested for a murder he hadn't done. So the girl pulled off her ring, Smith took it . . ." He sighed. "Smith never saw her again."

There was silence. At last I said, "And that really was the end?"

"Not quite." An ironic little smile played round his mouth. "There's just one more touch—quite a nice one. To get back to his hotel, Smith had to go to an Underground station. The bookstall had closed, of course, but by it there was one of those blackboards they used for bulletins in the war. Smith saw chalked up on it: 'Late Special. Girl Murdered at Brighton. Man Confesses.' "

"Perfect!" I exclaimed with enthusiasm. "Of course I can use it. Why, it's a short story as it stands, twist in the tale and all."

"I thought you might be interested," said my host mildly. "Er . . . you will wrap it up a bit, though, won't you? I mean . . ."

"Oh, yes. It's only the essence I want. But what a climax! . . . I suppose Smith did love the girl, by the way? Yes, of course he did, or it would be a rotten story. . . . And then that nasty jab under the ribs from the blackboard, showing that all his agony had been in vain and if the poor boob had only held his tongue like any sensible man . . ."

My host looked bewildered and not a little hurt. "I don't quite understand?"

"Why," I said unmercifully, "it's a good short story, sliced off just there. But Smith wasn't a short story. He was a man. And was Smith's life really shattered?"

"Well, no, if you put it like that. I suppose it wasn't."

"I do put it like that. You see, things work out a bit differently in real life. It doesn't stop, for instance, the way a short

CANDID CAMERA

Mrs. Lucille Lovell lost a wallet containing money and valuable papers in [illegible], New York. It was returned with the money removed, and a note saying, *"Too bad somebody honest didn't find this!"*

A man [illegible] appealed to the ration board [illegible]burg, Pennsylvania, for [illegible] because he needed it [illegible] to get his *relief* [illegible]

[illegible] of New York [illegible] a wom[illegible] from the Atlantic [illegible] *like it there.*

An Army classification officer asked [illegible] in Alabama what he wanted to do in the Army. The man replied, *"Make likker."*

W. E. FARBSTEIN

story does. Now, is this Smith of yours married?"

"Er . . . yes, he is."

"Any children?"

"Well, a couple . . ."

"Does he love his wife?"

"Of course he does."

"Good! Then shall I tell you what I think? I think Smith had the devil's own luck."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Why, can't you see? But for that little episode, Smith might be married now to a cold, unemotional, steel bar of a woman, without a spark of humanity or the decent femininity to love a man all the *more* for lacking a bit of moral guts once in a while—if indeed anybody but one of those death-or-duty fiends could call it moral guts to go and get oneself gratuitously arrested for a murder in which one had no concern at all. Take it from me, Smith was well out of that engagement. Don't you agree?" I pressed him relentlessly.

"Well, I . . . Smith . . . I don't think Smith's ever looked at it that way," he stammered.

"Oh, I've no doubt Smith will have thoroughly dramatized the episode," I rubbed it in. After all, I owed him a good turn for the story, though he might not know I was doing him one. "But you tell him from me that it's about time he saw it in its proper perspective. The whole problem was artificial, and to make it a test of true love was the act of an iceberg, not of a grand girl. I'm quite sure that instead of helping Smith to increase his normal stock of courage, which a decent girl does by encouraging his *amour propre,* that smug little wretch did him a great deal of harm. It takes two to make a hero, you know. Instead, it's obvious she gave him a bad inferiority complex, by the angle he stresses of his own story. Now look here, you take Smith aside and tell him from me that he's got just as much guts as the next man. It's all nonsense to go on looking on himself as a spineless sort of—"

A LARGE hand suddenly descended on my shoulder and a large voice boomed in my ear. "Hullo, old boy! Sorry I'm a bit late and all that. Someone been feeding you the odd spot of sherry? Good!"

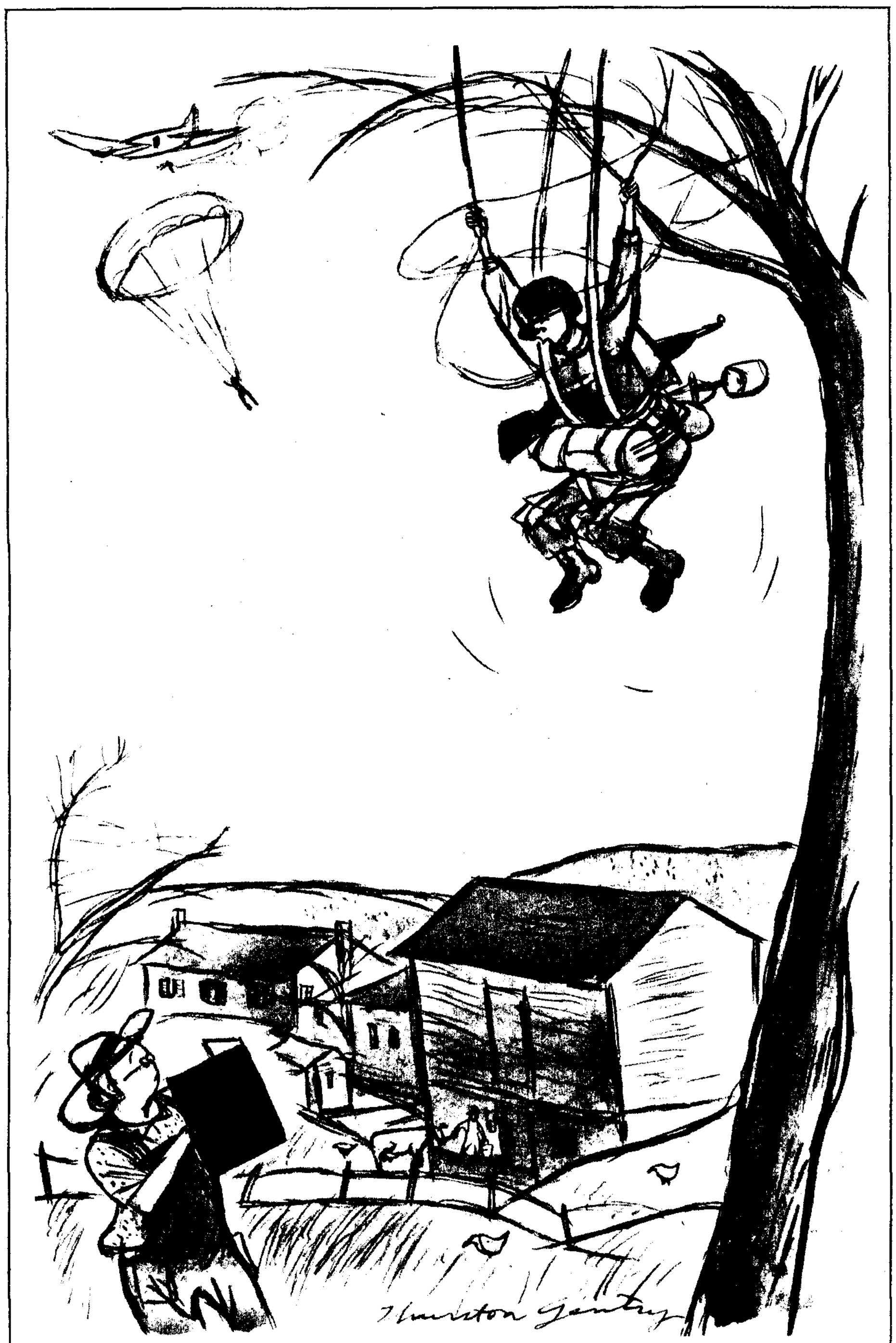
"Yes, I don't know if . . ." I looked round for my late host but his place was vacant. Behind me I heard a door quietly closing. I tried to keep the intense curiosity out of my voice. "Yes, some complete stranger's been very kind. Did you happen to see him, George? I wish you could find out who he is."

"Oh, I know who he is," George said largely. "New member. Name of Farquharson. As a matter of fact he's rather our star here."

"Star?"

"Yes. Our one and only V. C."

THE END



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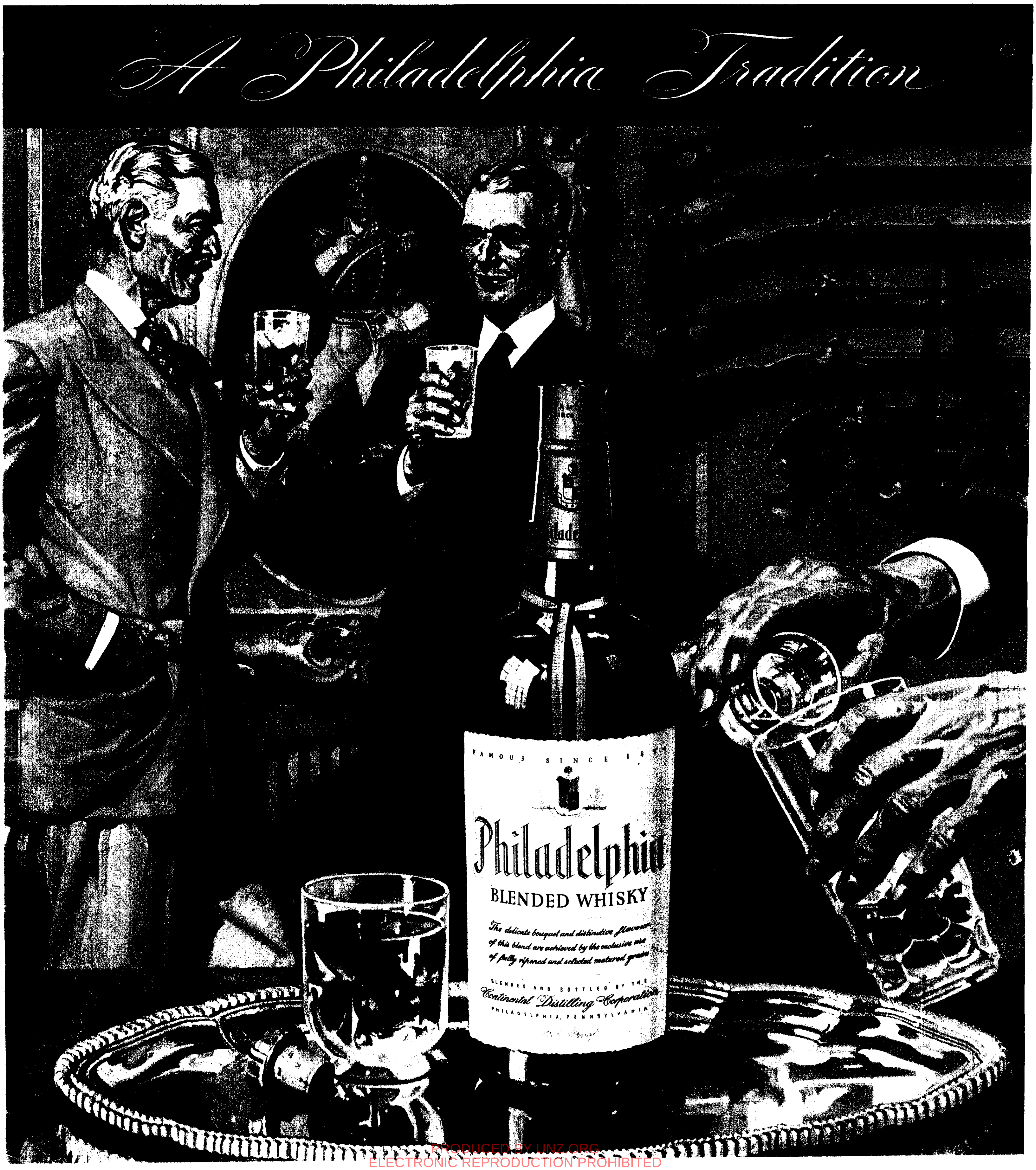
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The Wild Bunch

Continued from page 19

Hugh Overman was a cold and distant spirit lost in distance. Goodnight watched the man pull himself into the present and look upon him, neither interested nor disinterested. He lifted his hand and made a strange, stiff upward jerk with it. "Strangers are welcome," he said. "Show him the bunkhouse, Daughter. Show him the cook shack. See he gets a cup of coffee."

Boston Bill observed Goodnight with a small thin smile, and he sent a quick side glance to the girl. He must have noticed something on her face, for his smile broke off and he spoke to Overman in a lightly provoking tone: "Charity is blessed, Hugh, but it might be well to consider this stranger."

"You know him?" said Overman.

"I've met him, and there's some things about him I don't understand."

Overman placed his severe and powerful eyes on Goodnight. "You come here with honest intentions?"

Boston Bill broke in: "He was at Harry Ide's place when I saw him."

Overman's eyes were like agate, and in their depths a great wrath slowly moved. "You're on my place and I have offered you puttin' up. But we'll see. Daughter, give him his coffee and bring him to the dining room."

THE girl touched Goodnight's arm and turned him. He followed her to an ell of the main house, through the door into a kitchen. A light burned on a table and a pot of coffee sat on the back edge of the still-warm range. Virginia Overman lifted a cup from a hook, poured his coffee and pointed to the can of milk and the sugar box. She continued to watch him.

"I wish," she said, "I knew what you were doing at Ide's place."

"I stopped to rest my horse."

"And I wish I knew what Bill was doing there."

She watched him as she asked it, and when he only shook his head and smiled, her expression grew lighter until she was smiling back. "You're like all of the crowd. Never say anything."

"What crowd?"

"The drifters and the fly-by-nights and the line-jumpers who hide in every canyon and behind every tree of these hills. I like to go on quick judgment—and I wanted to think you were not one of those."

"Stay with your judgment," he said and finished his coffee.

She pointed toward an inner door. "Now you can go in and stand your trial." She followed him to the door and her voice called him around before he opened it: "There are two things to remember: These men all have past records. They'll be afraid you're after them, or they'll think you might be one of the desert men laying a trap."

She followed him through the door into a room with a long table flanked by a backless bench on each side. Hugh Overman sat at the head of the table, stiff and massive, his burning glance coming to Goodnight and staying there. Boston Bill was near him. A dozen or more other riders stood around the room.

Overman said, "I'll tell you at once that if I thought you were a spy I'd shoot you down. Now, man, what are you doing here?"

"Riding through," said Goodnight. "Or maybe staying if I like it."

"Your answer turns around upon itself and means nothing," said Overman. "There is a reason which drives every man. What drove you here?"

Goodnight pointed his finger at Boston Bill. He turned it, indicating all the group. "You know what drove these men here?"

Boston Bill said, "Maybe you better answer questions instead of asking them."

"Still," pointed out Overman, "it is a fair answer. I have taken all of you at your word. I can do no less with this man."

"What was he doing at Harry Ide's place?" asked Boston Bill.

"I stopped to rest my horse," said Goodnight. "What were you doing there, Bill?"

Overman answered that for Boston Bill: "It may have been to warn Harry Ide or it may have been to destroy him. Either thing would have been welcome to me."

"Except for his interfering," said Boston Bill, "Harry Ide would have been destroyed."

"I like to see a man get an even chance," said Goodnight.

Overman gave Goodnight a bright-black glance. "You interfered from good motives, but you were mistaken."

"He was in town last night," added Boston Bill, "steppin' around like a stray dog with its tail up. What was he doing there?"

"He dragged me off my horse," said a voice, and then a man came out of the crowd and walked on until he faced Goodnight. He was a solid shape burned black by weather; he was a hard one, scarred by trouble and still wanting trouble. Along the trail, Goodnight had seen many like him, restless and narrow of mind and governed by passion.

"Brother," said Goodnight, "you ran your horse into me and missed a woman by six inches with its kickin'."

The man was hungering for a fight; it was a shine in his eyes and a shape around his mouth. He looked aside to Boston Bill and a thought passed between them. He squared himself at Goodnight. He said, "I didn't have time last night to take care of you. No man can drag me off a horse—" He never finished the sentence. It was a feint to cover what he meant to do, for he swung his hand all the way from his belt and missed Goodnight's face and fell against Goodnight. He caught Goodnight around the waist to protect himself. He lowered his head and shoulders and struck sharply up, his head cracking Goodnight's chin.

The blow roared through Goodnight's brain; he heard Boston Bill say in a casual way, "Bust him up, Ad."

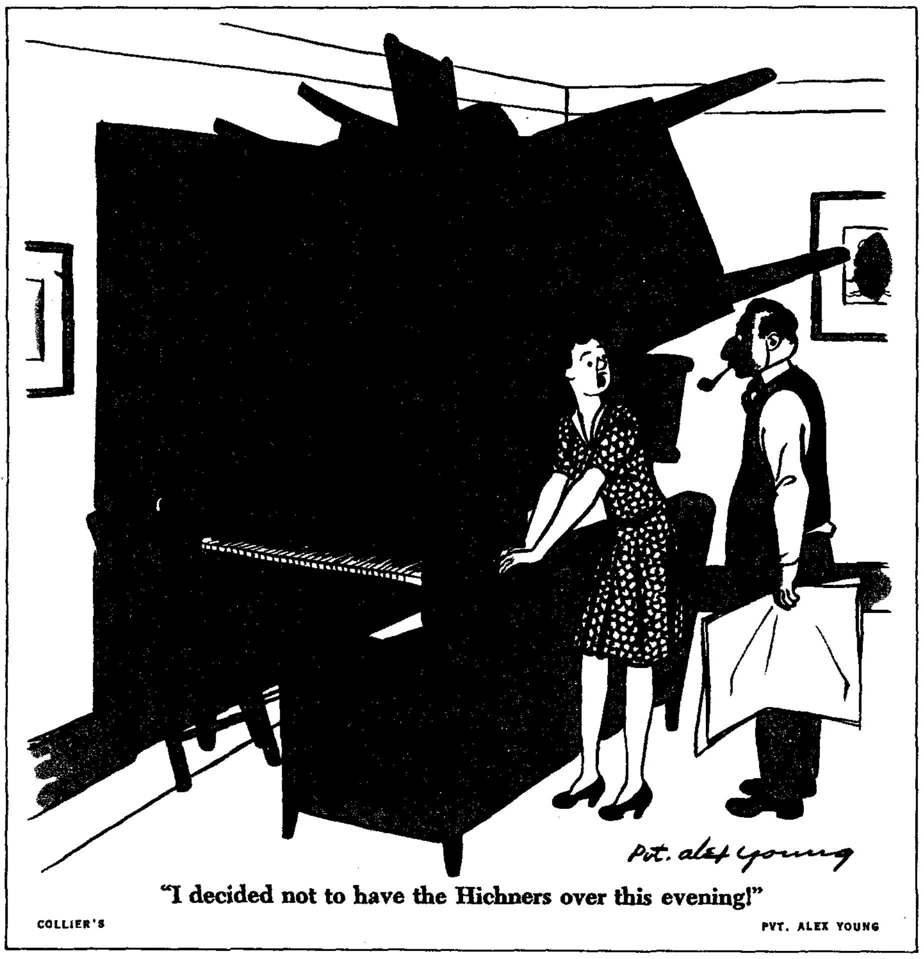
Ad's weight carried him back toward the wall, other men swiftly sidestepping to avoid the fight. But one bystanding man—Goodnight never knew which one—reached out and hit him on the jaw and backed away. Ad had him tackled around the waist and Ad's shoulders slammed him full force into the wall. He shifted his body, knowing what Ad would do next, and thereby avoided the jolt of Ad's knee as it aimed for his crotch. The maneuver threw Ad off balance, so that his grip around Goodnight's body relaxed, and at that moment Goodnight whirled free of the man and swung and caught him on the back of the neck with all the driven-down weight of his forearm. A thinner neck would have cracked; as it was, Ad fell in a curling drop to the floor, knocked out by the blow.

GOODNIGHT stood away from Ad, feeling blood in his mouth from Ad's butting. He had lost his hat and his long hair dropped over his eyes. "Anybody else?" he said. "Anybody at all?"

He heard the girl speak behind him: "You should not have permitted that, Dad."

Old Hugh sat stone-still in his chair and Goodnight then noticed something new in the room. All the crowd had stood in a scattered way around the table before the fight, but in the half minute of action they had shifted and now he saw four men placed shoulder to shoulder against one side of the room, facing Boston Bill and Boston Bill's group across the table. The fight had shaken them apart, or distrust had shaken them apart—the ranch crew to one side and Boston Bill's riders to the other. One of the men in the smaller group was Bob Carruth. Then the door opened and another rider came in and put himself with the ranch four. It was Theo McSween.

Overman still had his daughter's reproach in his mind and now spoke: "Right



"I decided not to have the Hichners over this evening!"

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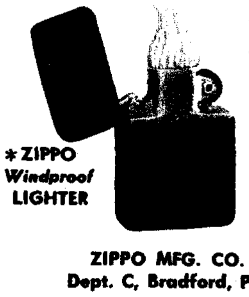

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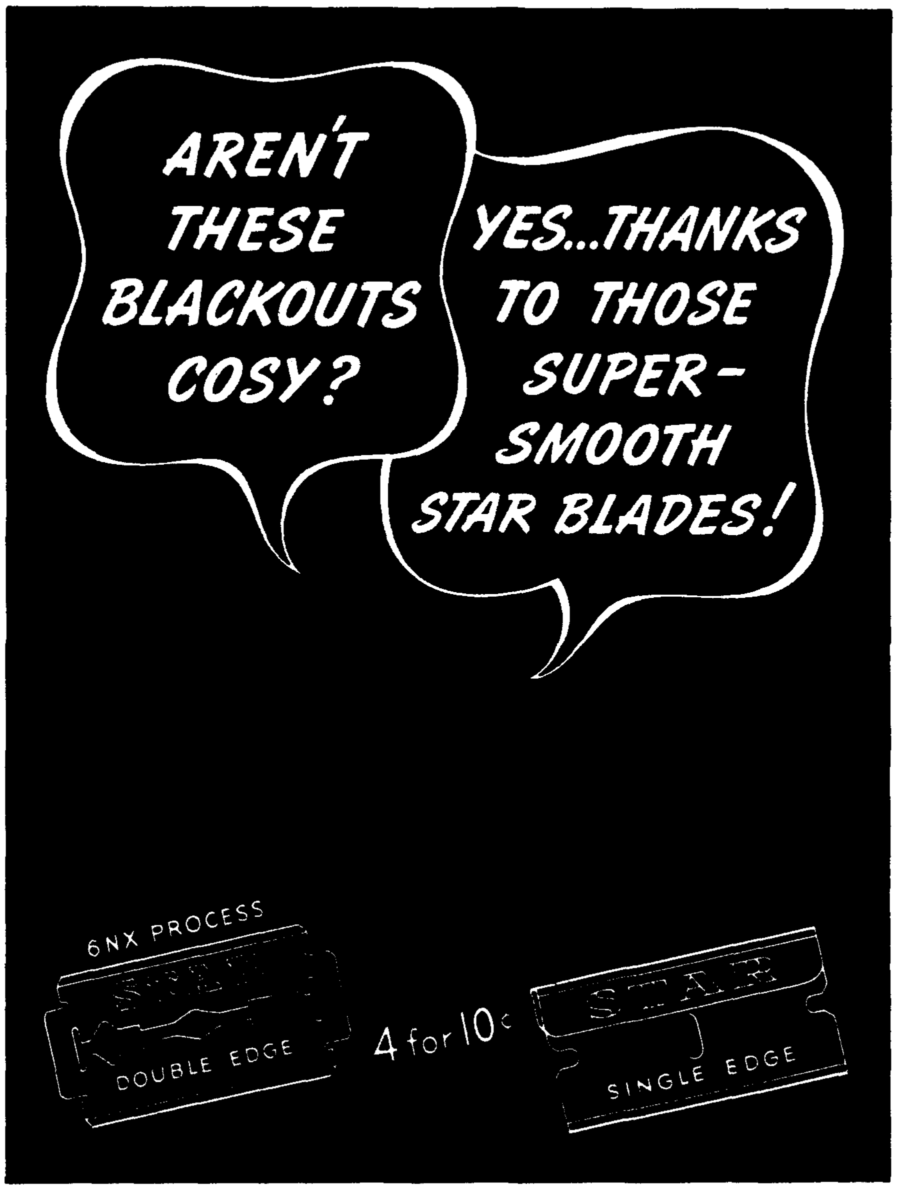
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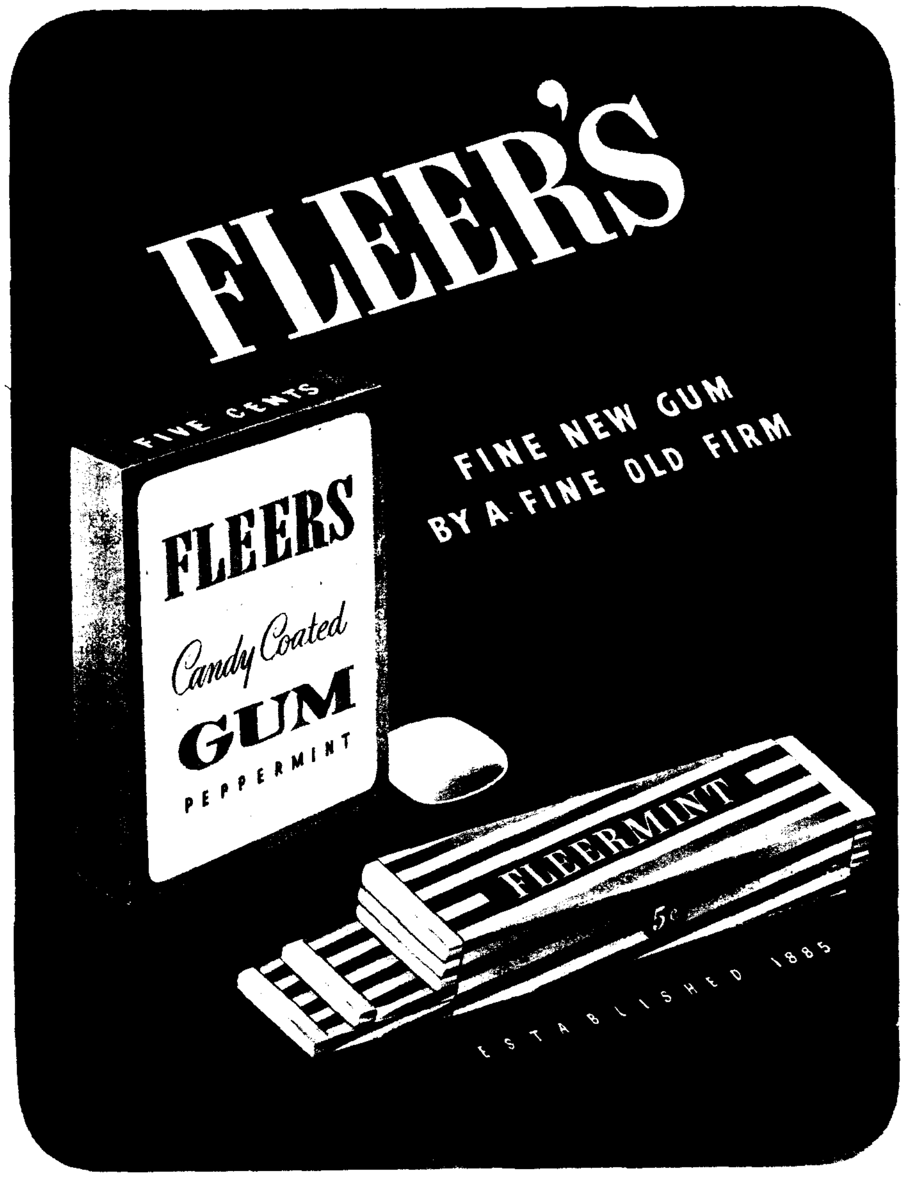

makes might. If a man is just and honest he will have more strength than the man who is not. This young man whipped Ad. Therefore he is honest."

Boston Bill gave Overman a cynical grin. "Suppose two dishonest men got in a fight. You'd say the one that won was honest?"

"Less dishonest than the other," stated Overman.

Boston Bill ceased to smile. The arrogance that lived around his mouth and in his eyes suddenly jumped to his voice: "I don't want this fellow around."

Overman looked at Boston Bill and then Goodnight saw a flaw in the old man's complete self-assurance. "I will not turn a man off Sun Ranch without reason."

"My say-so is reason enough," stated Boston Bill. "You do it or I'll do it."

OVERMAN lifted his great head and his temper flared; yet he held his feelings down and his answer was less than Goodnight expected. "Never mind, Bill," he said, and he flung his arm stiffly up and stiffly down.

Goodnight nodded at Boston Bill. "You have talked too much again. Now it is put up or shut up."

Boston Bill's pride was yeasty in him. His color burned in the light and his big beak nose tipped hawklike at Goodnight. "You're on Sun Ranch. I won't touch you here. This is the second time you have called me, friend. You're a clever man in pickin' a safe spot to call."

He nodded at his partners and went quickly out. In a moment Overman rose and followed him through the door, and the other crew members one by one disappeared until only Goodnight and the girl and Theo McSween were there. McSween showed a puzzled interest in Goodnight.

"I've seen you before, ain't I?"

"No," said Goodnight. "Maybe it was somebody that looked like me."

Theo McSween said, "Maybe," and started for the door. He turned in it, looking back with a rapid flip of his head, as though prompted by suspicion or a fresh thought. He stared steadily at Goodnight and he murmured, "Somewhere," and left the dining room.

The girl faced Goodnight. "You're not green," she said. "You've got a lot of experience—the same dirty kind all the rest of them have."

He said, "Do you know that your father's afraid of Boston Bill?"

"Yes," she said. She looked long at him, something half-formed on her lips. He saw caution hold her back. Then she said, "So am I."

He said, "What's to be afraid of?"

Virginia looked over her shoulder to the door; and turned to it. She stepped into the yard, and stepped back, coming toward him again. The big lamp on the table threw its lush beam against her, staining the skin at her throat to a smooth butter yellow. Her lips lay softly together and light points danced in her eyes as they met his glance. She had smiled only once at him, and then faintly; distrust and reserve remained always with her. But below that, he saw fullness waiting, and the fullness was a promise and a temptation to him, bringing on his smile, and when he smiled, recklessness came quickly to his face.

She watched it and understood it and her expression grew smooth and tight and a disturbed breathing lifted her breasts; her glance held him and for a moment warmth ran between them, and the knowledge of a swift and common thought was between them. She dropped her glance. She murmured: "Who was the woman you were talking about?"

He had to remember her name. He bent his head to think of it; her kiss was a better memory than her name. Then he remembered: "Rosalia Lind."

Her glance was cool and distant. "Gallant of you. She's a friend of yours?"

"Just ran into her."

"As you ran into me," she murmured, and was displeased with him.

"What's the difference of all this?" he said. "The day comes and the day goes and you'll forget you ever saw me in another week." He paused. "I'll be gone from Sun Ranch after breakfast."

She said nothing at the moment. Turning, she went to the door and stood there, facing the shadows.

"No," she said. "I want you to stay."

"Why? What's one saddle bum more or less?"

"Stay and find out," she said and turned back to him. "Unless the threat Boston Bill made is enough to send you away."

He smiled, and then he laughed and she watched him with her eyes half closed. She was still prying into him for his worth and his real character. He said, "I wouldn't run because he wanted me to, and I wouldn't stay because you used him to get at my pride. But I'll stay for my own reasons."

She showed relief; and then relief faded and she grew brisk with him. "Never let your reasons out. The bunkhouse is just across the yard. Throw your horse into the small pasture behind the bunkhouse. What's your name?"

"Frank," he said. "That last man who left here—what's his name?"

"Mac," she told him. "Probably borrowed, like yours." She came over the room to him, looking up. He held himself still, meeting her eyes. They were cool and speculative; they knew him and they were puzzled with him. She said, very softly, "Are Rosalia's lips as soft as other women's?"

He felt the quick heat on his face. She had thrown him off balance, as she had been trying to do since the meeting on the road. It turned him angry, but he held himself in. "I've wondered about yours," he said.

"You'll never find out," she said and suddenly left the room.

He turned down the lamp and went into the yard; starlight was a cloudy glow all down the heavens' slopes to the horizons. He took his horse to the small pasture, unsaddled and carried his gear back to the bunkhouse; when he stepped inside he saw Theo McSween sitting at the table, his hands idle on a deck of cards. McSween faced the door watchfully. Three other men lay on the bunks, awake and interested. One of them was Carruth, one was Slab, the fellow with the pock-marked face who had been bait in the Sherman City fight, and one was new to him.

GOODNIGHT pegged his gear and found a bunk. He sat on the bunk, crouched over while he rolled a smoke, feeling the eyes of the others lying steadily against him. They were all the same kind of fugitive men, and they feared him or distrusted him. When he lighted the cigarette he saw McSween's steady, light-colored stare. McSween's arms were idle on the table and he had pulled himself back in the chair, slightly away from the table. He had dark hair turned white at the edges and he had the kind of face that would catch a woman's interest and perhaps the kind of a tongue that could softly play on a woman's weaknesses.

McSween said—and his voice was slow and weighted with curiosity, "You ever around Tempe, Arizona?"

"No."

"Maybe," said McSween, "it was up in the Horse Heaven country."

"You never saw me there," said Goodnight.

"Well, I've seen you somewhere."

"You're a fool for talk," said Goodnight. "Ask me any more fool questions and I'll slap out your teeth."

He stood up from the bunk; he took a

step nearer the table, watching McSween's face grow firmer and show a decision. McSween even grinned. "Boy," he said, "you're talkin' to the wrong man. If you want trouble with me you can get it."

He was ready to fight, but he was puzzled and so stood still. Goodnight took another step, suddenly seized the edge of the table and tipped it against McSween. McSween dropped his hands to knock the table aside. Goodnight circled swiftly, hit McSween a great blow on the side of the jaw and knocked him to the floor. He saw McSween roll and turn and grab at his gun; he had expected it and now he stepped on McSween's wrist and bore his full weight down, the sharp boot heel grinding into McSween's skin. McSween gave out a yell and rolled against Goodnight's knees. Goodnight dropped his knees straight down on McSween's ribs, seized the gun and rose back, waiting.

He watched McSween rise from the floor. McSween said, "You like rough stuff, boy? Here's some—"

He came at Goodnight from a low, bent-over crouch, springing suddenly at Goodnight's hips with his reached-out arms. Goodnight let him close in, took one step nearer as McSween's arms seized him and then, before McSween came out of his crouch, Goodnight brought his knee full up into McSween's lowered face. The crack of that knee on McSween's mouth was sharp in the room. McSween's arms fell away and he dropped to the floor. Lying there, he rubbed the back of a hand over his mouth and stared at the blood drawn away.

The three other men, Goodnight observed, were watching the door; swinging around, Goodnight discovered Virginia Overman looking in from the yard.

"A bunkhouse," said Goodnight, "is no place for a woman. You know that."

She had been watching part of the fight; the expression of dislike was in her eyes as she looked at him. Then she turned into the night.

Goodnight wheeled to Bob Carruth: "No hard feelings about that crack over the head?"

"We'll wait and see," said Carruth.

GOODNIGHT ate breakfast in the dining room with the crew and with Overman and Virginia. When he finished, he moved at once into the mountain's bright light, into its thin and winy air. The rest of the crew crossed the yard and were soon in saddle, moving into the trees, downgrade. McSween went with the group and for a short moment Goodnight's thoughts ran fast and uncertain. If McSween kept on going it would be another weary search to catch him again, but presently he made up his mind and turned away. McSween's pride would not let him run. McSween would return.

Virginia came out of the dining room and saw him. She said, "Saddle up and ride with me," and went on. Goodnight returned to the bunkhouse for his gear and continued to the small meadow. His horse ranged down-pasture with half a dozen others, but when he drummed up a signal on the gate post with the flat of his hand, the horse came out of the bunch to him. He saddled and stepped aboard; and he sat through his morning exercise, the horse bucking in short stiff-legged hops, because of the goodness of the day. When Goodnight got back to the main yard the girl was waiting for him, and set out with him across the short mountain meadow. A road split the meadow and presently reached timber. They passed into the cool twilight, going steadily upgrade.

"Where's this road go?" he asked.

"Over the mountains. The way you'll be going, I suppose. On east."

"This a way of giving me my walkin' papers?"

"No. I want you to stay. I have no choice."

"Why?"

"You can see for yourself can't you?" She waited for his answer. Not receiving it, she murmured, "You're a gloomy, cold man." Then she bent a little in the saddle, her glance nearer to him, and she was a moment silent. "Why?" she said. "What troubles you?"

"Maybe you'd better not ask," he said.

"Running away," she said in a smaller voice, "is a miserable thing. You'll find out you can never run far enough." She shrugged her shoulders. "Never mind. It is your business. You can see what's happening on Sun Ranch, can't you?"

"Your father seems to know what he's doing."

"MY FATHER never came here with the intention of setting up headquarters for the wild bunch. He ran his cattle and minded his business until about ten years ago. Then the desert outfits began to resent his being here, because he used the grass they'd been summer-ranging. They tried to run him out. You have seen my father. You know how he would answer. It has been a fight ever since my childhood. The hill people against Harry Ide and the other desert ranchers. My father hates all desert people and would willingly wipe them out. He is unforgiving. Perhaps he has reason to be. I have no love for the desert ranchers. They're greedy."

"All people are greedy, one way or another," said Goodnight.

She gave him a keen glance, arrested by the remark. "I wonder how deep your resentment is. You don't have the face of a lawless man. It isn't lined with evil or dissipation. Are you sure you are as disillusioned as you think?"

"Shouldn't matter to you."

"It does, very much," she told him in a completely matter-of-fact voice. "I do not admire your actions—such as I've seen of them—but I need a man like you. This country has become a jungle in which all sorts of stray and vicious beasts have sought shelter. It used to be a lovely country. All through my childhood it was a land of delight. The shadows were clean shadows, made by the mountains and the timber. It is not so now. I used to travel this road, never thinking of danger. I never ride on it any more without a gun, always expecting the worst from each bend. It is a terrible thing to do that to so clean a spot of earth."

"You were young and never saw the evil which is always around us. Now you're older and you see it."

She looked at him. "Do you like to think of it that way? Don't you want to fight it?"

He said, "I'll take on my chores but no other man's."

She said nothing but her attention thoughtfully remained upon him. Presently she straightened, and when he looked at her he saw that she was quietly smiling. She put her hand on his arm and coquetry danced in her eyes; it was a charm suddenly turned on. She said, "Stay and help me," and spurred her horse into a reaching canter. He followed her down the road to the meadow and along the meadow to the yard, puzzled at the change of her manner but warmed by it. As he came into the yard with her he saw Overman, Boston Bill and a third man waiting by the porch. The third man was the old fellow who had been in the alley beside Rosalia Lind's house the previous night: Old Gabe.

He dismounted, turned cautious; he saw the jealous suspicion in Boston Bill's blue eyes, he felt the massive temper of old Hugh boil against him. Overman said, "Daughter, I have spoken to you of riding with strangers."

Old Gabe reached into his pocket and produced a slip of paper which he handed to Goodnight. Three neat feminine lines of writing said, "Your friend has been hurt

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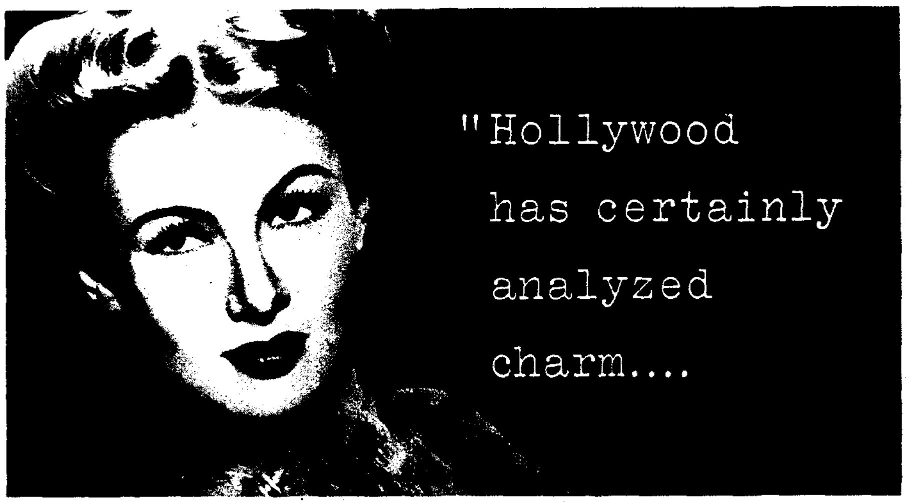
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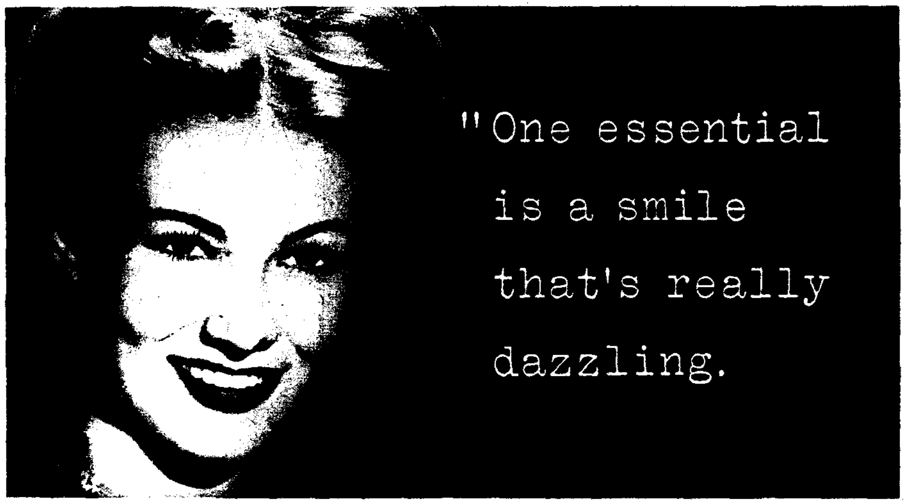
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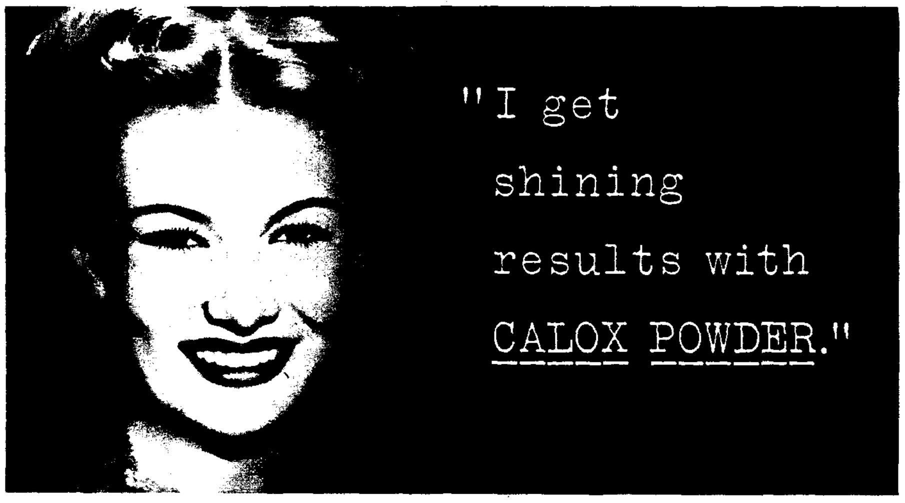
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and is in my house. Come to the back door after dark—down the alley where the old man was."

The second sentence was to take the place of the signature, to remind him secretly of Rosalia Lind. He stood with his head bent, troubled as to Niles, doubting the message and the messenger. How had this man come so openly upon Sun Ranch and how was it he stood here now with so much certainty? The three men were watching him with their various attitudes. Virginia watched him with a noticeable distrust.

Goodnight pointed to the messenger and spoke to Overman: "You know this man?"

"I know him," said Overman.

The old man grinned his red-gummed grin. "Everybody knows me," he said. "And," he added slyly, "nobody cares about me. If anybody cared, I'd be dead before now. You got an answer fur that writin'?"

"I'll carry my own answer down."

THE old man turned to his horse. He mounted and rode away, lumped like a squaw in the saddle, his old legs banging the sides of the horse; and so disappeared in the timber.

Goodnight folded the note and slid it into his pocket, not entirely sure of the next few moments. He said, "I've got to go to town," and turned to his horse. The silence of the three people was oppressive behind him and when he swung to the leather and again faced them he realized that all three were debating his departure. A clear, cold antagonism had returned to the girl's face.

"Are you coming back?" she asked.

"Yes."

Boston Bill gave Virginia a blank look. "Why should he come back?"

"We can use another set of hands."

"You've got plenty to call on," he reminded her.

"Sun Ranch hires its own crew, Bill."

"So far we've gotten along," he said. "I'm here when you want me."

She lifted her head, she straightened and laid her voice on him, even and definite: "Don't interfere."

Boston Bill flushed. He still had his anger and wanted to use it. But he was somehow held back, as though he desired no quarrel with her; and at last he managed a graceful gesture. "Only trying to help. After all, what do you know of this man?" He swung on Overman as he asked the question. Overman, Goodnight observed, was solemn and aloof and would not come into the argument. Goodnight knew then he would have no protest on his departure and swung around toward the meadow. Boston Bill's voice followed him, "I'll ride with you, friend," and in a moment Bill trotted abreast. Looking behind, Goodnight saw the girl poised watchfully in the middle of the yard.

The two men passed shortly into trees, dropping downgrade. Goodnight looked at Boston Bill.

"Get it off your chest."

"What takes you to town?"

"That's my business."

"Sure—sure," said Boston Bill, resentment singing in his voice. "My friend, I misjudged you yesterday. I figured you for one more bum. I see now you're able to take care of yourself. That's perfectly agreeable to me, but I just want to make sure you stay out of my business. You do that much and I'll keep clear of you."

"Say the rest of it," said Goodnight.

Boston Bill gave Goodnight the benefit of his hard blue eyes. "The rest of it is that you've been bumping into me and I have not called you. Thereby you may be misjudging me. I don't believe you know my style. I'm not one to go harum-scarum into a fight. I never fight except for a purpose. So far you have not really provided me with a purpose. If you ever do I shall certainly fight you."

"You could have said it in less time," observed Goodnight.

Boston Bill showed him a thin smile. "You have never run into a man like me and therefore you misjudge me. I'd suggest you leave the Sun outfit."

"I'll be going back there," said Goodnight.

"I hold your future in the palm of my hand," pointed out Boston Bill reasonably. "If I ever swung the old man against you, you'd never live to leave the place."

"You've tried," said Goodnight, "and no luck."

Boston Bill halted his horse and swung it, directly facing Goodnight. He was alert and he was angry, but he continued his cool way of handling Goodnight; his mind controlled his temper. This man, Goodnight understood, was not the kind of fighter and not the kind of simple bad one with which he was familiar. Looking into the man's eyes Goodnight had an odd feeling that he saw there in the coolness and the brightness the dull shadow of something ruined and dying. This man had an education and came from a good place; but he was here now, far below his station, somehow corrupted.

He said to Boston Bill, gravely, with deliberation, "Only one thing I'm not sure of about you. Whether you'd give a man warning or crack him from behind."

Boston Bill's ruddy cheeks showed a sharper color at once and the anger in him slipped its control and shaped his face with arrogance. He searched for an answer to that charge but apparently the streak of fatalism in him knocked the answer aside. Turning, he rode back toward the ranch.

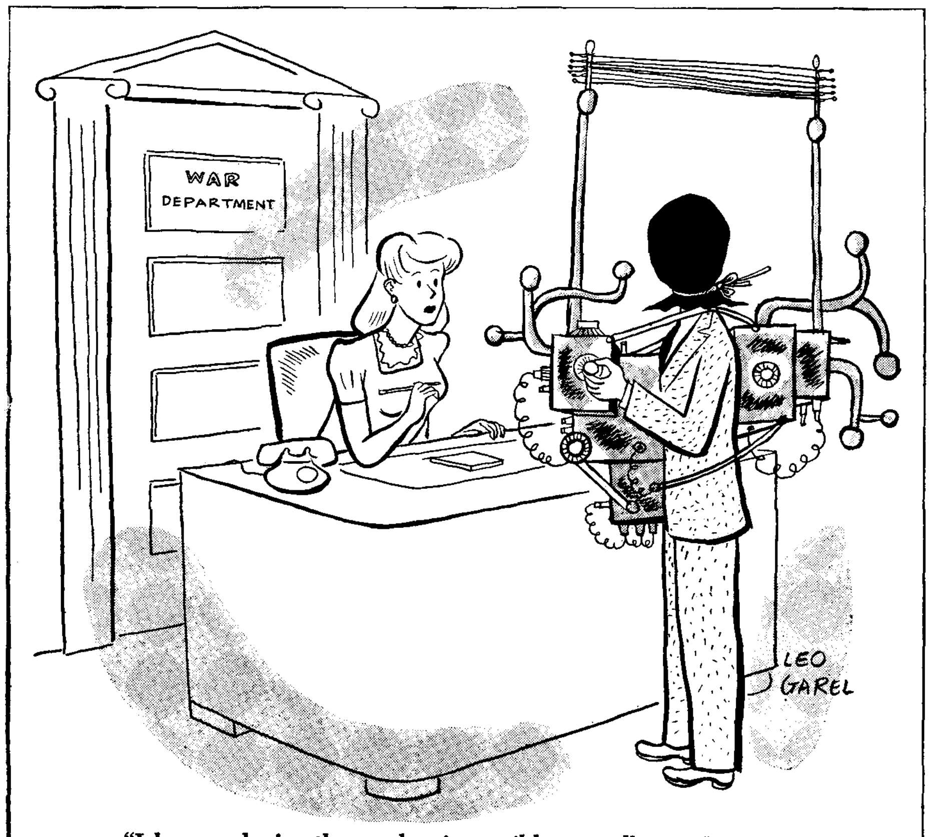
GOODNIGHT left Sun Ranch around ten o'clock. Running downgrade, now on the road and now in the shelter of the timber, he reached the break of the hills—with the housetops of Sherman City below him—near four. It was still three hours until sundown and although the message from Rosalia Lind was urgent enough to make him restless, he could not shake away his suspicion; therefore he made a wide detour to avoid entering town from the upper side and presently cut the road which led out upon the prairie. Dropping back to the trees he sat against a pine until the sun fell and the shadows began their inward night tide. He rose and crossed the road, coming upon Sherman City from the lower end. Reaching the old shanty where he had met Niles the night before, he left his horse and walked behind the line of buildings.

He came to the rear of Rosalia Lind's house and he stood well covered by the darkness of the house adjoining. A light came through her window and painted its dim yellow cone on the muddy night. He stood still, watching the window and then he noticed that the back door of the house stood open; and as he watched this, the light went out and he heard a voice grumble, "What's the matter?"

It sounded like Niles Brand's voice. He moved through the yard toward the door; he came soft-footed across the small back porch and found a shape in the doorway. He took one step aside, still keyed to danger, and then he saw Rosalia's face move forward. She whispered something under her breath and her hand reached to him and drew him in. There was a complete darkness in the house, and the sound of a man's heavy breathing, and then he heard Niles speak again: "Where'd you go to?"

SHE still held Goodnight's arm, the pressure of her fingers speaking for her and her presence sending its warmth against him. She waited there, saying nothing, arresting him with the unseen sweetness that came so powerfully out of her. He put his arms around her and felt her lips come up quick and eager. It was like falling into softness, through layer upon layer of softness, all of it closing about him warm and painfully good. The feeling of it was a sustained wave through him, this same goodness without shame; and when he stepped back he heard her let out a small sigh and he thought she was smiling although he saw nothing of her face. Her finger tips brushed across his lips and she swayed until she was against him again, whispering into his ear: "I've been waiting for you." She pulled away and in a moment found a match and lighted a lamp.

He closed the rear door, standing against it, watching her go about the room to pull down the window shades. She faced him over the room's length; he saw happiness shape her lips, he saw the glow of her eyes as she watched him and remembered the kiss. Light and shadows lay against her, darkening her eyes, rounding her shape. Her lips moved slightly, speaking to him without sound and she turned lovely and alive before him. She moved her head at



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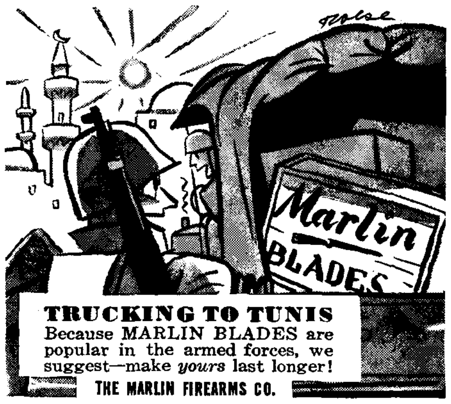

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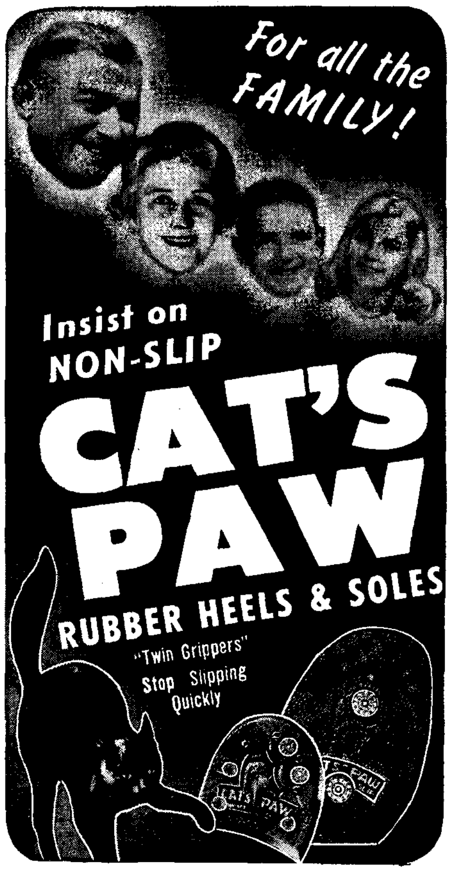
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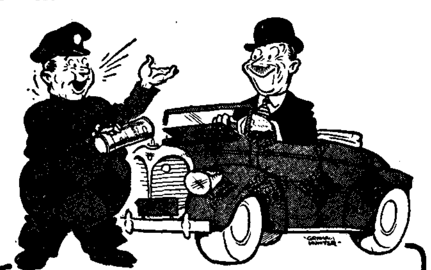

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the open door of another room. "In there."

It was a bedroom, with Niles Brand lying on the bed. A harness of cloth, looped around his neck and around his chest, anchored a bandage against his left side. He had one arm thrown back over his head, grasping the bedpost. He said to Goodnight, "Nice weather, pilgrim," and tried to grin away the hurt of his injury.

"Bullet?" asked Goodnight. "Where'd it land? Who did it?"

"Shaved a rib, or broke a rib—or somethin' like that. I was crossin' the street from the stable. The thing plowed downward across my flank. So it was fired from above me. I was facin' the hotel. So it came from the hotel, second floor. That's all I know about it. I told you this was a queer town. This girl and an old guy with whiskers pulled me off the street." He looked at her. "What did you bother for?"

She stood by the bed, her manner of dark assurance returning. "You're this man's friend, aren't you?"

"That's the reason?" Brand asked, in a puzzled tone; and he looked at her close and carefully. She was a mystery to him, not smiling at him and making no attempt to please him. She had helped him, but the help was not for him. He saw that and shrugged his shoulders, and the shrug brought on a fresh stab of agony in his side. He bared his teeth and gripped the bedpost more tightly. "Give me two or three days, Frank. But meanwhile, where do I hang out?"

"Here," said the girl. "You're safe here. Nobody would dare touch you in my house."

"You big enough to hold 'em away?"

She showed both men a lift of her chin and an imperious gesture with her hand. "You're safe here."

Goodnight said, "No reason for you to be potted, Niles, unless somebody knows you are tied up with me."

"That was known half an hour after you came," said the girl.

Niles gave her a bright-sharp stare. "You got your fingers on a lot of things."

"Two men riding into Sherman City, a day or two apart, would be suspected. This place is full of men who know all the tricks. You couldn't fool them. I know who shot you. I know why. I know more than that. You stay here until you can take care of yourself. It will be a week, and not two or three days."

Goodnight said, "If you're safe here, I'll have to duck back into the hills."

"You find out anything?"

"Yes," said Goodnight. "It's only a question of time."

Niles said in a gritty voice, "Do it and be done with it."

THE girl stepped from the room, both men listening to her footsteps recede toward the rear of the house. Goodnight bent down, murmuring, "He's on Sun Ranch. He won't run. I'm going back there. When you're ready to ride, ride back home."

"You fool," said Niles, "you think you can get out of here alone? We're both in trouble. I don't think we could ride out if we wanted. It's—" he scowled at the ceiling, seeking words, and added, "just too many things workin' too many funny ways."

The girl came back with a drink of water. She stood over him, supporting the glass while he drank. Water spilled down his bare chest and he squirmed on the bed and tried to smile again. "Remember how a cow tries to get out of quicksand, Frank? Same thing. We're in quicksand. Maybe you could turn down that light. Believe I might be able to sleep. Sorry I got your bed, lady."

She took up the lamp and moved from the room with it, Goodnight behind her. She put the lamp on a table, turned down the wick, and swung to face him; all her austere self-possession went away in that one moment, leaving her a beggar waiting his nod, his word, his summons. Heat lay heavy in the house, swelling through him; he dropped his head, thinking of the suddenness of their meeting and the rashness of his first impulse toward her. And he wondered now at the strange things she did to him, making the moments sharp and all his appetites keen. She brought him back to his older days of carefree thinking, when all the world had been good. She brought that back.

She came across the room, touching his arm, moving with him back through the house and out to the rear porch. She sat down in the deep shadows, pulling him beside her. Her voice dropped low: "You're safe on this porch, Frank. There are three men in those shadows. Nobody could get into this back yard."

"I got in."

"You were permitted in," she told him softly.

"Odd thing."

"Not odd. My father started this town and left many friends when he died. You're walking on my ground, anywhere you walk in Sherman City. I have men who'd never let you leave here, if I said so. Perhaps," and her voice held its secret amusement, "I'll have them keep you here. What are you going to do now?"

"Back into the hills."

SHE remained silent over a long period, bent forward, her arms across her knees. She looked into the darkness, indrawn and sober.

"Go there," she said slowly, "and you'll never get out of trouble."

"Why?" he asked again.

Her voice stiffened. "Do as I tell you. Isn't that enough for you to know?"

He rose and stood close beside her, smiling through the shadows at her. He denied her authority over him with a smooth murmur:

"So long until I see you again."

He laid his hand under her chin, lifting it. He bent and kissed her. She pulled back from him, staring at his face. "Ah," she sighed, "how funny. The men I like are all headstrong. Why is that? Do you hate a woman giving you orders?"

"No," he said. "I've got to go back. That's all there's to it."

"Not tonight," she whispered. "Not tonight."

"Be good to Niles."

She said, "I could lift my voice now, and you'd never leave town."

He ceased to smile. He said, "Don't interfere."

She stared at him a long while, troubled for him and angry with him and yet drawn to him; and at last she shrugged her shoulders.

"So long," she said. She watched him swing from the porch and cross the yard; she watched him disappear in the shadows and she listened to his footfalls die sudden-out. She drew a long breath and put a hand on a breast and pressed it tight, and turned into the house.

Goodnight reached his horse and made the wide circle of town again. When he got into the timber he traced his way to the main road and rode slowly.

He was five miles into the hills when he heard the first rumor of another rider in the night, coming behind. He turned off the road and waited until the man went by at a punishing pace. He stood still, realizing that his own dust wake must have been a warning to that rider; but the rider's echo was a steady abrasion in the night, presently dying. Goodnight swung back to the road.

Midnight brought him to the mouth of a canyon somehow familiar and shortly he recognized his previous night's camp spot, whereby Virginia Overman had met him; and he was here when he caught the first distant break of guns.

This was from higher away, from the Sun Ranch meadow; and these shots grew and came down to him with the small wind, making faint flutters in the air. He was in the notch of the canyon, the high rough walls holding him strictly to the road.

He had half a mile of this, as he remembered, and urged the flagging horse to a quicker pace. The firing stayed brisk, not heavy volleys, but as spotted shots following one another at intervals.

Halfway up the canyon, with a quarter mile still to go before reaching the shelter of the timber, he heard the firing die into a silence made hollow by the racket which had gone before; and after that he caught the on-traveling murmur of horses. He was still trapped in the canyon and now brought down his spurs, sorry for his horse as he did so. The horse jumped into a dispirited run, its shoes striking sharp against the rocky underfooting of the road; the canyon wall began to drop down. Ahead of him a ragged burst of shots broke the lull, the last rear-guard action of the fight, and then that ceased and a large party ran at him.

He looked anxiously at the shadowed bank to either side and knew he could not yet climb from the road; nor had he time now to turn and run, for the head of the oncoming column was a vague motion before him. Someone in that party shouted, "Harry, hold it," but the column came on at an easy run. Goodnight shoved his horse flat against the left-hand bank, thus to be absorbed in the black shadows of it. He heard the man cry again, "I can't make it, Harry."

The column was dead on him, slackening speed. It ran abreast of him, the nearest rider within arm's reach. Someone said, "Hold up," and the column broke and turned back upon itself; one rider swung about, his stirrup touching Goodnight's stirrup. "Who's hit?" said that one.

"Me," said a voice in a steady fall of tone. "I can't make it back. I—"

"Grab him before he falls," said the voice.

"Come up—come up," said the hurt one, and after that Goodnight watched a shadow waver and sink away. He heard the man strike ground and grunt. The column turned into a close bunch and men got down, working their way through the horses.

"Dead?" said the voice.

"No," said somebody.

"Yes," another voice added.

"Who is it?"

"Charley Tevis."

Goodnight found himself boxed against the wall of the canyon, a rider crosswise before him, a rider behind him. When this group moved on again he would be in the current, moving with it and unable to break clear of it without being observed. The collection of men and horses choked this narrow way, swaying in confused motion, men riding back and forth restlessly.

A rider drifted forward from the rear; he came coasting up beside Goodnight. He bent nearer Goodnight. "Match?"

"No," said Goodnight.

Harry Ide was speaking again to the men around him. They had the dead man on a horse, tied to the saddle. "That's enough," Ide said. "Let's go."

GOODNIGHT delayed until the sound of the last rider had dropped to a scuffling murmur. Thereafter, he turned upgrade again and came presently to the head of the canyon.

The road at this point reached level ground, passed through a short belt of timber, and came upon the meadow of Sun Ranch; and in that belt of timber, he well knew, some of the Sun Ranch crew would be stationed, waiting for trouble. He left the road and cut a considerable circle, reaching the meadow at a distance from the house. There was a light inside the house and as he watched he saw a door come open and men move awkwardly through it, carrying another man inside. He crossed the meadow, still circling, reached timber, and came cautiously upon the house from the eastern side. The length of the dining room and kitchen was before him, all dark; he skirted this, turned a corner and stopped at the edge of the yard. The door of the main house was still open—a careless thing, he thought—and he saw the girl sitting silent on the porch steps.

He said, "Virginia," and looked sharply around the yard to see what effect the sound of his voice might make. A shadow broke from the corner of the bunkhouse, stepping into the yard; and a man came at once from the main house. The girl, still seated, spoke indifferently: "Who's there?"

"Goodnight," he said and rode over the yard. He stepped down and faced her. She looked up at him and he saw that she had been crying. She gave him a stone-still glance and her voice was hard and turned against him:

"Why bother to come back?"

"What's wrong?"

"My father's dead."

THEO McSWEEN was on the porch, his face turned sallow and sharp and cool. He held his hands on his hips, waiting out Goodnight; two other men moved in from the yard, behind Goodnight. He heard their feet slip along the ground. He sat down on the porch beside the girl and he watched the way her mouth struggled to hold its tight shape and gradually grow loose. She wanted to cry again and she wanted to hate the world. He put his arms around her and drew her against his shoulder and listened to her fresh crying begin. Her body trembled and her tears ran down her cheeks and fell warm against his hands.

One of the men in the yard said to McSween, "Shut that door, you fool! You want to make targets for Harry Ide to shoot at?"

Holding Virginia in his arms, Goodnight felt the misery that made its havoc in her, and for the first time in many months he had pity for another human being; and this surprised him, since he had thought himself toughened beyond any such feeling. McSween, who now stood on the porch behind him, had turned him against the race of man. Nevertheless, the girl's broken crying hurt him and caused him to think of Harry Ide with anger.

He could not turn his head and he disliked McSween's presence behind him. He said so: "Get away from my back." The three other Sun riders, Bob Carruth and Tap and Slab, had moved out of various corners of the yard and collected before him; they looked dead-beaten.

He said again to McSween, "Step around where I can see you."

The girl pulled herself out of his arms and ceased her crying. He watched her put away her tragedy and bring her will like iron hoops around her feelings. Her mouth pressed together and at the moment she showed them all a bitter face. McSween had not moved. Goodnight rose and turned, facing the man and watching his expression grow balky. He stepped up to the porch, coming near McSween. "Mind me," he said. McSween spoke through the quick short lifts of his breath. "You ridin' me again? Nothing you can do will budge me if I don't want to budge. I'm one horse you don't break."

"Move down," said Goodnight.

"No," said McSween, "not until I'm ready."

He expected trouble and he had himself braced for it and cocked for it; still he was slow and Goodnight's fist cracked him in the belly before he got his arms lifted. It drove the wind out of him; his hands dropped, fingers fanwise over his stomach and his mouth sprang wide open and he stood there in an agony, without breath and unable to get it. Goodnight struck him lightly on the shoulders, swung him and caught him with both hands and flung him off the porch. McSween's boots caught on the steps and he fell on his knees and hands into the yard, and remained like that, his head lopped down. The three other Sun men said nothing.

The girl looked on McSween with a kind of impersonal interest. She turned to the doorway, speaking to Goodnight: "Come in here a moment."

Goodnight said, "Don't lend the lady-killer a gun, boys," and turned into the house. He closed the door and waited for Virginia to say what was on her mind.

(To be continued next week)

Flu is Through

Continued from page 30

Monkeys and mice were exposed to atmospheres containing atomized radioactive solutions. When these animals were killed, the presence of the radioactive elements could be demonstrated by tests for radioactivity. Thus the Navy scientists proved to their satisfaction that a special type of atomizer could carry minute droplets of anti-influenza serum to all portions of the lung and, further, that the serum remained in the lung tissue for some time, forming a protective coating of neutralizing substance.

The Navy scientists now proceeded to the next step—proof. For some reason, white mice are particularly susceptible to influenza infections. Test mice were permitted to inhale atmospheres containing the atomized serum, then active influenza virus was dropped into their noses. Mice which had inhaled the serum droplets for 30 minutes were able to resist a lethal dose of virus. The degree of protection could be increased with the length of time of exposure to the serum spray.

So a healthy mouse could be protected from influenza by the serum spray. Could a mouse that already had the disease be cured? Groups of mice were infected with 10 or 100 lethal doses of virus. Six hours later, they were given serum by inhalation, and the treatment was repeated at 24-hour intervals for as much as 96 hours. The experiment showed clearly the value of daily treatments. Animals which received four treatments following the administration of ten lethal doses of virus developed only one half the amount of lung inflammation that the untreated mice did.

So far, the human experiments have been conducted with an inhalation apparatus which consists of a cylinder containing the atomized serum, connected by rubber hoses to oxygen masks. A dozen men can be treated at one time by this method, but Commander Krueger has pointed out that, in case of a serious influenza epidemic, thousands of men would have to be treated in a very short time. This would probably require large chambers through which men could pass, breathing a serum-saturated atmosphere.

The Navy is prepared this time for any serious influenza outbreak. The Research Unit is building up an enormous stock pile of the serum. Nor is this new benefit to mankind just for the United States Navy, for established drug concerns may manufacture the serum. Though the real test of the serum can only come during an epidemic of large proportions, the achievement constitutes a great victory over an insidious and dangerous enemy.

THE END

A Rum so Fine

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A Tip from the Tropics: For the perfect after-dinner drink, serve Riondo Gold Label Rum. It's so light, flavorful and fine in bouquet that you can sip it straight like a liqueur. And don't forget this finest rum from Puerto Rico always makes the finest rum drinks.

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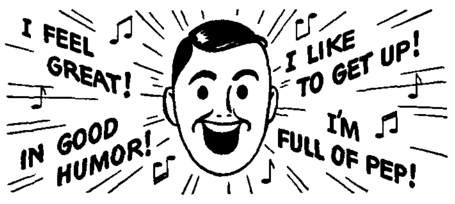
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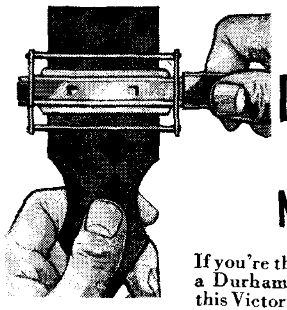
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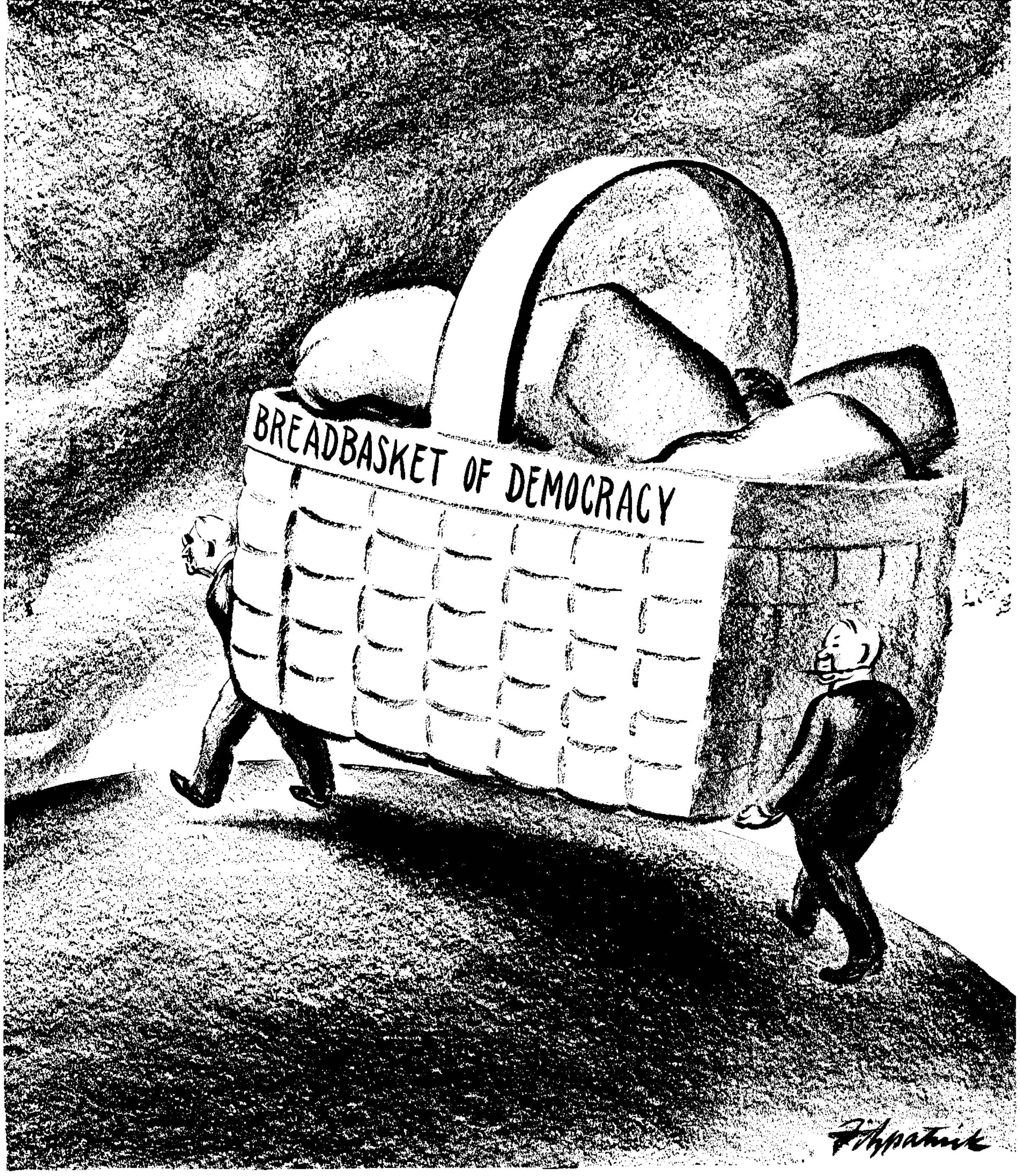


BARUCH, HOOVER AND FOOD

THE over-all food situation in the United States is getting no better fast, despite spasmodic and probably temporary relief of beef and potato shortages in the East.

By all the evidence, our chief trouble is that up to the time this is written no first-rate brains have been put to work exclusively on the multiplex food problem and given sufficient authority to bull through to some solution. The nine government agencies publicized by Mr. Herbert Hoover are still, as we write, working at cross purposes on food for our fighters, food for our civilians, food for our allies and Lend-Lease beneficiaries, and food for the people in territories taken from the Axis.

Mr. Roosevelt has been too preoccupied with the military aspects of the war to pay sufficient attention to the home front. He has also been unwilling to delegate the necessary authority to some person or group qualified to tackle the food tangle and untangle it. Some results: black markets, chaos in rationing, political war over subsidies and rollbacks, no settled policy on drafting of farm workers into the Army, farmer hoarding of feed and livestock.

It so happens that we have in this country two men who in all likelihood could solve the entire food problem as nearly to the general satisfaction and welfare as it ever can be solved. These men are Bernard M. Baruch and Ex-President Hoover.

How about some White House instructions to Mr. Baruch to round up some capable colleagues, investigate the entire food mess from top to bottom, and state the findings in a report similar to the classic Baruch rubber report? William M. Jeffers having slugged the Baruch rubber recommendations toward realization, we are now on the homestretch toward all the synthetic rubber we need.

And, political considerations aside (after all, we're in a war), how about some White House instructions to Mr. Hoover to constitute himself the Jeffers of food and bull through any suggestions Mr. Baruch may make, plus any ideas that may occur to Mr. Hoover?

Messrs. Baruch and Hoover are two of the wisest and most experienced men in this or any other country. Neither of them has ever been known to place his selfish personal interests ahead of the interests of the nation.

Public-opinion polls indicate that the delegation of the food problem, with adequate authority, to Baruch and Hoover would be greeted with a sigh of relief and a cheer of renewed confidence from Maine to California.

Why not just go ahead and take this step now, instead of letting the deadly important food front slide toward disaster under the chaperonage of innumerable bureaucrats who don't really know whether it is Thursday or June?

We're Licked Until We Win

WE GROW as tired as anybody else of assorted bureaucrats and military men who scold the general public for being "complacent" about the war. This complacency, we believe, like the report of Mark Twain's death, is greatly exaggerated. A people some 10,000,000 of whose finest young men are in the Armed Forces to fight two major wars at once will not be very complacent about it all.

However, some of us do seem of late to be suffering from a dangerous overconfidence. The big and brilliantly successful Sicilian invasion, the sudden explosion of Mussolini into innocuous desuetude, the blunting of Hitler's highly advance-billed Russian offensive—all this has been good news. And along with all this has gone an ominous slump in production of war materials.

Plainly, a lot of war-plant workers this spring and summer have taken to reasoning that it is all over but the shouting, and that it would harm nobody for them to take an extra day or two off work.

That type of overconfidence—complacency—call it what you choose—is a thing which we should all ward off from ourselves, till the last gun is fired. It really does hurt our war effort, which depends on a scheduled flow of war materials to our fighting men. Slow up that flow now, and the effects are likely to be felt on some far front months hence; felt in the petering out of some promising offensive, or in the loss of some battle, because our men just did not have all the materials they had to have in order to win.

No fight ever is won until the closing punch is driven home. Many a fight has been lost because the winner-up-to-the-last-minute took it for granted that it was all over. In this war, we're licked until we win—a fact which we can be 100 per cent sure is well known to our enemies.

Now, Now, Bill

IT'S a free country, and anybody in it is entitled to speak his mind, and all that. And President William Green of the American Federation of Labor normally is one of our better citizens.

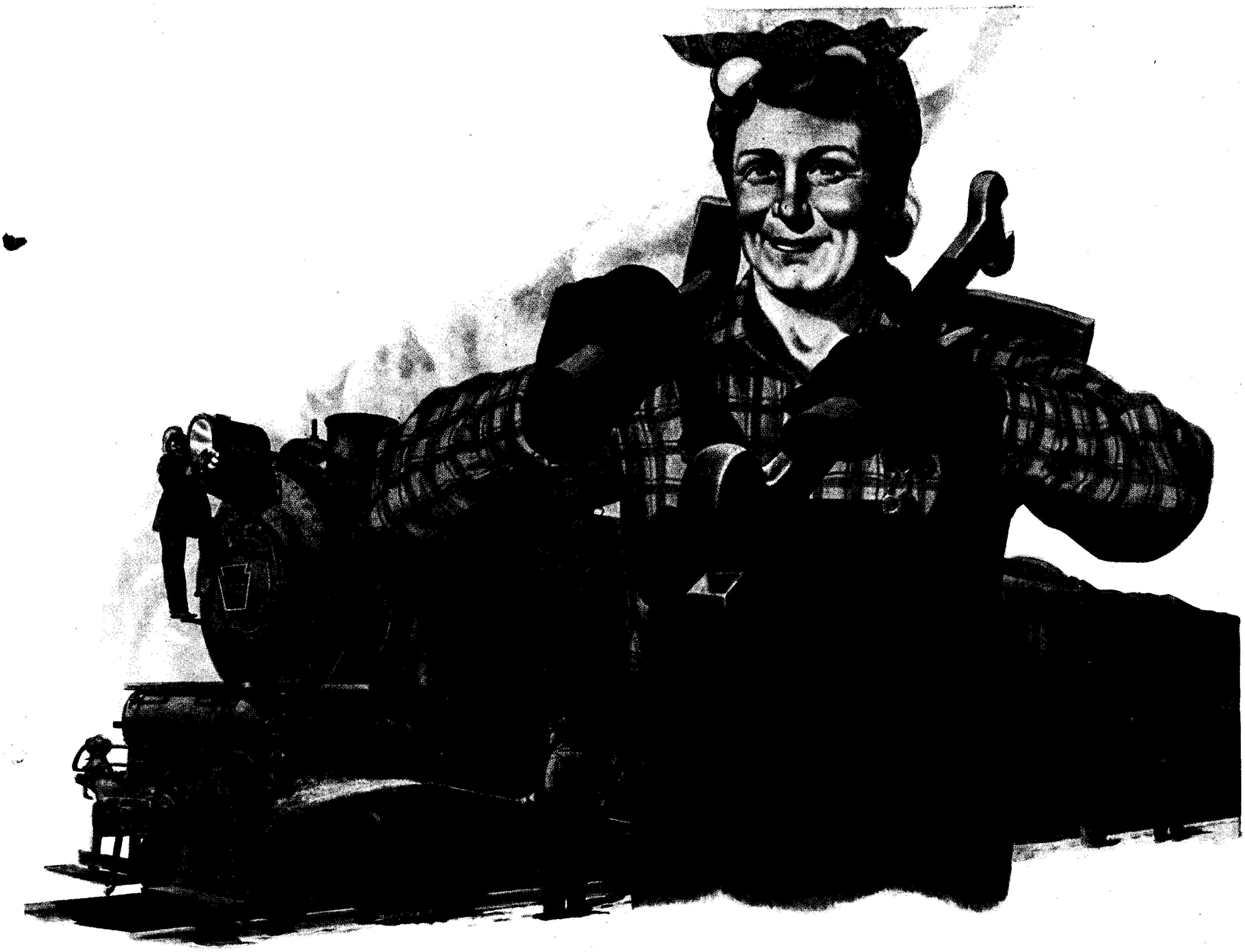
We all make mistakes, though; and we think Bill Green makes a mistake when he calls on his A. F. of L. followers to work and vote in a body for the defeat at the polls of all congressmen and senators who voted to override the President's veto of the Smith-Connally antistrike bill, now a law.

In thus urging his followers, Mr. Green—perhaps unknowingly—puts forward the proposition that our lawmakers, elected by all the people, are obligated to serve primarily a single slice of the people, and a minority slice at that; namely, organized labor.

Our lawmakers are obligated in no such way. Indeed, any congressman or senator who deliberately serves a slice of the people and works against the interests of the rest of the people betrays his trust and the purposes of his job.

The senators and representatives who voted to override the Smith-Connally veto did so in the belief that the interests of all the people demanded that the right of some of the people to strike in wartime be hobbled to a considerable degree. In standing by that belief, they did their main duty.

We hope and believe that most of the voters will act on this American principle when these men come up for re-election. We hope and believe, indeed, that a lot of Bill Green's own A. F. of L. followers will so act. This gesture at substituting out-and-out bloc government for democratic government should be rebuffed by the American people, as so many similar gestures have been rebuffed in time past.



Meet MRS. Casey Jones

CASEY'S gone to war . . . so Mrs. Jones is "working on the railroad!"

She is putting in a big day's work oiling and swabbing down giant engines, cleaning and vacuuming cars, handling baggage, selling tickets, moving through the aisles as a trainman.

In fact, she is doing scores of different jobs on the Pennsylvania Railroad — and doing them well. So the men in the armed forces whom she has replaced can take comfort in the fact Mrs. Casey Jones is "carrying on" in fine style.

Since the war began, Pennsylvania Railroad has welcomed thousands of women into its ranks of loyal, busy and able workers. They are taking a real part in the railroad's big two-fold job of moving troops and supplies and serving essential civilian needs during the war emergency.

You will find these women, not merely in expected places, such as offices, telephone exchanges and ticket windows . . . you will find them out where "man-size" jobs have to be done: in the round house, in the shops, in the yards, in the terminals, in the cars.

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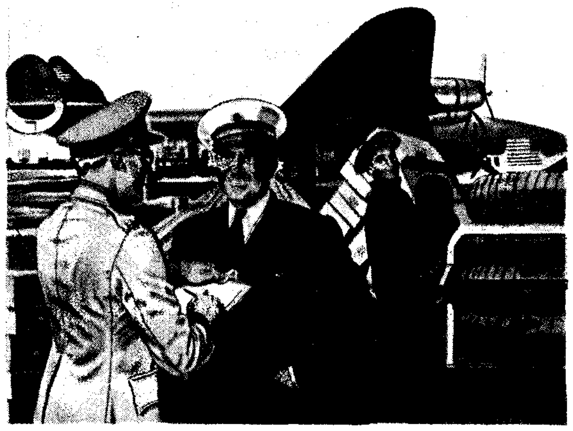

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